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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

HOYLE S. BRUTON

Editor

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Assistant Editors

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THE FOLKLORE COUNCIL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPEL HILL

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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THE FOLKLORE COUNCIL

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collecting and preserving, the study and interpretation, the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

Editor's Foreword

North Carolina has universities, colleges, and public schools to keep alive learned culture. However, that culture which has not been learned from books, but by word of mouth or by physical demonstration has been spread informally from father to son, from neighbor to neighbor, through generations of North Carolina history, has been relatively neglected.

Nearly 102 years ago an Englishman named William John Thoms coined a word for that culture of the people. He called it "folklore." It is the *lore* of the *folk*, then, which is to be collected and published in this periodical.

Loosely, folklore is traditional culture. However it was originally created, it has been spread, as we know it, informally by word of mouth or imitative action of many, rather than by the printed page, school, or other medium of cultural control.

An idea of the scope of folklore materials is suggested by our departmental headings. Items are to be printed under these headings in the order given below. This arrangement offers the folklorist a framework within which he can recognize the folklore of his section, and published examples of the types should enable him to distinguish them by their content.

The departments are: *Mythology; Legend and Tradition; Folktale; Poetry, Music, Dance, and Game; Custom and Festival; Drama; Art, Craft, Architecture, Dress, and Adornment; Food and Drink; Belief; Miscellany, Witchcraft, Medicine, and Magic; Folkspeech; Proverb; Riddle*. In a later issue, a "question and answer" section is to be added.

It is hoped that our enthusiasm will eventually communicate itself to many in the state who as yet take their folklore for granted. We are, after all, seeking the living tradition, which is not only interesting in itself, but significant.

Our educational institutions serve to record and teach us facts about our history, our government, our sociology, etc., but these institutions have studied relatively little of that whole vast culture which is peculiarly ours, spread by ourselves and for ourselves for our own amusement or instruction.

In history we can learn many worthwhile facts. Yet, the story of the past is not entirely reconstructed until we also learn

that grandmother wore a 50-cent piece to the thinness of a dime by placing it in the churn to "make the butter come." Our memory of grandfather is not complete unless we can recapture the wisdom of his proverbial speech, the flavor of his folk expressions, the wisdom and ignorance reflected by the "signs" under which he planted his crops and butchered his meat, the atmosphere of the family hearth when stories were told at night.

Much of the folklore of our fathers has already slipped from our memory, and the reservoirs of folk culture in which that folklore still lives are being thinned by urbanization. Growth of industry, automobiles, radios, and household gadgets are removing hundreds of thousands of people from the sphere of folklore influence. Doctors replace home remedies, movies replace the fireside tales, jitter-bugging replaces the square dance, and correct expression replaces original expression. That our citizens are finding greater comfort in town is not to be mourned; that we are sloughing off and forgetting our folklore heritage is certainly to be regretted.

Yet we have great storehouses stocked with our traditional folk culture. In that great 500-mile sweep from the fishing villages along the outer banks to the tiny cabins pinned against the blue ridge, there are still a million people whose culture is largely the lore of the *folk*.

However, we make a mistake if we think of the "folk" as the underprivileged, the unenlightened, the backwoods farmer, and the Negro. However watered our folklore has become by sophistication, *we* are the folk. Perhaps we laugh at the suggestion that mare's milk is good for whooping cough, but maybe we still give the youngster 12 drops of kerosene on brown sugar for a cold—or apply a mustard plaster according to grandma's prescription, not the doctor's. Perhaps we sing "Bye O Baby Bunting" to the baby, a song we cannot remember having learned, in preference to "She's Too Fat for Me." This spring the streets and school grounds have echoed with the rhythmical chant of rope-skipping rhymes and counting-out rhymes. We continue to observe the custom of shaking hands, we at least recognize the gesture when one thumbs one's nose, we spice our remarks with folk expressions, proverbs or proverbial phrases. In a thousand other ways we are the "folk"—uncon-

sciously keeping alive the "lore." Folklore is our own, as well as our neighbor's.

Yet there is little folklore that belongs exclusively to this state. "North Carolina folklore" is, at most, folklore which is *also* North Carolina's. Much of our folklore is repeated in countries all over the world, in hundreds of languages of many races. It is as old as speech and wonder, as ancient as fear. Folklore is our heritage, not our creation. Therein lies our responsibility.

In its world-wide communality, folklore is not so much a property of the past, of the present, of people within national, geographic, or racial boundaries, as it is a property of all people. As such, it is a *reflection* of people, and that is its special significance.

One ballad lives because it is beautiful in words and music. Another is beautiful in neither words nor music, but lives on the interest folks often have in others' misfortunes.

One legend is a well-told story. Another's popularity endures because men are given to hero worship.

Some beliefs reflect a fear of the unknown, and represent man's curiosity and rebellion at living in a mysterious world. Conjure is often an attempt to control fate. But other beliefs reflect the solid common sense and inventive genius of the people.

Let us shy away from thinking of folklore as being evidence of the ignorance and simplicity of our forefathers. It is, rather, a reflection of ignorance and wisdom, good tastes and bad, fear and bravery, sloth and fiery idealism—and not in our forefathers only.

In studying our folklore with humility, we find that the past was not inhabited with primitive, other-world characters, but by ourselves.

Legend and Tradition

Items of this department are taken from material gathered by the Federal Writers' Project in North Carolina.

EEL OLIVE THE PRANKSTER

Based on a story told by Z. D. Matthews of Angier, Harnett County, N. C., about a legendary prankster of post-Civil War days, and reported by T. Pat Matthews and Edwin Massengill.

One of Eel Olive's pranks is said to have occurred at Middle Creek Baptist Church about 15 miles south of Raleigh.

One day when Eel arrived at the church he proclaimed that he had "religion in his bones" and that day he would take the great step. After three or four sermons, each lasting about an hour, the pastor announced that Eel Olive was prepared to tell the experience which had led him to desire to unite with the church.

In a very solemn mood, Eel went forward and faced the congregation. He talked in a very soft voice.

"Brethren and sistren, last night as I lay on my bed I had a most unusual dream. I dreamt that the pearly gates of Heaven were thrown wide open before my eyes, and there sat God on his white throne inviting me to come up and join Him. A long ladder was placed at the foot of my bed, reaching all the way up to Heaven. I accepted God's invitation and started up the ladder. The steps seemed farther apart the farther up I went. I managed to get along all right until I reached the last step. When I tried to take the last step my foot slipped—" Here he paused. Then in a clear, loud voice he said, "I took the damndest fall I ever took in my life!"

HOW DAN'L BOONE NEARLY NIPPED A ROMANCE

Based on a legend collected by Furman Bisher in Denton, N. C.

Jim Bryan was a good friend of Dan'l Boone's, and his cabin was in a clearing near the forks of the Yadkin. His daughter Rebecca wasn't more than fifteen, and she thought a right smart of Dan'l.

Late one morning Boone came out of the woods into the clearing and yelled Jim out of the cabin. Jim hadn't seen Dan'l for a long time, and was mighty glad to see him. After they had some dinner that Rebecca cooked herself, Dan'l said he might stay in that part of the country for a long time, but Jim didn't believe it.

Jim talked about how the mountain lions were getting so bad, and Dan'l said they ought to go hunting that night. Back then the men hunted mountain lions at night, and carried a big pan of wood coals to make their eyes show up in the dark. All the hunters had to do was shoot between the eyes.

Rebecca liked to hunt too, and after the men left that night, she followed them.

The men had already got six lions, and had started back to another place to hunt when Jim saw two eyes shining over to one side. He yelled, and Dan'l dropped to one knee and fired. There was a loud scream, and the men didn't know what to do. Then they heard some crying over where Dan'l had shot, and they went to investigate.

They found Rebecca behind a tree, and a dead kitten was on the ground beside her. She said she had been holding the cat in her arms and somebody had shot it. She went home crying, and Dan'l followed her to explain how he didn't know it was a cat.

Jim hadn't believed it possible, but Dan'l did stay in that country a long time—about two years, long enough to marry Rebecca.

THE LIGHTS OF BROWN MOUNTAIN

Based on a tradition told to J. T. Fulton of Greensboro, N. C., by his grandmother.

In Saura Mountains, Burke County, there is a prong known as Brown Mountain, on the side of which, at certain times, twinkling and eerie lights suddenly appear, moving now up, now across, now down, over an uninhabited wooded area.

People say they are "fairy lights," and they tell you this story.

A long time ago a beautiful young girl and her father lived in a solitary cabin on the mountainside. A young man, in love

with the girl, came every night from a nearby village, picking his way slowly through thickets full of dangerous animals.

On the night the girl agreed to marry him, the weather became cold and stormy. Nevertheless, he left for the village to prepare for the wedding, promising to return the next night. At the hour for his return, the girl carried a pine torch from the cabin to help him find his way through the darkness. However, he failed to come. He never appeared on the mountain again.

Nevertheless, the girl left her cabin with the flaring pine knot every night until she became old and died.

Folks said the lights would stop then, and they did—for a while. Then they appeared again, faint and eerie, darting over the mountain as if by magic.

THE OLD DUNCAN HOUSE

Based on a tradition told to an anonymous Federal Writers' Project worker by Flora Fowler of Burlington, N. C.

Somewhere near Burlington, though exactly where nobody living remembers, was the home of A. M. Duncan, who lived there about 1800. Duncan was pretty well off, but had no family except a little boy and a lot of slaves.

Everybody knew about Duncan's cruelty to his slaves. For punishment he hanged them by their thumbs from the beams of his smokehouse. If a slave gave him too much trouble, he cut off his ears and hung them in the smokehouse. Folks said the walls of his smokehouse were lined with black, smoked ears of over 20 slaves.

When he got especially mad at a slave, Duncan tied him to stakes and beat him himself with a cat-o-nine-tails. Then he rubbed big pieces of rock salt into the cuts on the slave's back. Sometimes he smeared their backs with vinegar and red pepper.

There was a slave named Crazy Sam who got beat most often. Sam was a mulatto, and some said he was Duncan's own half-brother. Such talk made Duncan whip Sam more often.

One night when there was no moon, Crazy Sam crept into his master's bedroom and drove an axe into the head he saw on the bed.

Next morning, Duncan came out on the porch with his shotgun in his hand, looking for the slave that had killed his little boy. Then Sam really went crazy. With the same axe, he rushed his master and split his head to the shoulder.

Sam held off the neighbors with his master's gun until the constable came, and then there was a shooting scrape. Sam stood on his cabin porch and fired his only shells. He killed the constable, and another white man was killed from a stray bullet. Sam was killed by the constable, and some say that Sam's wife and two children, behind him in his cabin, were killed by shots from the white men's guns.

After this, as long as the house stood, it was haunted. At night the ghost of the master would bind Crazy Sam to the whipping stake, lash him, pour salt on the cuts, and hang him by his thumbs from the beams of the smokehouse. Travelers were afraid to pass the place at night; the screams of Crazy Sam's ghost were so horrible that anybody hearing them went stone deaf.

Folktale

From material gathered by the Federal Writers' Project in North Carolina.

THE DEVIL AT THE REVIVAL

Based on a story told by A. M. Owens of Wilson County, N. C., to Mary A. Hicks in 1936.

For several nights two white boys were spectators at a Negro revival meeting, and they heard the preacher say over and over that there was no reason why a man should be afraid of the Devil. They decided to have some fun.

They made a devil's costume out of red flannel, packing the tail with sand, and fastening cow horns to the head. Before preaching one night they hid themselves in the church loft.

As usual, the preacher brought up the folly of fearing the Devil. To drive the point home, he put a question to them. How many of them, if they met the Devil on their way home that night, could stand up to him, look him in the eye, and say, "I'se not afeard!"

While the audience pondered that question in breathless silence, the Devil was seen to descend from the loft directly behind the preacher. The congregation had the jump on the preacher and cleared the church first, but the preacher picked up speed. As he passed them on the road, he panted, "I'se not sceared—I'se just too good to 'sociate wid him."

Poetry, Music, Dance, and Game

ROPE-SKIPPING GAMES

Collected by Joan McCaskill, 16, Thomasville, N. C., February, 1948.

1

Johnnie on the ocean,
Johnnie on the sea,
Johnnie broke a window-light
And blamed it on me.
Johnnie told Ma, Ma told Pa,
And Johnnie got a whipping,
With an H-O-T spells hot!

At this signal the children turning the rope turn "hot" until the jumper misses.

2

Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went up town to see her fellow,
How many kisses did he give her?
One, two, three, etc.

The jumper jumps until he misses.

3

Grace, Grace, dressed in lace,
Went upstairs to powder her face,
How many boxes did she use?
One, two, three, etc.

The jumper jumps until he misses.

4

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Turn around,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Touch the ground.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
How old are you?

They count, and the jumper jumps until he misses, then starts again.

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Be excused.

The jumper "goes out" and comes back in again.

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Show your new shoes.

The jumper jumps alternately on left and right foot to "show his new shoes."

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Sit on the stool.

The jumper must squat while jumping.

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear,
Read the news.

The jumper holds up both hands, as if reading the newspaper.
How many pages did he read?

They count, and the jumper jumps until he misses.

5

Peaches in the parlor,
Apples on the shelf,
(*Jumper's name*)'s getting tired
Of sleeping by herself.

How many nights did she sleep by herself?

The players count, and the jumper jumps until she misses.

6

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief.

The rhyme is repeated until the jumper misses on her fortune.
She will marry the one on which she misses.

7

In the following rope-skipping rhyme, the jumper's fortune is revealed by her missing on one of the three choices which are repeated.

You will marry:

(The names of any three boys are given)

You will marry in:

silk satin rags

You will live in:

brick house log house block house

You will have:

(the players count to determine the number
of children)

They will have:

blond black red (hair)

Other things, such as the place of marriage, the number of marriages, etc., may be determined in the same way.

8

In the game "King Cole," one player jumps and the others are in a line parallel to the rope. "Old King Cole" is recited by the jumper, and when he reaches the line

Called for his fife,
the players run through the rope one at a time as if each is delivering the king his fife. The rhyme is begun again, and when the jumper says

Called for his drum,
the players again enter one at a time to deliver the drum, and jump out the other side. The rhyme is taken up again, and when the jumper says

Called for his fiddlers three,
three players at a time run in, then jump out on the other side.

9

Mabel, Mabel, set the table;

Don't forget the

Salt, . . . Pepper, . . . Vinegar, . . . Hot!

The last word is signal for turning the rope fast.

10

As repeated to the editor by Ruth Cranford, 7, Thomasville, N. C., March, 1948.

Down in the meadow,

Where the green grass grows,

Sits little (*jumper's name*)

As sweet as a rose.

Along comes a nigger (or "fellow")

And kissed her on the nose.

Ah! —————, be ashamed,

Come on now and tell his name.

A, B, C, D, etc.

The letter on which the jumper misses will be the boy's initial.

GAMES AND GAME RHYMES

The following rhymes were submitted by Mrs. Rachel Cranford, 30, Thomasville, N. C., March, 1948. They are remembered from her childhood, and all except "William Trimatoe" were current in Davidson County before 1928.

1

In such games as "Hide and Seek," the person who was "It" would warn the hiding players in a loud voice so that there could be no argument as to his finishing his counting. The usual warning was "Ready or not, here I come!" A more elaborate warning was:

Bushel of wheat,
Bushel of rye,
All ain't ready
Holler "I."

Bushel of wheat,
Bushel of clover,
All ain't ready
Can't hide over.

2

A little Negro boy was heard to finish his counting with this flourish:

Eye-ball, eeball,
Baldheaded skeeball,
All hid—?

3

A large circle was drawn, and "It" was put into the center blindfolded. The object was for him to catch the other players, who could not leave the circle. The game was started with a prodding of "It" to the accompaniment of this rhyme.

Frog in the mill pond,
Can't get out.
Take a little stick
And stir him all about.

A variant current in Thomasville at the present time is
Snake in the gulley, etc.

4

Mrs. Cranford learned the following game and rhyme from her mother, Mrs. L. A. Burton, who apparently knew it in Montgomery County, N. C., prior to 1918.

Children sat around a table, their hands lying flat, fingers extended. From there it was simply a counting-out of fingers, each finger being turned under as it was counted out. The last person to run out of fingers won.

William Trimatoe, he's a good fisherman,
Catches pigs, puts 'em in the pen.
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
O-U-T spells out you go.

5

The following game is similar. Each player had his clenched fists on the table, and each counted-out fist was put "o'er" behind his back.

One potato, two potato,
Three potato, four;
Five potato, six potato,
Seven potato, o'er.

BALLAD

Naomi Wise

From a recording made Feb. 29, 1948, by Dr. Ralph Steele Boggs, University of North Carolina. Sung by Mrs. Laura Bradshaw, 40, of White Cross, Orange County. The ballad is based on an event which took place in Randolph County, N. C., in 1808, and is North Carolina's oldest recorded ballad.

- (1) Come all you young people,
I pray ye draw near;
A sorrowful story
You all soon shall hear.
- (2) A story I'll tell you
Of Ne-omi Wise,
How she was deluded
By Lewis's lies.

- (3) He promised to meet her
At Adams's spring,
Some money to bring her
And many a fine thing.
- (4) But none did he bring her,
He flattered the case;
And said we'll be married
And have no disgrace.
- (5) Come get up behind me,
And we'll go to town;
And there we'll be married
An' union be bound.
- (6) She got up behind him,
And straightway did go,
Til he came to Deep River
Where the waters did flow.
- (7) Get down, dear Ne-omi,
I'll tell you my mind;
My mind is to drown you
And leave you behind.
- (8) Oh pity your infant,
And spare me my life;
I'll go home rejected
If I can't be your wife.
- (9) No mercy, no mercy,
The rebbler replied;
In the bottom of Deep River
Your body shall lie.
- (10) The rebbler he choked her,
As we understand;
And he threw her in Deep River
Just below the old mill dam.
- (11) They found her afloat
On the waters so deep,
Which caused all of her friends
And her loved ones to weep.

Custom and Festival

Items of this department are taken from material gathered by the Federal Writers' Project in North Carolina.

PENDER POPPING

Based on the manuscript of a report made by H. W. Corley.

Pender popping is reported to take place in the late summer when the peanut crop comes in. Invitations are generally circulated by word of mouth, and no limit is set on attendance.

The peanuts are pulled, washed, and, though green, boiled in the shell. The great wash pot is usually most practical for the purpose. As the peanuts cook, salt is added to the water.

While the pot boils, games are played out of doors. Refreshments are peanuts—great containers of peanuts—tender, tasty, and easily digested.

CANDY CRACKING

Based on the manuscript of a report made by Travis Jordan.

The following menu for this Negro festivity serves about 20 people.

- 5 lbs. peppermint candy
- 3 lbs. hoarhound candy
- 5 lbs. Mixed gum drops
- 4 lbs. lemon stick candy
- 2 pound cakes
- hot coffee
- hot sassafrass tea

The invitations written on brown paper sacks carry special significance. The sacks are to be used for bringing something to eat or drink to the cracking. No stags are allowed. Dancing begins long before the candy cracking, and lasts long after.

Art, Craft, Architecture, Dress, and Adornment

Items of this department are taken from materials gathered by the Federal Writers' Project in North Carolina.

SYRUP MAKING

Based on the manuscript of a report made by J. R. Webb.

In the fall, about the time of the first frost, farmers cut, strip, and haul their cane to the mill.

The cane mill is usually owned and operated by a community farmer who will take his pay in either money or syrup. He will attend to the making, but each customer is apt to be asked to furnish his own mule-power for the mill.

The mill itself consists of two iron rollers housed in a cast iron case. From the top of the mill, a timber extends horizontally about 15 feet. The mule is hitched to the end of this timber, one bridle rein fastened to guide him in a continuous circle.

Everything depends on the mule; the grinding begins when he moves. Cane is fed into the rollers, and gives up a juice caught by a barrel covered with a burlap strainer.

Next, the cane juice is boiled into syrup. The cooking evaporator, 10 or 12 feet long, three feet wide, with several compartments, rests on a low brick furnace. The juice is cooked in first one compartment, then another, until it becomes a thick syrup.

Standing over the evaporator, the maker removes the "skim-mings" with a long, sieve-like ladle. The "skimmings" can be fed to the hogs; occasionally, they are taken home, where they become beer which, distilled in the family "goober," produces a powerful "monkey-rum."

SOAP MAKING

Based on a manuscript report made by Edna Shelton.

Early soap makers were obliged to make their own lye. They built a hopper, or ash-bin, in the shape of an inverted pyramid, and filled it with wood ashes, careful to avoid pine ashes, a poor lye producer. Water poured into the top of the hopper from time to time produced lye drippings. Some two weeks was required

for the accumulation of sufficient lye to make a pot of soap, some 25 or 30 pounds.

Into the wash pot went grease grown too strong for cooking, meat skins, and bones bearing meat scraps. Lye and water were used in about equal proportions. A constant stirring was required as the pot boiled. When the lye had eaten up the grease and smaller bones, the larger bones were taken out, and a pound of salt was added to harden the soap.

With a little more cooking, the pot was set aside to cool. The stirring and boiling completed, dirt and dregs would immediately settle to the bottom. Within 24 hours, the soap could be cut into blocks and removed from the pot.

The settlings near the bottom remained somewhat soft, and this was the "soft soap." The more solid blocks were the "home-made" soap.

Food and Drink

FOLK FOODS

Based on a manuscript copy of Mary A. Hicks' report for the Federal Writers' Project. Informants were Mrs. J. G. Hicks of Selma, Mrs. L. R. Hicks, and Mrs. C. W. Medlin, both of Cary, RFD, N. C.

(The following dishes were apparently reported by the informants as being current some time ago.—Ed.)

Cush was a dish prepared with meal cooked like corn meal mush, with onions and grease added. It was served steaming hot with black coffee and side meat.

Potato biscuits were made from flour, boiled sweet potatoes, lard, and water. From a soft dough, biscuits were rolled into large balls. They could be served at any meal, and with anything, but were preferred at breakfast with butter and black coffee.

Squash pickle, "many years ago in Nash County," was supposed to be as good as cucumber. The squash was sliced and put in vinegar for added flavor.

In summer when the meat supply was low, squash afforded a breakfast dish. It was salted, battered, and fried.

Chicken pot was, basically, a fat hen boiled tender and cut into small pieces. Into the pot went rice, cabbage, tomatoes, beans, onions, corn, and any other vegetables available. A pod of red pepper helped in the seasoning. It was served piping hot.

Dressing for baked chicken changed only when flour became cheaper. It used to be made from corn pone, onions, butter, and hard-boiled eggs.

Batter Jacks were made from flour and water, the dough kept soft enough to pour from a spoon on the hot greased griddle.

Belief

All beliefs in this department are from the collection of Hoyle S. Bruton, begun in 1946. The informants, all of Thomasville, N. C., are L. A. Bruton, 75; Mrs. George McCaskill, 44; Mrs. G. O. Poole, 60; Mrs. Ed Cole, 48; and Miss Sally Poole. The beliefs are reported as being current in Montgomery County 20 years ago.

MISCELLANY

1. *Ashes*. It is bad luck to take ashes out of the house between New Christmas and Old Christmas.
2. *Baby*. It is bad luck to put a baby on a table before it is a year old.
3. ——. A baby's thrash can be cured by having a person "who has never seen his daddy" (a bastard) blow in the baby's mouth.
4. *Bible*. If you burn any part of the Bible, you will have "terrible luck." See also 18 and 19, *Fire*; and 33 and 34, *Scripture*.
5. *Bird*. "See one red bird, don't see two,
See somebody you're not expecting to."
6. *Birth*. If a baby is born on the full moon, the mother suffers more than if the baby is born on the new or the old moon. This is said also of cows.
7. *Boils*. "Every boil you have is worth five dollars."
8. *Buckeye*. Carry a buckeye in your pocket to cure piles and rheumatism.
9. *Buzzard*. When you see a buzzard flying, start saying the alphabet. The buzzard will flap his wings on the letter which begins the name of the next stranger you will meet.
10. *Cemetery*. The first person to leave the cemetery after a funeral will be the next one to be buried there.
11. *Chair*. If a chair falls over backwards, you won't marry for a year.
12. *Chicken*. A rooster jumping in a doorway and crowing is a sign of death.
13. *Cow*. Whatever you dream about cows is true about folks. See also 6, *Birth*.

14. *Cowlicks*. The number of cowlicks you have determines the number of states you will live in.
Christmas. See 1, *Ashes*.
Cutting. See 21 and 22, *Hair*; and 28, *Meat*.
15. *Dog*. To dream of a dog is a sign of madness.
16. *Dress*. If you put your dress on wrong side out (without noticing), wear it that way the rest of the day for good luck.
17. *Dumb Supper*. Cook and do everything backwards. At midnight your lover will come and take his place at the table.
18. *Fire (Talking Out)*. In talking out fire, the following must be said:

"Come an angel from the north,
 Take out fire and put in mouth,
 Our Father which art in Heaven, Amen."

 The secret must be passed to a member of the opposite sex. If the secret is told, the power is broken.
19. —. For talking out fire, say the following:

"Heavenly Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
 Quench this fire!"

 Repeat three times and blow the burn. The person who has this secret and the power must not tell the secret more than three times, and must never tell it to a relative. When it is told, it must be told to a member of the opposite sex. (Mrs. William Kincaid, Greensboro, N. C.)
20. *Fowl*. To dream of feathered fowl is a sign of an increase in the family. See also 5, *Bird*; 9, *Buzzard*; and 12, *Chicken*.
Funeral. See 10, *Cemetery*.
21. *Hair*. If a woman gets her hair cut on the new of the moon it will grow longer.
22. —. If a woman who is going to have her first baby cuts your hair, it will grow longer.
23. *Hog*. To ease a crick, rub your neck where a hog has rubbed.
24. *Horsehair*. If you place a horsehair (from the tail) in water, it will turn into a worm or a snake.
25. *Itching*. If a woman's breast itches, she is going to get a letter.
26. *Kraut*. If you make kraut when the "signs are in the feet," the kraut will taste like feet.
27. —. If you make kraut when the signs are in the bowels or groin, it "won't be fittin' to eat."

28. *Meat*. To dream of cutting up fresh meat or seeing it cut up is a sign of death.
Moon. See 6, *Birth*; 21, *Hair*; 37, *Soap*.
29. *Needles*. To determine whether you will marry a certain person, name two needles and place them in a saucer of water. If the needles come together you will marry.
30. *Owl*. If you mock a screech owl, you'll get burnt.
31. ——. If a screech owl comes close to the house, it's a sign of bad news or of death. (For counter-measure, see 35, *Shovel*.
Reversed Procedure. See 17, *Dumb Supper*; 32, *Salt*.)
32. *Salt*. To determine who your husband will be: Swallow a thimbleful of salt, walk backwards to bed, and tie your big toes together. The man who brings you water in your dreams will be your husband.
33. *Scripture*. To stop somebody else's nosebleed, go to the person and say *Ezekiel XVI, 6*: "And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live."
34. ——. To stop your own nosebleed, quote Scripture to yourself as follows (*John I, 1*): "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."
35. *Shovel*. To stop a screech owl from "hollering," put a shovel in the fire. (See 31, *Owl*.)
Snake. See 24, *Horsehair*.
36. *Sneeze*. It is a sign of death to sneeze at the table with your mouth full.
37. *Soap*. Make soap on the full moon.
38. *Sock (Dirty)*. To cure a sore throat, wear a dirty sock around your neck.
39. *Soot*. When soot burns, somebody is coming.
40. *Spider*. If a spider descends from the ceiling on a web, go and "dance him up and down," and there will be a wedding.
Talking Out Fire. See 18 and 19, *Fire*.
41. *Teeth*. If your teeth grow far apart, you'll live a long time.
42. *Thread*. A young girl, to find out who will be her husband, is supposed to take a ball of thread, hold the end of it,

and throw it into an empty house. Then she has to rewind the ball, saying, "Wind, ball, wind. Who's gonna wind my ball?" Before the ball is rewound, the name of the man she is to marry will be spoken.

43. *Toad*. Warts are caused by a hoppy toad urinating on you.

44. *Tree*. If a child plants a cedar tree, he will never live to see the tree grown.

Warts. See 43, *Toad*.

Water. See 29, *Needles*; 32, *Salt*.

Worm. See 24, *Horsehair*.

Zodiac. See 26 and 27, *Kraut*.

CROSS REFERENCE INDEX

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| Bad Luck: 1, 2, 4; (Burning:) 30; | Dreams: 13, 15, 20, 28. |
| (Food:) 26, 27; (Marriage:) 11; | Good Luck: 16; (Growth of hair:) |
| (Suffering:) 6. | 21, 22; (Longevity:) 41; (Mar- |
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| Cure: (Burn:) 18, 19; (Crick:) 23; | Guests: 39. |
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| Rheumatism:) 8; (Sore Throat:) | News: 25; (Bad:) 31. |
| 38; (Thrash:) 3. | Transformation: 24. |
| Death: 10, 12, 28, 31, 36, 44. | |
| Divination: (Marriage:) 29; (Mate:) | |
| 17, 32, 42; (Meeting:) 9; (Resi- | |
| dence:) 14. | |

MEDICINE

1. *Bleeding*. Soot smeared on the cut will stop bleeding.
2. *Blood* (builder). Yellow root tea is a blood builder, good for sores on the mouth, and for sore throat as a gargle.
3. *Boils*. To draw a boil to a head, place the moist lining of an egg shell on the boil and let it dry in place.
4. ——. For boils, use four or five pieces of red oak bark and sage, gathered fresh, to make a tea. Strain off one cup of tea and add to it one teaspoonful of Borax, one teaspoonful of sulphur, and two tablespoonfuls of strained honey. Apply the mixture to boils, sores on the mouth, sores on the breast, or any sore.
5. *Bone felon*. To kill the infection, hold the finger in turpentine up to the first joint.
6. *Bowels*. Put a little "azifiddity" (*asafoetida*) in a small container, and finish filling with whisky. Give one drop a

- day to a baby to regulate his bowels. Grown-ups should have more.
7. ——. A few drops of burnt whisky is good to check bowels, especially with a baby, and is good for colitis.
 8. *Breast*. "When a woman's breast rises, fry an egg, pour castor oil over it, and put it on the breast as hot as possible. It scatters the cake."
 9. *Cold*. Cut a plug from the root end of an onion, put sulphur in the hole and replace the plug. Wrap the onion in a damp cloth and roast it in ashes or in the oven. Squeeze the onion through a cloth, and give the juice as you would a cough syrup.
 10. ——. Boneset tea will ease pain from a cold and "sweat" you.
 11. *Colic*. Catnip tea is good for a baby's colic.
Colitis. See 7, *Bowels*.
 12. *Cough*. Saw through a pine knot and collect the sawdust. Mix one part sawdust to three parts whisky. For a cough, take one teaspoonful or one tablespoonful before each meal.
 13. ——. Put layers of brown sugar between slices of onion, cover, and let it stand until a syrup forms.
 14. *Croup*. Taking a tablespoonful of syrup and about as much soda as will lie on the point of a knife will make the child vomit, but will break up the croup.
 51. ——. Take brown sugar and onion syrup a spoonful at a time.
 16. *Diarrhea*. Mix one teaspoonful of turpentine, one teaspoonful of camphor, one teaspoonful of laudanum, one tablespoonful of castor oil, one tablespoonful of strained honey. Give from 5 to 20 drops every three hours, according to age and condition, until bowels begin to check; then lessen the dose and lengthen the interval.
See also 6, *Bowels*.
 17. *Fever* (in Member). Boil slippery elm, soak a cloth in the water and use it as a poultice on the fevered part.
 18. *Fever* (as Temperature). Put a bag of beaten-up onions on the stomach to bring down fever. Especially good for babies.
Flux. See 16, *Diarrhea*.
 19. *Hives*. Boil sheep balls in a cloth to make a tea. Give three spoonfuls to the dose.

20. ———. "Cup" or "scarify" the baby. Cut a little slit between the shoulder blades. Draw one drop of blood, mix it with breast milk and have the baby drink it.
21. *Itch*. Use a salve made of sulphur and lard.
22. *Jaundice*. For "yellow janders," take fodder tea and castor oil.
23. *Kernel*. Put a soot streak across a kernel to make it go away. It can be done with turpentine or with soot.
24. *Kidneys*. Take a tea made from lion's tongue.
25. *Lockjaw*. Burn pine boughs in a tub. The person with lock-jaw should put his head over the tub, cover head and tub with a blanket, and inhale the smoke.
26. *Measles*. Take sheep ball tea.
Mouth (Sore). See 2, *Blood builder*; and 4, *Boils*.
27. *Nail (Injury from)*. Put Epsom salts in hot water and soak foot.
28. *Pneumonia*. Make a tar plaster. Use a cloth twice the size desired. Spread tar on one fourth of the cloth all the way across. Fold so as to place one thickness of the cloth between the tar and the body, two thicknesses to the outside. Smear the inside cloth with lard to prevent blistering. For children, mix lard with the tar before poultice is made.
29. *Poison Ivy*. Boil poplar bark and bathe the part of the body afflicted with poison ivy or poison oak.
Poison Oak. See 29, *Poison Ivy*.
30. *Rheumatism*. Lion's tongue tea, mixed half and half with whisky to prevent its souring, is good for inflammatory rheumatism.
31. *Skin (cracked)*. Rub the cracked part of the body with "taller."
Skin (Poisoning). See 29, *Poison Ivy*.
Sores. See 4, *Boils*.
32. *Stings*. Put a tobacco cud or snuff spit on the sting for relief.
33. *Stonebruises*. Use a poultice of sweet milk and biscuit to soften the stonebruise.
34. *Swelling (of parts)*. Use a mullein poultice to relieve swelling. See also 8, *Breast*.
Temperature. See 18, *Fever*.
35. *Thrash*. Mix one tablespoonful of honey with one-half table-

- spoonful of Borax to make a salve.
36. *Throat* (Soreness). Make a gargle of black pepper and vinegar. A patient can endure it only once. See also 2, *Blood builder*.
 37. *Toothache*. Pack lye soap or octagon soap in hollow tooth. The tooth will burst so that it can be pulled out with fingers.
 38. *Vomiting*. Stir flour, salt, and black pepper in cold water, and take a swallow or two.
 39. *Worms*. Drink, "according to reason," a tea made from Jerusalem oak seed.
 40. —. Drink a tea made from pumpkin seeds.

CROSS REFERENCE INDEX

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Camphor: 16	Onion: 9, 13, 15, 18	Soap: 37
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Proverbs

The proverbs in this section are taken from the collection of Mary A. Hicks and Lucy M. Cobb, based upon interviews with North Carolinians and upon memory, and reported for the Federal Writers' Project.

Listing is alphabetical, by key words. An index of cross reference is appended.

1. *Absent*. Long absent, soon forgotten.
2. *Beggar*. Sue a beggar and get a louse.
3. *Belly*. Better belly burst than good rations lost.
4. *Blood*. What's born in the blood can't be beaten out of the back.

5. *Boat*. Little boats must keep to the shore.
6. *Borrowing*. He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
7. *Brain*. An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
8. *Bread*. Eaten bread is sooner forgotten.
9. *Bridge*. Bless the bridge that carries you over.
10. *Broad*. It's as broad as it's long.
11. *Bushel*. Don't measure my bushel by your peck.
12. *Counsel*. Good counsel never comes too late.
13. *Cup*. A full cup must be carried steadily.
14. *Dog*. Give a dog a bad name and it'll hang him.
15. ———. He that lies down with dogs must rise up with fleas.
16. *Enough*. Enough is as good as a feast.
17. *Face*. A fair face may hide a foul heart.
18. *Fool*. A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven days.
19. *Go*. If you want a thing done, go; if not, send.
20. *Luck*. Give a man luck and throw him in the sea.
21. *Mother*. If the mother had never been through the mill, she would not have looked for her daughter there.
22. *Patch*. A patch beside a patch is neighborly; a patch upon a patch is niggardly.
23. *Report*. A false report rides fast.
24. *Thief*. Set a thief to catch a thief.
25. *Tongue*. A slip of the tongue is no strain to the back.
26. ———. Let not your tongue cut your throat.
27. *Trap*. Set a trap and catch yourself.
28. *Tub*. Every tub sits on its own bottom.
29. *Work*. Work is my grandmother, and I wouldn't strike her a lick for anything.
30. *Wearer*. The wearer feels where the shoe pinches.

CROSS REFERENCE INDEX

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 Feast: 16
 Fleas: 15
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 Heart: 17
 Idle: 7

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 Sue: 2
 Throat: 26
 Wise (man): 18
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Riddle

Riddles from Montgomery County, as told to Peggy Cole, 17, of Thomasville, N. C., by Miss Sally Poole, formerly of Montgomery County, February, 1948.

1. Black within, red without,
Four corners round-about.

Ans. Chimney.

2. Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve men came riding by,
Each took a pear,
And left eleven hanging there.

Ans. A man named *Each* took a pear.

3. Two look-about,
Two crook-about,
One switch-about,
Four stiff standards,
Four down-hangers.

Ans. Cow.

North Carolina riddles collected by Mary A. Hicks and Lucy M. Cobb for the Federal Writers' Project, 1936.

4. If a horse and wagon come to five dollars, what will the load of wood come to? *Ans.* Ashes.

5. God never did see it, George Washington seldom ever did, and we see it every day. *Ans.* Our equals.

6. Old Mother Twitchit had but one eye,
And a very long tail which she let fly.
Every time she went through the gap,
She left a piece of her tail in the trap.

Ans. Needle and thread.

7. What can go up the chimney down,
Go down the chimney down,
But can't go up the chimney up?

Ans. Umbrella.

Carolina Folk Festival

On June 18 and 19, North Carolina will have an opportunity to review its folk dancing and music in what promises to be one of the greatest folk festivals ever staged in this country. It will be the first Carolina Folk Festival, a projected annual affair, sponsored by the Folklore Council of the University of North Carolina and under the directorship of Bascom Lamar Lunsford, famous festival organizer and ballad singer.

More than 500 entertainers from all over the state will, in turn, take the spot light on a tremendous stage erected in beautiful Kenan Stadium especially for this occasion. As an added attraction, nearly 100 of the best folk singers, dancers and musicians in the nation are being recruited from other states.

Arrangements have already been made to present a group of 45 square dancers and a band from Texas. They will appear in authentic western dress on each of the four programs. Too, plans are laid for the appearance of an all-girl band of 20 from the noted Piney Woods School in Mississippi.

On that Friday and Saturday, Chapel Hill will be the camping ground of entertainers and music lovers from all over the state, from Manteo to Murphy, and host to many from other parts of the country.

There are to be two shows daily, afternoon and night. Visitors are encouraged to come for an all-day outing, prepared to spread picnic lunches in the shade.

According to festival director Lunsford, the evening performance will begin "about sundown." Guide lights will come up along paths and around the stadium rim, flood lights will spill over the stage in the bowl, and Mr. Lunsford, his own master of ceremonies, will step forward to start things rolling.

To accommodate the large number of entertainers, special bleachers are to be erected back of the stage. It was to accommodate the spectators that plans were made to stage the festival in Kenan Stadium. In case of rain, the show will move indoors to Woollen Gymnasium.

The purpose of the festival is to bring under review in one big show entertainment true to the patterns of folk culture in the state. Visitors will have an opportunity to see the difference

between square dances from the coastal plain to the mountains. Singers will sing folk songs brought to North Carolina by buckskinned pioneers who moved down from Pennsylvania with their long rifles when game became scarce.

In addition to dancing and balladry, there will be novelty numbers, music on the zither, harmonica playing, fiddlers, banjo pickers, guitarists, clog dancers doing the "dog," "back step," "flat-footed," and the "buck and wing," yodelers, entertainment by family groups and old people, traditional singing games, church choirs, Negro spirituals, and only Lunsford knows what else.

The Scotch Highlanders, a Fayetteville high school group, under the direction of Miss Christine Cherry and Miss Billie Estes, will render Scottish dances traditional in their county. These dancers, who perform in authentic Scotch costumes and to the music of bagpipes, have appeared in festivals in St. Louis, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and other places over the country.

Following is a list of directors and entertainers who are already planning to take part in the festival.

G. M. Mattock of Cramerton, Gaston County, with 20 dancers.

Prof. E. H. Thompson and Miss Inez Hussey, with a team from Randolph County and the Clegg Garner string band.

Mrs. Coy Chandler, of Gray's Chapel School in Randolph County, with a group of ballad singers.

Joe F. Connor, Jr., of Clinton, Sampson County, with a 12-couple team.

Mrs. Tom Bradshaw, Bingham Township, Orange County, with 10 couples and the Lloyd Family string band.

Prof. F. D. Kesler of Liberty, with caller Cleo Smith and a group from Randolph and Alamance counties.

E. R. Echard of Guilford county, with a team and string band.

John Allen Wall, Johnston County, with a team, band, and quartet.

Mrs. L. A. Wilson of Rose Hill, Duplin County, with a team and band.

The greatest attraction of the festival will remain Mr. Lunsford himself, the "Appalachian Minstrel." He has one of the largest personal collections of folk songs in the country, over 3,000, and certainly the largest repertoire. For Columbia Uni-

versity and the Library of Congress he recorded more than 330 songs from memory.

Born and raised in the mountains of North Carolina, Lunsford's knowledge of folklore is first hand, his interest personal and sincere. A teacher, editor, farmer, and lawyer at various times in his life, Lunsford's primary interest became the folk song and dance some 20 years ago. In 1928 he organized the first Annual Mountain Dance and Folk Festival in Asheville, and since has become the country's leading festival director. Some 15,000 attend his Asheville festival every August, and in July about 12,000 attend the Renfro Valley Festival of which he is also director.

After each evening performance of the CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL, meet the entertainers and dance at the grand FESTIVAL BALL in Woollen Gymnasium.

This isn't the way you heard it? Let's compare notes. Send us your version for publication.

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Remember!! CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL, Friday and Saturday, June 18 and 19, at 3:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M.

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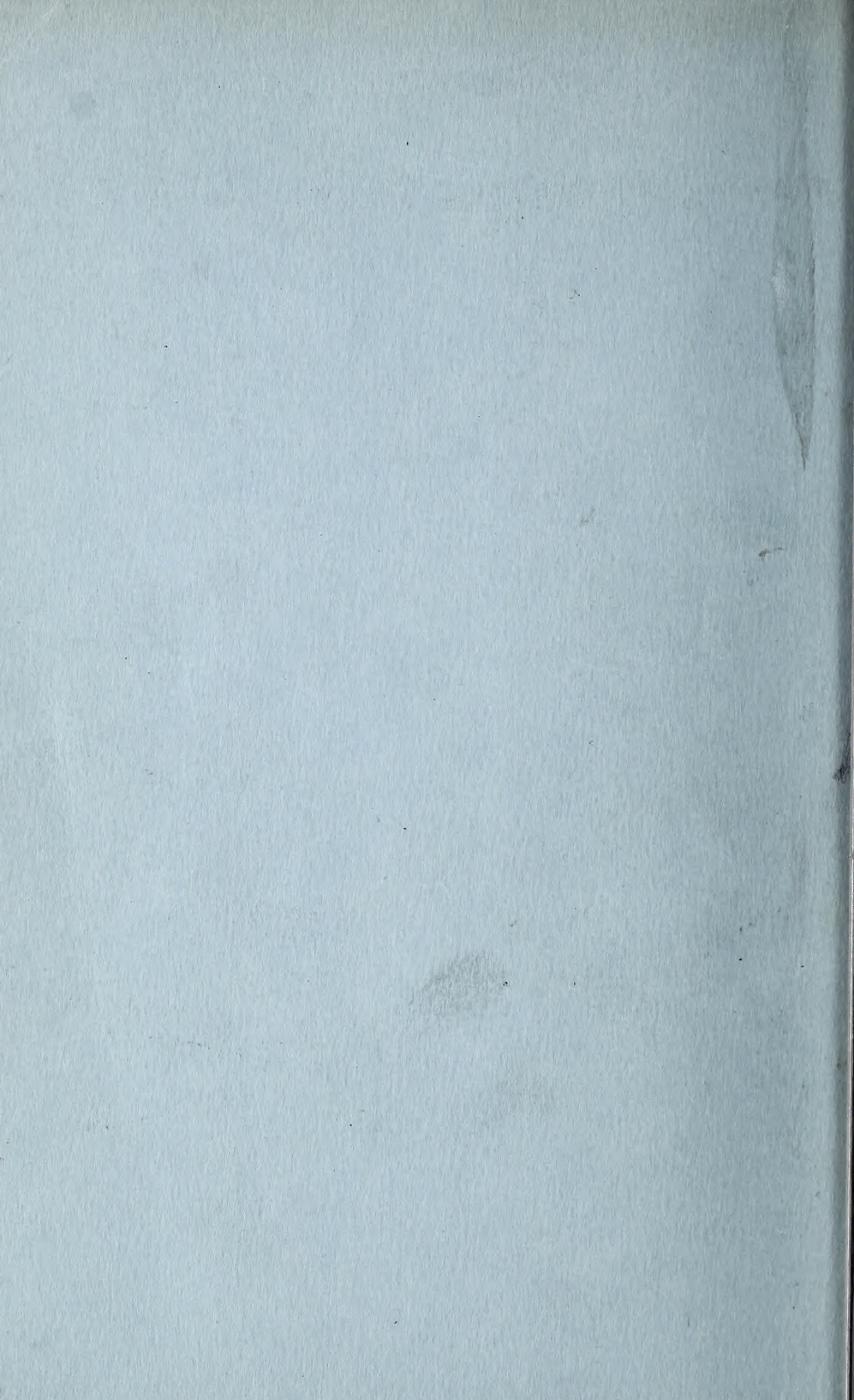
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Chapel Hill



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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 THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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Arthur Palmer Hudson, Vice Chairman and Archivist

Robert White Linker, Secretary-Treasurer

The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore. It sponsors the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, usually in the month of June.

North Carolina Folklore was founded (though, unfortunately, not established) in 1948 by Mr. Hoyle S. Bruton, then a graduate student in English and folklore, under the auspices of The University of North Carolina Folklore Council. Though sanctioned and encouraged by the Council, it was not financed properly, and Mr. Bruton's sanguine hopes for support in the form of subscriptions and advertising did not materialize. It suspended after the first number, June 1948 -- a very good one -- and thus seemed to die a-borning.

At that time the North Carolina Folklore Society was committed to the publication, with the joint auspices of Duke University, of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, and therefore could not help materially to support the new journal.

The first three volumes of The Frank C. Brown Collection were published by Duke University Press in 1952, with assurance that the remaining two volumes would be eventually published. (The fourth volume, treating the music of the ballads and folksongs in volumes II and III and other varieties of folk music, is now in press, and it is understood that the fifth volume has, for some time, been ready for the printer.)

With this great enterprise accomplished, so far as the Society is concerned, it was time to propose a new project to the Society. Some sort of publication, to channel energies and to preserve fruits, seemed imperative if the Society was not to go to seed. Having accumulated a small reserve in the treasury, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Society proposed, in December 1953, revival of North Carolina Folklore, with the hoped-for cooperation of The University of North Carolina Folklore Council.

On motion of the Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folklore Society, who is also a member of the Folklore Council, that cooperation was obtained at a meeting of the Council in May 1954, and the mover of the motion was appointed editor of North Carolina Folklore. (He still has to run for the job before the Folklore Society!)

In these circumstances, appears North Carolina Folklore redivivus.

The half-chick Editor does not know whether the journal will, after a second lusty whoop, go to sleep again, or die altogether. All that he knows is that he has, or will have, after this issue is paid for, a balance sufficient to procure a few more bottles of pap for the youngster; and, as a grandfather, he has had considerable experience nursing infants (with the assistance of "Old Bangum," q. v. in this issue).

He hopes that the membership (present and future) of one of the oldest state folklore societies in the United States, the folklorists of the oldest state university in the nation, and the people of one of the richest states in folklore in the union will support him (half-chick) and/or the other half-chick in trying to make a go of North Carolina Folklore henceforth.

And now, on the fruits of this table (of contents) he reverently pronounces the old North Carolina Moravian grace given by Bennett Myers of Winston-Salem to Anne O'Hara of Winnetka, Illinois, and transmitted by Miss O'Hara to him:

Come, Lord Jesus,
My Guest to be,
And bless the gifts
Bestowed by Thee.



VANDY, VANDY

[The text and the tune were contributed by Mr. Manly Wade Wellman, novelist and short story writer, of Chapel Hill. Mr. Wellman first had his attention directed to the song by Mrs. Ernest Ives, of Southern Pines, sister of Adlai Stevenson, as it was sung by an old lady, a Mrs. White, "back in the sandy pine country of Moore County, North Carolina. To the best of my knowledge," he states, "it has never been published anywhere before" its inclusion in his short story of the same title which appeared in an anthology, The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction, Third Series (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, c. 1952 and 1954). "From its archaic scale-pattern and reference to the soldier gone 'seven year,' Mr. Wellman is "convinced that the ballad refers to the American Revolution, during which a 4F or wealthy slacker able to hire a substitute woos a girl who remains true to her GI."

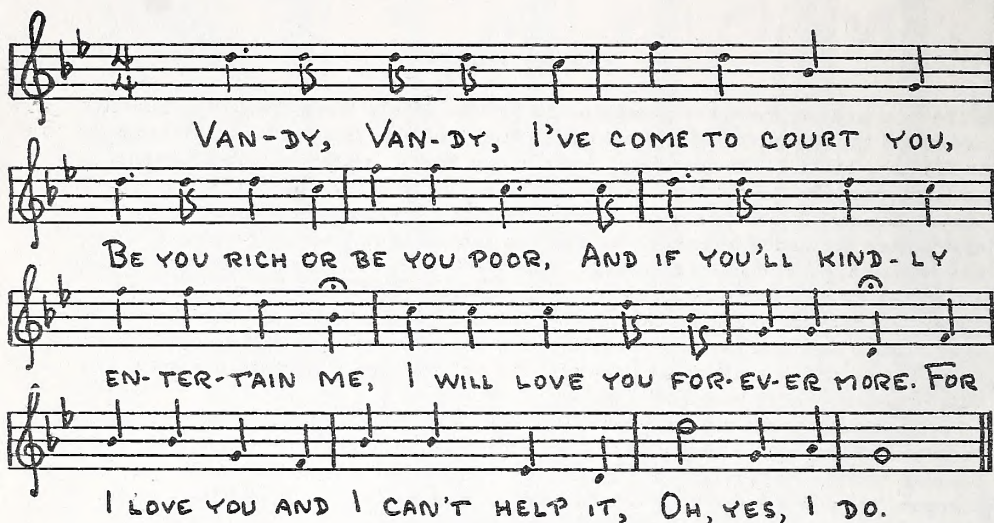
[I am not sure about the correctness of Mr. Wellman's opinion, but I recognize in "Vandy, Vandy" a compound of stanzas appearing in several other songs, "The Spanish Lady," "A Pretty Fair Maid" (or "The Sailor's Return"), and "The Drowsy Sleeper." I published a song fairly close to it in my Folksongs of Mississippi (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1936), pp. 151-152.

[As put together, "Vandy, Vandy" looks like a survival of a very ancient folk-lyric type known as "song of the night visit," which developed out of an ancient pagan custom permitting the lover of a girl, under properly regulated conditions, to spend a night with her before marriage. (See Shakespeare's beautiful dramatic use of the custom and its conventions in *Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, and III, v.) Note the serenade in the opening stanzas. The last stanza resembles the song of the night visit known as the aube or alba (that is, the dawn song), which the man was expected to sing as he left his lady love at cock crow or the first notes of the lark or other "pretty-feathered fowl."

["Vandy, Vandy" was (probably for the first time) publicly sung by Miss Margaret Underwood, of Greensboro, a junior in the University of North Carolina, as part of a voice-guitar recital offered in the editor's ballad and folksong course last May; again at a dinner meeting of the Burlington-Graham chapter of the A. A. U. W. in partial illustration of a talk by the editor; and, with great éclat, during the Seventh Annual Carolina Folk Festival on June 10, 11, and 12, 1954.

[For the musical notation and transcription, the editor is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Manly Wade Wellman and to Mr. Dan Patterson, of Greensboro.

[The woodcut for "Vandy, Vandy" was made by Mrs. Nell Booker Sonnemann, of New York. A daughter of the late Professor John M. Booker, and a grand-niece of President Kemp P. Battle, of the University of North Carolina, Mrs. Sonnemann grew up in Chapel Hill and received the B. A. and the M. A. degrees from the University. Mrs. Sonnemann has done some professional book illustrating, including *Wuthering Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, and *The Scarlet Letter* (New York: The World Book Publishing Company). Recently she has changed her medium, and she is now a student of ceramics in Alfred University, Alfred, New York.]



VAN-DY, VAN-DY, I'VE COME TO COURT YOU,
 BE YOU RICH OR BE YOU POOR, AND IF YOU'LL KIND-LY
 EN-TER-TAIN ME, I WILL LOVE YOU FOR-EVER MORE. FOR
 I LOVE YOU AND I CAN'T HELP IT, OH, YES, I DO.

2. Vandy, Vandy, I've gold and silver,
 Vandy, Vandy, I've a house and land,
 Vandy, Vandy, I've a world of pleasure,
 I would make you a handsome man.
 For I love you and I can't help it,
 Oh, yes, I do!
3. I love a man who's in the army;
 He's been there for seven long year,
 And if he's there for seven year longer,
 I won't court no other dear.
 For I love him and I can't help it,
 Oh, yes, I do!
4. What care I for your gold and silver?
 What care I for your house and land?
 What care I for the world of pleasure?
 All I want is my soldier man.
 For I love him and I can't help it,
 Oh, yes, I do!
5. Wake up, wake up, the dawn is breaking,
 Wake up, wake up, it's almost day,
 Open up your doors and your divers windows,
 See my true love march away,
 For I love him and I can't help it,
 Oh, yes, I do!

[From a tape recording, made about 1947 by Mr. Richard Chase, of the singing of Mr. Tom Hunt, at Beech Creek, North Carolina. (Mr. Harmon was one of the principal informants in Mr. Chase's two folktale collections, *The Jack Tales* and *Grandfather Tales*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1943 and 1948, respectively.) Transcription and notation by Mr. Raymond McLain and Mr. Dan Patterson, of Chapel Hill.

["Old Bangum" is not in *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, as it might well have been, for Cecil Sharp published one text from *North Carolina in English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, I, 54.

[It has generally been regarded as a descendant of "Sir Lionel" (Child, No. 18), which was first recorded in the Percy Folio (ca. 1650) and published in Percy's *Reliques*. "Sir Lionel" is a chivalric story about a knight who found a lady treed by a wild boar which had slain her knight; who killed the boar, only to find that "the pretty spotted pig" belonged to a wild woman; who had to meet a giant championing the wild woman, was badly wounded in the encounter, and was given forty days to rest up; and who in the final fight killed the giant. Child pointed out that the old ballad had much in common with the old metrical romance *Sir Eglamour of Artois*. But Bernard H. Bronson (*California Folklore Quarterly*, III, 1944, pp. 200-203) showed that "Old Bangum" is more probably a descendant of an Eglamore ballad of the seventeenth century.

[To parents, prospective parents, and would-be parents, to all indulgent aunts and uncles, and to grandparents, the editor confidently recommends "Old Bangum" as a capital lullaby. It has batted 1,000 in six games for him.]



THERE IS A WILD BOAR IN THESE WOODS. DIL·LUM DAY!



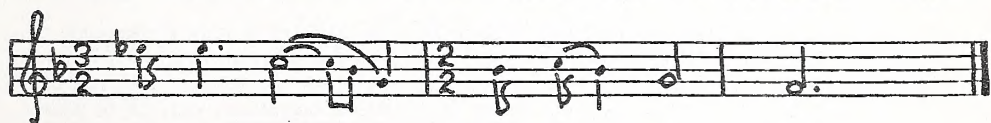
DIL·LUM DOWN! THERE IS A WILD BOAR IN THESE WOODS. DIL·LUM DAY.



DIL·LUM DOWN! THERE IS A WILD BOAR IN THESE WOODS. HE'LL



EAT YOUR FLESH AND DRINK YOUR BLOOD. KUM·MO KAY!



CUD·DLE DOWN

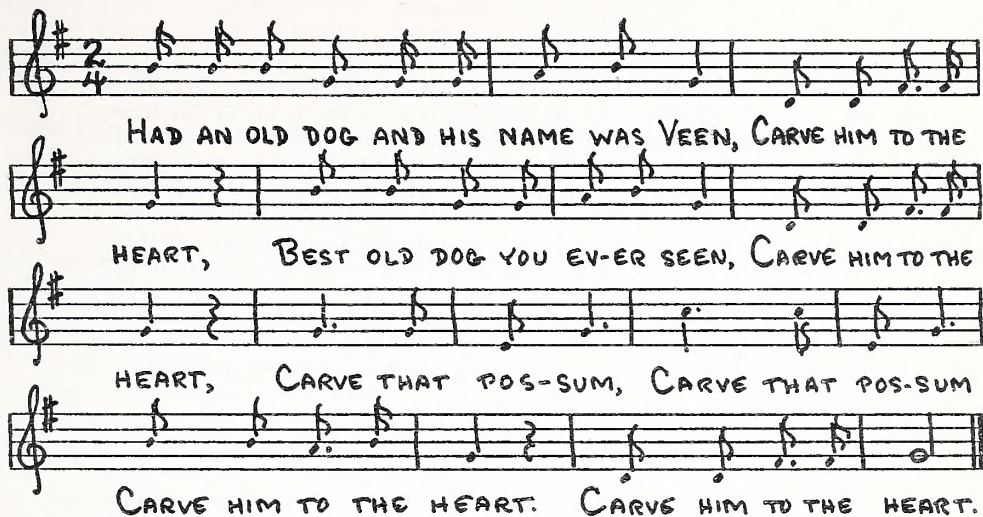
KIL·LO KAY GUM.

- 1 There is a wild boar in these woods.
 Dillum day! Dillum down!
 There is a wild boar in these woods.
 Dillum day! Dillum down!
 There is a wild boar in these woods.
 He'll eat your flesh and drink your blood.
 Kummo kay! Cuddle down! Killo kay gumm!
- 2 Old Bangum went to the wild boar's den.
 [Refrain and repetition as in stanza 1.]
 He saw the bones of a thousand men.
- 3 Old Bangum blew his bugle horn,
 Caused the wild boar to come running home.
- 4 The wild boar came in such a dash
 He cut his way through oak and ash.
- 5 Old Bangum drew his wooden knife;
 He swore he'd take that wild boar's life.
- 6 They fit four hours of the day.
 Old Bangum took the wild boar's life away.



OLD VEEN

[From a tape recording by Dean Ernest Bird, of Western Carolina Teachers College, Cullowhee, North Carolina, in May 1954, in the home of Miss Claire Reed of Cullowhee, a member of the editor's ballad and folksong class. Transcription by Mr. Raymond McLain (who assisted in the recording) and Mr. Dan Patterson, graduate students in the University of North Carolina. [A native of Jackson County, North Carolina, Dean Bird received his B. A. degree from the University of North Carolina, then did graduate study in the days of Edwin Greenlaw and his associates who established graduate work in English at Chapel Hill. For the greater part of his life Dean Bird has been connected with the college at Cullowhee, for a time as acting president, and for many years as dean. He belongs to a singing family who moved into the region between the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies about the time of the Revolution ("I was almost born a Cherokee," he chuckles). "Old Veen" has long been traditional in his family. [The song is fairly well known in the South; see my variant of it in Folksongs of Mississippi (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1936), pp. 201-202; also, E. C. Perrow's "Songs and Rhymes from the South," Journal of American Folklore, XXVI; and Folk Songs from North Carolina, vol. III of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, pp. 252-253.]]



2. Told old Veen to tree me one.
Veen went and treed me one.
3. There he was a-setting on a limb.
I reached up and took him in.
4. Threw that possum on the ground.
Told old Veen to give him a round.
5. I took him and baked him brown,
Placed them taters all around.
6. "Veen, what makes your eyes so red?"
"I've run them possums till I'm almost dead."
7. Old Veen died, I laid him in the shade,
I dug his grave with a silver spade.
8. I let him down with a golden band,
Link by link slipped through my hand.
9. There is only one thing that bothers my mind,
Veen went to heaven and left me behind.
10. When I get there and look at the scene,
I'll grab me a horn and blow for old Veen.

A MODERN BALLAD

By W. F. Bryan

[William Frank Bryan (Ph.B., University of North Carolina, '00, M. A., 1908; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1913) is a native of North Carolina. Now emeritus professor of English and former chairman of the department of English at Northwestern University, he is living in retirement at Tryon, N. C. In a letter to the editor of North Carolina Folklore, he wrote: "Here is the little bit that I remember of the football 'ballad' of '99. I'm sorry that I have forgotten so much of it, but 55 years is a long time, and it is almost surprising that I remember any of it." The editor of *Sources and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* and author of other philological studies adds: "If you think that shore is a very 'long preamble of a tale,' my justification is this: This kind of thing could have come only from such a simple, homogeneous 'primitive' society as the student body was then; it couldn't possibly develop naturally today."]

Some fifty-odd years ago Chapel Hill and the University were very much smaller than they are today, and life was vastly simpler. The first post-Civil War class to enroll as many as 100 freshmen was 1900; when President Alderman secured an appropriation of \$25,000 a year from the state legislature, the student body met him at the railway station and drew his hack triumphantly to the campus; there was no central heating system; there were only a few toilets and a few cold showers in the basement of what is now the Play-makers' Building; and there were no co-eds. Women were taboo on the campus except at Commencement and during the Thanksgiving and Easter dance periods; they could not brave the cries of "Angels on the campus" from every opened window.

The students were not only very much less numerous than today, but they were much less sophisticated, much more completely shut in from the world outside, and formed a much more homogeneous group. For their simple diversions they had to rely upon themselves; there was a good deal of reading, an occasional Friday night beer keg on the athletic field, and some vigorous "bull sessions" in the evening. The most popular day-time "hang-out" was Sampie Merrett's drug store, where a good part of the student body gathered in the late morning and afternoon to wait for the distribution of the mail. I don't remember what was done at these gatherings except talk, "match" for soda checks, and drink "cokes" or "dopes" as they were called then.

But a new interest was added to these gatherings in the autumn of 1899, as I recall, with the arrival of a very long, very lanky, very strong Carolina mountaineer named Smith, I believe, a candidate for the football team. The story goes that he was found wandering in the hall of the third floor of the South Building, then a dormitory, unable to find the number above the door of the room of the football manager because he was looking up over the doorway and was so tall that he should have looked down. Smith brought with him at least one mountain tune, simple enough to be carried by any voice and readily adaptable to improvised words. I recall now only the following two stanzas:

- (1) David had a harp with a thousand strings,
But all he could play was "ting-a-ling-ling."
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu! hallelu!
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu!!

(2) Some folks say that a woman can't climb,
But I saw seven up a long-leaf pine.
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu! hallelu!
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu!!

The crowds waiting in the drug-store took this piece of music to heart and made it their own. Smith had either brought from the mountains a number of stanzas or improvised them, or was jointed in improvisation by other students in the waiting group. And all could join in the resounding refrain.

Athletics, too, at this period, was much simpler and less overwhelming. In football there were no five or six men for each position to be shifted in and out by the coach; if a man was not really hurt he expected to play the full sixty minutes of a game. And in this '99 season the football team undertook to meet Georgia and Sewanee within three days. One of the most valuable and durable members of this Carolina team was the fullback, Ernest - "Pot" - Graves. As the nickname suggests, Pot was no sylph, but after kicking he could get down the field surprisingly fast.

I don't remember the outcome of the games on this football expedition, but I recall one incident which was talked about and sung on the Hill for weeks. At this time, when athletes were largely home-grown, the Sewanee teams were usually as strong as any in the South, and in the year that I have in mind, one of the Sewanee backs, Simpkins, was among the best. At some stage of this Carolina-Sewanee game, Pot made a high kick which came down in Simpkins' arms. Pot had got away almost as fast as the ball, and when Simpkins started up-field, Pot met him in a violent tackle which shook the ball loose from his hands. It was picked up a Carolina player - Pot himself possibly - and carried on down field.

By the time this Carolina football squad returned to the Hill they had evolved brief accounts of the chief episodes of the trip, put them together in several stanzas, and with great gusto were singing them to the air of Smith's "Little David." Smith, by the way, was not on this trip; scholastic difficulties had side-lined him early in the season. After the lapse of so many years I remember only one stanza:

Pot he punted, Simpkins run,
Simpkins hit the ground, ke-bum!
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu! hallelu!
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu!!

I wish that I were not so hazy about a great many details, because I should wish to present fully and accurately an account of this modern ballad, which was clearly the product of what might properly be called "communal composition."

THE TWINS

By Katherine Talbert



By Katy Talbert

[Katherine Talbert is the nine-year-old daughter of Professor and Mrs. Ernest W. Talbert, of the University of North Carolina, and Chapel Hill. While in the fourth grade of the Chapel Hill School, last year, she wrote "The Twins" in partial fulfillment of the requirements of her English course. At a cocktail party given last June by her parents in honor of Professor and Mrs. Dewitt Starnes, of the University of Texas, the editor of North Carolina Folklore discovered the MS of "The Twins," not "under ye Bureau," as Bishop Percy discovered the famous Percy Folio, but on the desk of the Talbert home lying on a typewriter table, where Professor Starnes had been laboriously copying it. There, at Professor Starnes's suggestion, the editor read it aloud, to the edification and delight of the other guests. And there he determined to acquire it from Katy, by foul means or fair. The full story of the acquisition, while interesting in the annals of literature, is too long to be told here. Suffice it to say that a "date" next morning with Katy (who was out in the country that afternoon), slightly greased by the passage of a doll (a bride, with white dress, veil, orange blossoms, and flowered belt, and all that), accomplished the feat. (Upon seeing the doll, Katy cried, "Oh, Mummy, now I have twins, too!" and "I've got another one just like it. Oh, goody!") Asked why she drew the King and the Queen with their backs to the reader, Katy said, "Oh, shucks, I don't know how to draw faces." Asked about "sources of and influences" on her opus, she admitted some familiarity with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and other Disney classics. To this, to Katy's perhaps unconscious absorption of Hollywood air on her visits to California, to the fact that she is the daughter of Californians, her father being also a professor of English Renaissance literature, may be ascribed something of the charm of "The Twins." But the final explanation, like that of all great imaginative works, is genius. . . . The editor is happy to have the honor of first publishing Katy. If he ever runs out of easy doctoral-dissertation subjects, he may put some keen graduate student on the problem of the influences that shaped "The Twins."]

Part I

One day, up in a castle the Queen said, "I wish we had twins." They already had six children, four girls and two boys. The King said, "We have enough children already." "Oh no," said the Queen. "I want eight children." "Oh mercy no," said the King, "Who wants eight children, six is enough." "Huh," said the Queen, "most Queen's and King's have ten children." "Oh," said the King, "I never knew that." "You didn't," said the Queen, "I always knew it." So it went on like that. But one day the Queen did get twins. They were all very happy, even the King! The King was sorry he had said what he had to the Queen. The Queen said she didn't mind, and she said she was sorry too! But she was very happy about the children. So was the King, and the children. They were really happy. Especially the youngest child, it was a girl. Now they had three boys and five girls. "My" said the Queen, "this family serntly is growing up." "It serntly is," said the King. "I like a big family," said Sue, the oldest girl. "I thought you liked small familys" said John the oldest boy. He would be King soon. Because the King was getting old and sick. The King said "I wish I wasn't so old, so I could see the twins grow up." "We wish so too," said the rest of the family.

(cont.)

Part 2

"I hope they grow up well and not be spoiled and mean," said the King. "I hope so to," said the Queen. "I am very happy," said the oldest girl, which would someday be Queen. "What should we name them?" said Pat. "Who knows?" said the King. "Why don't we name them Betty and Hal," said Cice.¹ "Well," said the King they arn't royal names. "O I don't care," said Cice. "Well I do," said the Queen. "O heck," said Cice. "Don't you dare say that word again," said the King. "Waah," said Cice, "Boo Hoo hoo hoooo," "Booooo," said the King, "Boooo to you to," he said. Cice started to laugh, but she was soon crying again. "Well," said the King. I guess we can name them Betty and Hal. "O boy," said Ceci, as she stoped crying. Betty and Hal started to cry now. "You know," said the Queen, Some times I wish we didn't have any children." "What," said the children. "Oh nothing," said the Queen. A month later the Queen got one more set of twins. "Well we have ten children after all," said the King. "I am sorry," said the Queen. "What are you sorry about," said the King, "It would have happened any way." "I know," said the Queen. But they were all happy anyway. The twins names were Alice and Rusty. Now they had six girls and four boys.

¹ Cice: Asked about this name, which is spelled Ceci once below, Katy explained that it is pronounced as if spelled C-e-c-i. She thought it might be a shortened form of Cecily. . . . In this instance, as in all others, the editor has endeavored to transcribe Katy's MS exactly as she wrote it.

THE HARNETT HAG

By Paul Green

[Best known and most beloved of North Carolina professional writers, Mr. Green has been an enthusiastic member of, and contributor to, the North Carolina Folklore Society for at least thirty years. He is one of the chief contributors to The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (3 vols. to date, Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1952), having practically made his own private collection accessible to the editors of that publication. His "The Harnett Hag" is a well localized variant of a very ancient folktale embodying at least two world-wide motives -- the witch in animal form (Thompson Motif-Index, Mt. G211) and the silver bullet as fatal to the witch or warlock (Thompson, Mt. G272 and D1385.4; see Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale," in Redgauntlet, in which Claverhouse is described as having been killed with a silver bullet); also, "The Doe with a Clarmed Life," in my Specimens of Mississippi Folklore (Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1928), p. 161.]

The windshield wipers kept wunk-wunking, sweeping away the rain as we drove along. Some two or three miles beyond Buie's Creek my friend Malcolm gestured off to the left.

"There's a story connected with that place out there all right," he said.

"What place?" I said, as I looked out across the rain-streaked field.

"See that thicket by the hedge row over there? A house used to stand there, long, long ago. Aunt Sarah McLean, an old Negro woman, told me about it. A man by the name of Baldy Ryalls lived there. One evening he went down below the hill to feed his hogs, and while they were eating the corn and the mash out of the trough, up come a snow-white deer from the woods close by and begun to eat the mash and stuff away from the hogs. Baldy run back to the house and got his old gun and come down and banged away at the deer. Baldy was dead shot, but he didn't hit that deer. She went on back into the woods like nothing had bothered her at all. The next evening when he come down and fed his hogs, the same thing happened. The white deer come up out of the woods, hopped over into the pen and begun to eat the mash and slops away from the hogs. Baldy had brought his gun, this time, loaded with buckshot. So he banged away pime blank at the deer. But he couldn't hit her. She went on back into the woods like nothing had happened.

"Well, Baldy was not to be outdone. So that night he got out a silver dollar and melted it down and made himself a silver bullet. So the next evening he was all prepared.

"He went down and fed his hogs and stood waiting with his gun all loaded with the silver bullet. Sure enough, up come the deer, snow white and beautiful as ever, out of the woods. She hopped over in the pen and begun to eat the way she had done before. Then it was Baldy let her have it full blast with his silver bullet.

"But bless your life, he hardly noticed whether he hit the deer or not. For right after he fired off his gun at the deer and she had plunged and hobbled away back into the woods, he heard the most outdacious yowling and screeching going on up at the house behind him. The children come running out on the porch hollering for him to hurry and see what had happened bad to Grandma.

"So he run up to the house and into the room and there lay Grandma on the floor writhing and twisting and screeching with pain: She had been shot clean through the leg and blood was pouring all out over the floor.

"Yes sir, Grandma was a hag, that's what she was -- a witch woman."

BRER TERRAPIN LEARNS TO FLY

By Mrs. John L. Johnson

[Born on a plantation near Athens, Georgia, where, long before she ever heard of Joel Chandler Harris, she heard the Negroes tell stories of the sort immortalized by Uncle Remus, Mrs. Johnson (Miss Sue Belle) went to Mississippi in 1900 as the bride of a young professor of French who taught many years at Mississippi College (Clinton) and became president of the Mississippi Woman's College at Hattiesburg. Active in church and civic affairs, Miss Sue Belle is still a vivacious talker and raconteur. In the Spring semester of 1954 she told the following story to the editor's ballad and folksong class. Among her audience was her son, Dr. Cecil Johnson, Associate Dean of the General College of the University of North Carolina and professor of history. Mrs. Johnson's letter to the editor accompanying her story is so interesting and so characteristic of her that it is quoted as a sort of preamble to her tale.

["I have been visiting in the Mississippi Delta, and while there came in touch with an incident that may interest you:

["Jim Gunn is a Negro with a large family. He works at a lumber yard in town but lives in an adjacent country neighborhood.

["Jim was appointed trustee of the little neighborhood Negro school, which was in a very run-down condition. He carried scraps of lumber and roofing, etc., from the lumber yard and, each afternoon after work hours, repaired the building, also putting in window panes.

["Then others were inspired to help, and paint was bought and work contributed, so that a great transformation was wrought.

["At this point, some began to say: 'Jim Gunn? Why, Jim Gunn can't read and write. Our school will be looked down on with that kind of a man for trustee.' So they left him off the board at the next election.

["His children continued to be the school's star pupils. A year or so later, the school was needing some homemade playground equipment and some repairs that could be provided by a strong right arm, a resourceful mind, and a willing heart. It became the unanimous decision that Jim should be restored to the board, and he was. There he still carries on his constructive work. He never seemed to mind losing the honor of being a trustee any more than he minded resuming the hard work.

["It seems to me that the story shows a contrast between some things we are doing now in the name of education and the education that draws out the best in the individual, gives the soul its bent, and fits the child for useful living. Sometimes it seems to me that we have fooled ourselves into believing that knowledge is education, even when it is unrelated to life as we live it.

["I am enclosing the account of Brer Terrapin's adventure. I do fairly well talking the dialect, but not so well writing it.]

Hit was dat time when Brer Terrapin wuz so sick. He wuz layin' by de side o' de road a-mou'nin' 'n' a-groanin', when Brer Buzzard flew down an set down by him to ax him how he wuz.

(cont.)

Brer Terrapin 'lowed as how he wuz as well as a man could be wid one red eye and he liver out o' fix.

Brer Buzzard tol' him he ought to see a doctor, an' Brer Terrapin 'lowed as how he done been to de doctor an' de doctor tol' him wuzn't nothin' gwine do him no good lessen he learn how to fly.

Brer Buzzard say dat ain' no trouble atall, dat flyin' is de easies' thing in de worl'. He tol' Brer Terrapin to clam up on he back, an' he would take him up in de yelements an' learn him how to fly.

Brer Terrapin clum up, an Brer Buzzard spread he wings, an' he went up an' up. But w'en Brer Terrapin look down over Brer Buzzard's shoulder, uvverthing look so little an' funny dat Brer Terrapin gunst to git skeered, an' he say: "How I gwine fly?"

Brer Buzzard say: "Treckly, I's gwine swoop out fum under you, an' all you got to do is jist flap yo' wings an' fly."

So Brer Buzzard swoop out fum under him, an' Brer Terrapin c - o - m - e down -- kerbang! W'en he hit de groun', Brer Buzzard flew down an' say, "Well, yer don' know how to fly, does yer?"

Brer Terrapin, still a-mou'nin' an' a-groanin', say, "O y - e - s, I knows how to f - l - y, but I don' know how to light!"

TWO VERSIONS OF A HARD-LUCK STORY

I

Soft-Pedaling Sorrowful News

By James M. Carpenter

[A Mississippian by birth and early training (B. A., University of Mississippi, 1913, M. A., 1914), Dr. Carpenter completed his education at Harvard University (Ph. D., 1929). After six years' residence and 40,000 miles of travel in the United Kingdom, he returned to the States with perhaps the greatest and most varied collection of British ballads, folksongs, sailor chanteys, folk plays, and other types of folklore ever got together by one man. After years of teaching and lecturing at Harvard, Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Williams, and other Eastern colleges and universities, and at Duke, he was retired from the professorship and chairmanship of English at Greensboro Woman's College this year, and he is now planning to settle down, preferably in Chapel Hill, and prepare the best parts of his great collection for publication. He picked up the following version of the "magpie story" while he was in England.]

An English squire, returning home after an extended visit, was met by his overseer, John, at the big gate opening upon the mile-long wooded drive leading to the country house. The following conversation ensued.

"Well, John, how are things going on at home?"

"Bad enough, your honor. The magpie's dead."

"Poor Mag! How came he to die?"

"Eating horse flesh, your honor."

"Eating horse flesh! Where did he get so much horse flesh?"

"From your dead horses, your honor, at the burning of your barn."

"The burning of my barn! How did my barn catch fire?"

"From your house, your honor, when it burned."

"My house burned! How, pray, did my house catch fire?"

"From an overturned candle at your mother's wake, your honor."

"My mother's wake, alas! What illness or grief carried her away?"

"She could not long survive the death of your father, your honor."

"My father dead, too! Pray tell me what calamity brought about his death."

"He succumbed to the news of the mortgage foreclosure upon your estate, your honor."

"Mortgage foreclosure! Do you mean to say that the mortgage on my estate has been foreclosed!"

"Yes, your honor. The mortgage has been foreclosed, and you are not worth a penny in the world."

II

Sorter Like This

[Clipped from a Texas newspaper (name not remembered) by Professor Floyd Stovall of the University of North Carolina, in June 1954.]

A long time ago a plantation owner in South Carolina had to go to New York or somewhere else up North on a long visit. As he approached his home on returning, he met one of his hands named Sam. They met in the road in woods, out of sight of the house.

"Well, Sam," he asked, "how are things?"

"Not too good, I reckon," Sam answered.

"What you mean, not too good?"

"Well, your fine dog, ole Joe, he's daid."

"Dead. What happened to him?"

"He burned up."

"How come that?"

"He was in the barn when it burned up."

"How come the barn to burn up?"

"It caught on fire from the big house."

"You mean the big house burned down?"

"Yais, sir."

"How'd it come to burn?"

"Caught on fire from one of them lace curtains."

"How'd the lace curtain catch on fire?"

"From a candle."

"What was a candle doing next to lace curtains?"

"Candles was lit on your mother-in-law's coffin and wind blowed lace curtain against one."

"You mean my mother-in-law's dead?" the plantation owner asked without any marked anxiety.

"Yais, sir."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Well, it was sorter like this. Your wife she run off with overseer and then her mother she got so nervous and worked up she jes' died."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

[Contributed by Mr. Charles Woodson, manager of the Jarrett Springs Hotel, Dillsboro, Jackson County, North Carolina, who does not remember where he learned it.]

His horse dropped dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost six cows in a poker game.
Then a hurricane came on a summer day
And blew the house where he lived away.
Then an earthquake came when that was gone
And swallowed up the land that the house stood on.
Then the tax collector came around
And charged him up with the hole in the ground.

AFTER THE SCREECH OWL HOLLERS

By John Q. Anderson

[Dr. Anderson, a native Texan, took his Ph. D. in English at the University of North Carolina in 1952. He is now a member of the English staff of Texas A. & M. College and is engaged in a biographical and critical study of the Louisiana Swamp Doctor. Last winter he was elected vice president of the Texas Folklore Society.]

Among anecdotes related by Henry Clay Lewis, alias "Madison Tensas," in his Odd Leaves from the Life of a Louisiana Swamp Doctor¹ is the tale of the North Carolina woman whose death from eating cold fried collards, despite medical attention, was presaged by the cry of a screech owl. The story is told to illustrate the Swamp Doctor's experience in a similar situation in which he, a recent graduate of medical school at twenty, first encountered folk superstition and suspicion as a young doctor.

Recently located in the swamp country of northeast Louisiana, Dr. Lewis had as his first patient an elderly woman who lived deep in the swamp and who was suffering from delirium tremens, having lost her whiskey barrel when her smoke-house burned. After administering a dose of "Arkansas Fitifuge" (a mixture of brandy and opium), the doctor found that he was expected to relate "all the news, scandal and secrets of the neighborhood" to the six neighbor women who had come to "set up" with the sick and who at first were skeptical of his youth. Wearily he sat down to wear out the night.

There was Miss Pechum, and Miss Stivers, and Miss Limsey, on one side, and Miss Dims, who, unfortunately, as she informed me, had had her nose bit off by a wild hog, and Miss Ripson, and Miss Tillot, on the other. Six old women, with case-hardened tongues, and only one poor humble "Swamp Doctor"²

After he had exhausted his news, he was regaled with discourses on "yarbs," "kum-frey tea," "sweet gum sav," "sheep safern," and other "wonderful truck." Past midnight, the conversation died abruptly when a screech owl screamed outside the cabin. The horrified women unanimously agreed that the bird was a harbinger of the patient's death. "She's knit her last pair of socks!" Mrs. Ripson cried. "The screech owl³ is hollered, and she's bound to die, certin!"

When the young doctor, not versed in folk superstition,⁴ asked why she was so sure, Mrs. Ripson enlightened him with the story of the North Carolina woman who

1 Philadelphia, 1850. Several of these humorous sketches had appeared previously in the Spirit of the Times, widely circulated New York weekly newspaper.

2 "My First Call in the Swamp," Odd Leaves, p. 149.

3 The American Dialect Dictionary shows "squinch owl," "squeech owl," "scrich owl," and "squitch owl" as variants. In the Texas Panhandle and in western Oklahoma, I have heard the bird called a "shivering owl," probably because of the quavering tones of its cries.

4 The Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, II, 838, summarizes superstitions about owls. In Greek mythology, the owl was sacred to Athena, and in Rome it was a bird of ill omen whose hooting presaged death, as in the instances of the death of Augustus and the murder of Caesar. In European and American folklore generally

died after the screech owl hooted, despite all the attending physician could do. Fortunately, Lewis allows Mrs. Ripson to tell the tale in her own words:

I reculleck when I lived down to Bunkum County, North Carolina--
Miss Dims, you node Miss Plyser, what lived down to Zion Springs?
. . . Well, Miss Plyser war takin awfil sick arter etin a bate of cold
fride collards. . . .⁵

At this point, Mrs. Ripson was reminded that Mrs. Plyser's husband had once considered moving to "Luzaanny," "wair all you had to do to clar the land, war to cut down all the trese and wate fur the next overflow to wash them off," but circumstance changed his plans. After this digression, Mrs. Ripson got back to her story:

. . . well, as I sed, Miss Plyser made herself monstrous sick etin cold
fride collards; wen I got where she was they had sent for the doctor, an'
shortly arter I kum he cum, an' the fust thing he axed fur arter he got in
the house war for a hanful of red-pepper pods--it war a monstrous fine
timefor pepper and other gardin truck that sesun--an' wen he got them he
tuck a han-ful of lobely an' mixt the pepper-pods with it an' then he poured
hot bilin' water over it, and made a strong decockshun. Jes as it was got
reddy for 'ministering, but before it was guv, I heered a screech owl holler
on the gable end of the cabin. I sed then as I say now, in the present case,
that it war a sine and a forerunner that she was gwine to die, but the doctor,
in spite of my 'swadements, gin her a tin cup of the pepper and lobely, but
I nude it war no use--the screech owl had hollered, and she war called fur
. . . . bein' carrid to a grave by cold fride collards apeered a hard case,
but the Lord is [in] the Heavens an' he nose! . . . it war too late, the
screech owl had hollered I sed from the fust she wood die.⁶

Certain that she had convinced the Swamp Doctor of the unmistakable import of the owl's cry they had just heard, Mrs. Ripson advised, "Doctor, weed better see how Miss Jimsey is; it's no use to waste the 'futifuge' on her, the screech owl has hollered, and she mus go though all the doctors of a king war here"

Despite Mrs. Ripson and the screech owl, the patient survived and demanded more "Fitifuge," since her "fits," as the doctor knew, were a result of lack of stimulants. The amazed Mrs. Ripson confessed to the patient, "I thot sure you cuddent stand it till mornin, speshully arter I heerd the screech-owl holler! 'tis a mirrykul, sure or else this is the wonderfulest doctor in creashun!" The patient inquired if the screech owl had hollered twice. "No," replied Mrs. Ripson, "he only screached wunst! Ef he'd hollered the second time, I'd defide all the doctors in the created wurld to 'ad cured you; the thing would have bin impossible!"

The Swamp Doctor smiled to himself, for he distinctly recalled two cries, the second not heard by Mrs. Ripson in her astonishment over the first. Without reminding Mrs. Ripson of her test case of the North Carolina woman, the Swamp Doctor took his leave with "their assurance of future patronage," overhearing as he went Mrs. Ripson's exclamation: "Well, bless the Lord I didn't die last yere of the yaller janders, or I'd never lived to see with my own eyes a doctor who could cure a body arter the screech-owl hollered!"

the owl's hooting presages death. Vance Randolph, Ozark Superstitions, (New York, 1947), p. 307, says the Ozarkers throw a handful of salt or feathers on the fire to silence the screech owl outside a cabin.

⁵ Odd Leaves, p. 152.

⁶ Ibid., pp. 152-153.

PROTOCOL

[Contributed by Mr. William R. Bibb, a student in the class of Professor R. B. Voitle, as a paper in freshman English at the University of North Carolina.]

On our farm in western North Carolina, I have spent many happy hours. During the summer months, I usually work as a helper to the foreman. It was on a warm, uncomfortable day that I had to haul a load of manure and a hog into Boone.

I suppose it is about a five- or six-miles drive. I was taking my time getting to town. On the way I picked up an old colored man who was also headed into Boone.

Half way to town I was stopped by some friends and questioned about my cargo. I replied, "I am hauling a load of manure, a hog, and an old colored man."

After this brief conversation, I resumed my lazy drive into town. On the outskirts of Boone, I met the town constable, and in the course of our conversation he inquired about my load.

Again I replied, "A load of manure, a hog, and an old colored man."

I resumed the drive, and before many minutes had passed I was surprised to hear the old man speak.

"Mister Bill, mind if I axes a favor of you?"

I replied that he was perfectly free to ask a favor and that I would be glad to accommodate him if possible.

"Well, suh," he said, "the nex' time we is stopped, Mr. Bill, an' somebody axes what you is haulin', would you please, suh, introduce me fust?"

THE TREE NAMED WILLIAM

By Anna Stout

[Miss Stout, who graduated from the University of North Carolina in June 1954, lives at Scott, Mississippi, where her father is manager of the Delta Pine and Land Company, said to be the largest long-staple cotton plantation in the world. Here, where the laborers are largely Negroes, Miss Stout has had many insights into Negro folk lore.]

Several years ago, we had working for us a seventeen-year-old Negro boy by the name of William Caver. We employed him to do odd jobs around the house, and he lived in the servants' quarters behind our garage. We liked him very much -- he was a capable and cheerful fellow, though somewhat inclined to laziness. In the winter time, he would eat in the kitchen, and after washing dishes, he would read, or watch the washing-machine in operation. He was fascinated by it.

William was quite eager to learn, and was constantly asking Daddy questions about the war news and anything he could think of to be inquisitive about. The war was on his mind most of the time because he knew he'd have to go into the army when he reached eighteen.

Most of the Negroes we have employed have been in some way or other superstitious, and William was no exception. To play on his superstitions was one way of getting him "to do something up brown."

I remember that Mother had been after him to put up a clothes line for her, and for several weeks he'd been saying, "Yas'm, I'm gonna do it this week." Finally, one morning at breakfast, Mother said, "William, if you don't get that clothesline put up, my ghost is going to come back and ha'nt you when I die." I guess he thought Mother's ghost wouldn't be slow in coming, for the clothes-line was put up in short order that day.

Late one afternoon my father came home with a silver-leaf maple which he wanted William to set out in the front yard. He called William, and they walked down to the spot where Daddy wanted the tree planted. He said: "William, once I had a boy working for me, and his name was Thomas. One day he and I were setting out a tree, and I said to him, 'Thomas, I'm going to name this tree after you, and if anything happens to this tree, something will surely happen to you.' And, sure enough, that tree died, and something jumped out at Thomas on his way home one night, and scared him so he ran for two miles.¹ Now, I'm going to name this tree William, and if anything happens to it, something will surely happen to you."

That story, with its omen, was reliable insurance on that tree, for William put fertilizer around it and watered it twice a day in dry weather -- took care of it as if it were a child for a couple of months.

About that time William was drafted. After the usual training, he was sent to Germany. The bullets must have been flying pretty thick over there, because he wrote us long letters, in each of which he would ask about how the tree was getting along, and make some suggestion about watering it and otherwise caring for it. After considerable combat experience in Germany, William was sent to the Far East and was in the fighting there.

He survived both wars unharmed, and upon his return to the States he was stationed in Upper New York State. He was eager to get back home and to see us. But the next news we received about William was that he had contracted pneumonia and died.

William had received citations and medals for valor in combat. When we went around to see his mother, she proudly showed them to us. I can still remember the pity we all felt for her and for William -- he had been such a favorite with us.

The silver-leaf maple named William is thriving yet, a lovely monument to his memory.

¹ At this point, Miss Stout interpolates: "Funny thing, that really happened to Thomas." She might have added that the notion of the identity of an individual and a tree named for him is an idea very old and widespread in folklore. See John Sale's The Tree Named John (Chapel Hill: U. N. C. Press, 1930), from Mississippi.

CATALOGUE OF DEATH ON THREE-MILE CREEK

By Morris Markey

[Morris Markey's "Carolina Mountain Folk," which appeared in the magazine Holiday for September 1948, beginning on page 80, is an excellent illustrated article covering many aspects of folk character, life, and lore. Of particular interest is the section sub-titled "Catalogue of Death" (pp. 132-133), which is reprinted below with the kind permission of the Editors of Holiday. It relates to a little community near Penland, "about forty miles from Asheville."]

. . . Written records were extremely rare among the mountain folk and still are, for that matter. But here was a Catalogue of Death on Three Mile Creek, religiously kept by Uncle Jake Carpenter. Uncle Jake had died a little while before [about 1928] , leaving this worn book of obituary notices:

Alen Wiseman age 80 dide March 10 1877. Ware a farmer, and stild. Never had no dronken boys. Never had no dock in house for sick. He had 12 in famely.

Wm Davis age 100.8. Dide Oct 5 1841. Ware old soldier in rev war and got his thi broke in last fite at Kings Mountain. He ware a farmer and made brandy and never had no dronkers in famely.

Joe Frank age 72. july 8 dide 1899. Ware fin man. He sed what he thot.

Charles McKiney age 72. Dide May 10 1852. Ware a farmer in blew ridge. Had 4 womin . . . married to 1. Live at McKiney Gap. All went to fields to work to mak grane. All went to crib for corn. All to smok hos for mete. He cild 75 to 80 hogs a yer and wimen never had no words bout his havin so many wimin. If it ware these times thar would be hare pulled. That ware 42 children blong to him. They all went to prechin together. Nothin sed. . . . He mad brandy all his life. Never had no foes. I nod him.

Kim Hone age 73. Dide oc 15 18888. Ware black smith. Had 6 gals that cod work in shop. He ware 6 feet hi.

Loney Ollis age 84. Dide jun 10 1871. Grates dere honter. Wreked bee trees for hony. Cild ratell snak by 100. Cild dere by thousen. I nod him well.

Lege Carpenter age 99. Dide march 18 1859. It snode that nite 14 inch hi.

Turner Carpenter age 23. Dide nov 20 1862. Fite for his country, lost life.

Loner Whitman age 18 1914 dide shot hissself cos his gal bent back on him dec 25.

Frank James age 74 feb. 28 1900. He ware grate bank rober him and Jesse James and Bob Ford.

TRADITIONAL VERSES FROM AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS

By Anne O'Hara

[A resident of Winnetka, Illinois, Miss O'Hara took her A. B. degree at Randolph-Macon Woman's College in 1953 and her M. A. degree in Romance Languages at the University of North Carolina in June 1954. As a member of the editor's ballad and folksong course in the Spring semester of 1954, she was encouraged to write the following paper.]

The importance of the verses written in autograph albums in the understanding of adolescents has lately been stressed in an interesting article by M. L. Story of Winthrop College,¹ who has expressed his views on the value of these verses as follows:

Perhaps too little attention has been given by psychologists and educators to the underlying interest-traits which these brash and spontaneous inscriptions seem to reveal. -- The choice and perpetuation of these folkways of expression, however, seems to be too prevalent and too lasting among this early-adolescent group to be considered in such a light. These timeless jingles seem actually to provide a more revealing clue to the adolescent personality than many of the scientific approaches so prevalent today. We will undoubtedly gain a vastly improved insight into the universal motives and urgings which characterize this transition period in the life of young people when we fully understand their unflinching interest in this unique and highly interesting medium of expression.²

I propose in this paper to present a number of verses which have been collected from students at the University of North Carolina. Many of them have parallels given in the article just quoted; and parallels will be found in autograph albums all over the country. As in the case of traditional ballads and songs, there are many variants. Because the date may be of some interest to students of this adolescent folklore, I am including it in the case of verses from my own autograph albums. I am also quoting here some verses from an album of the 1890's, many of which are dated.

Story divides the typical verses into nine categories: "When-you-get-married" jingles; derogatory rhymes; statements of friendship; verses showing school or community spirit; aphorisms and words of advice; humorous "toasts"; miscellaneous "wise cracks"; jingles about writing in autograph books; and verses written in a cryptogram or rebus form. I add a tenth category: parodies of nursery rhymes.

The jingles beginning: "When you get married--" are among the most popular. Story points out that they reflect an awakening consciousness of the opposite sex among adolescents of junior high school age; their lack of originality serves as an aid to avoiding embarrassment.³ Examples of this form which I have found are:

1. M. L. Story, "The Folklore of Adolescence: Autograph Books," Southern Folklore Quarterly, XVII: 207-212, September, 1953.

2. Ibid., p. 212.

3. Ibid., XVII, 207.

When you get married
And live on a hill
Send me a message
By the Whip-O-will.

When you get married
And live down South,
Remember me
And my big mouth.

When you are married
And live on figs
Don't treat your husband
Like Maggie does Jiggs.

When you are married
And have twins
Don't come to me
For safety pins.

When you are married
And live on a hill,
Don't fall down
Like Jack and Jill.

There are also some verses which do not fit into the pattern but which clearly belong in this category. The following depends on the use of a girl's name; I supply "Mary Brown."

Mary now,
Mary forever
Brown now
But not forever.

In the following verse a boy's name must be supplied. It is, of course, to be written in a girl's album.

First comes love,
Then comes marriage,
Then comes _____
With the baby carriage.

Derogatory rhymes are often written in a friend's autograph album in a jesting spirit. They do not, of course, represent the writer's true sentiments.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Rain on the rooftop
Reminds me of you.
Drip! Drip! Drip!

Roses are red,
The grass is green,
Stovepipes are hollow
And so is your bean.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Horses have horse-teeth
And so do you.

Violets are pink,
Roses are blue,
Monkeys like you
Belong in a zoo.

The stork came flying
With little _____ crying
And when he saw she was a fool
He dropped her in the _____ school. (1944)

You kissed him in the moonlight,
His face was ghastly white,
For he was a marble statue
And you were drunk that night. (1944)

Statements of friendship may be either comic and exaggerated (to avoid embarrassment) or serious. The former category is much more frequent among modern adolescents. An example is:

I love you little,
I love you big,
I love you
Like a little pig,

Most of these comic statements of friendship, however, are in sentence form and begin, "Yours till--." They may be used separately or in connection with other verses.

I am yours till elephants wear suitcases instead of trunks.

Yours till the ocean wears rubber pants to keep its bottom dry.

Yours till the mountain peeks and sees the salad dressing.

Yours till hairpins get seasick riding on the permanent waves.

A few more serious verses are found in modern albums:

In your long chain of friends consider me a link.

When these lines you do regret,
Burn them up and me forget,
But watch the flames as they ascend,
For these lines were written by a friend.

A ring is round,
And has no end;
That's how long
I'll be your friend.

It is instructive to compare these with a few verses found in an album of the 1890's (from Iowa):

When with your dear companions
Cast not one thought on me,
But when alone you meditate,
Then think, oh! Think of me. (1891)

Remember me,
If not a task;
"Remember me"
Is all I ask. (1891)

Our friendship has budded on earth;
May it blossom in heaven. (1898)

Surprisingly enough, I have found no verses showing school or community spirit, and no humorous "toasts." Most of these verses collected from students, however, were quoted from memory; a search through albums might produce better results. There are no examples of these types in my two albums.

Aphorisms and words of advice (usually humorous) are fairly popular:

Such is life,
And life is such,
And after all it isn't much.
First the cradle,
Then the hearse.
It could have been better,
But it might have been worse. (1945)

If your life is very sad
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

Be good.
If you can't be good,
Be careful.
If you can't be careful,
Name it after me.

This "advice" may be compared with a verse dated 1891, in a serious vein:

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

Miscellaneous "wise cracks," even if they have nothing to do with friendship or with autograph books, are always well liked:

If in heaven we do not meet,
Hand in hand we'll face the heat.

When apples grow in orange trees,
When desert lands grow muddy,
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D. 's,
Perhaps we need not study.

To market, to market,
To buy a red roast;
Home again, home again,
Poached eggs on toast.

The elephant stepped on the baby's face,
Blood and gore all over the place,
And me without a spoon.

I saw you in the garden,
I saw you in the lake,
I saw you in the bathtub-
Whoops! my mistake.

Roses are blue,
Violets are pink,
Immediately after
The thirteenth drink.

These are described as "New Yorkese":

Marguerite!
Go wash your feet.
The Board of Health's
Across the street.

Paddy from Ireland,
Paddy from Cork,
With a hole in his britches
As big as New York.

This jingle is a variant of a verse I have heard sung as part of the song "Oh, You Can't Get to Heaven":

If you get to heaven
Before I do,
Make a hole,
I'm coming too.

Jingles about the act of writing in autograph books are very numerous; according to Story, these have developed from "a rather typical, self-conscious pre-occupation with the very act of signing one's name in such books."⁴ Here are some examples:

Way back here and out of sight
I sign my name to be polite,
(Variant: "just out of spite".)

4. Ibid., XVII, 210.

Remember the girl from the city,
Remember the girl from the town,
Remember the girl who ruined your book
By writing upside down.

You have many a friend
And many a lover,
So for lack of space
I'll write on the cover.

In this book is room to write,
Save it for your lover.
Since I am just a friend,
I'll write it near the cover.

Inspiration won't come-
Can't write-too dumb-
Bad ink-
Bad pen-
Good luck-
Amen.

It tickles me so,
It makes me laugh,
To think you want
My autograph.



I don't write for fortune,
I don't write for fame,
I write because you asked me to
And so I'll write my name.

You asked me to write in your album,
But I know not how to begin,
For there's nothing original about me
Except original sin.

A sort of cryptogram is often seen in autograph books; Story thinks that it originated in the rebus,⁵ which is familiar to children from their magazines or comic books. These verses seem, to the young adolescents who use them, very witty; and humor is almost obligatory in autograph albums.

My   4 U.

2 Pretty (or "good," or "sweet")
2 B
4 gotten.

Never B 
Sometimes B #.
But always B .

5. Ibid., XVII, 211.

A B C D goldfish.
 L M N O goldfish.
 O S A R!

Remember M,
 Remember E,
 Put them together
 And remember ME.

Y Y U R,
 Y Y U B.
 I C U R
 Y Y 4 me.

When you're in love it's ♥.
 When you're engaged it's ♦.
 When you're married it's ♡.
 When you're dead it's ♠.

Notice the cynicism of this last verse with regard to marriage. This attitude is also found in the "When-you-get-married" jingles.

Here is a very elaborate cryptogram from my own album. I have never seen it anywhere else.

T h i s	A	Ju st	I
I s	a l e l	T h e	L o v e
A	F o u n d	S a m e	Y o u
L a u n d r y	O n	O l d	I n
T i c k e t	T e a s	S t o r y	C h i n e s e
O r	I t's	:	.

(This is a laundry ticket
 or a label found on teas.
 It's just the same old story:
 "I love you" in Chinese.)

Tricks of writing are also used:

Some folks write up,
 and others write around,
 but be different, and
 write how you like.
 [Name]

(Some folks write up
And others write down,
But I'll be different
And write around.)

The symbols used in these verses deserve a moment's consideration. Most use drawings, arithmetic symbols, or letters of the alphabet. The two most interesting are that which makes use of musical symbols and that drawn from playing cards; it seems to me that children first become interested in adult card games at about this age. I am unable to say where the "Chinese" idea came from.

Last of all, I include four rhymes which are obvious parodies of nursery thymes too well known to quote. I imagine that they were originally composed by some child who wished to be especially witty. It is not uncommon for children to write their own verses for a friend's autograph album. There are some original compositions in my own albums, which I have not quoted as not being traditional; but it is of course quite possible that an original verse written by one child could be taken up by others in the group, and thus pass into the autograph - album tradition. The parodies were all collected from students at the University of North Carolina.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
What the hell do you think you are?
A flashlight.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And one darned petunia.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a dress.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so was her daughter, I guess.

Mary had a little lamb;
She also had a bear.
I've often seen her little lamb,
But I've never seen her bear. (bare)

What conclusions can we draw? First of all, the conditions in which these verses are written in autograph albums need to be studied more carefully. Story has emphasized the self-consciousness which attends such writing. Now friendship is extremely important to children, and to be asked to write in an autograph album is a sign of some degree of friendship. The more verses a girl collects, the more friends she seems, to herself and to others, to have. An invitation to write a verse in an autograph album may be one of the first declarations of friendship. Naturally this would lead to self-consciousness on the part of the writer. Story also mentions an awakening consciousness of the opposite sex. These verses usually begin to be written in the later years of elementary school, and often continue through high school. The participants are almost always girls; but these girls are usually interested in certain boys in the group, and the interest is known to their friends.

There is much in these verses of interest to the folklorist. Notice the recurring patterns like "Roses are red, violets are blue" (from a well-known children's verse); the characteristic folksong stanzas; and the analogies with other forms of folklore, such as nursery rhymes and songs. How did these jingles originate? They seem to be fairly modern. Were they modelled on a form such as the nursery rhyme? A more detailed study needs to be undertaken, with the use of more scientific methods. I have merely scratched the surface.

RIDDLES FROM NEW YORK STATE

By Allen M. Garrett

[Dr. Garrett, reared in Chapel Hill, the son of Dr. M. B. Garrett, professor of history, and Dora Mayfred Garrett, a native of New York, is assistant professor of musicology at Catholic University, Washington, D. C.]

Here are two riddles that I learned from my grandmother, who claims that she learned them from her grandmother. They come from the Cranberry Lake region of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. Grandma refers to them as a "couple of old Indian riddles" that she has always known. There may be some truth in this attribution because, though Grandma vehemently denies it, there is a persistent rumor in that section of the country that one branch of my family tree was here to meet the Mayflower when she tied up alongside Plymouth Rock. I won't confirm or deny this rumor; but I have a batch of relatives up there who make their livings as guides and hunters, and if they are not full-blooded Indians, they are the next thing to it. Anyhow, here are the riddles:

1. As I looked through Hazle Gazle,
I saw Heldum Beldum
Tearing down the world of Wigna Wandum.
2. If I had Eenus Geenus,
I'd kill Heldum Beldum
For tearing down the world of Wigna Wandum.

Ans. As I looked through the morning mists,
I saw the cow
Tearing down the corn field.

3. If I had my dog [sometimes she says gun]
I'd kill the cow
For tearing down the corn field.

The second one has a little story connected with it which may point to a ballad origin.

There was once a beautiful Indian princess who was captured by hostile Indians. The chief of these Indians made a bargain with the princess that if she could ask a riddle that he could not answer, he would allow her to return to her own people. She asked this riddle:

To the dead the living came.
Six there were.
Seven there'll be,
And five shall set the maiden free.

The chief was unable to answer the riddle and returned the girl to her people in accordance with his promise.

Answer: In an old horse skull there is a bird's nest. In the nest are five eggs and the mother bird hatching them. Soon the father bird will return and there will be seven.

By John Foster West

[A western North Carolinian, Mr. West holds an M. A. degree from the University of North Carolina and is an instructor in English at Elon College.]

My father was fifty-two years old when I was born, and some of the folk rhymes, chants, etc., he taught me were handed down from his own grandfather, who lived to be a hundred and four. Without doubt this great-grandfather, John Baylus West, received them second-hand, because he was a two-fisted old cougar so stubborn he rode a mule across the middle of his farm, after he was so old he could not walk, and blazed trees with an ax, thus dividing his land into equal portions, and giving one half to his only son, my grandfather, and the other to his only daughter. My grandfather had been dead many years before I was born, and this great-grandfather had died long before that.

Games

1. "Hull, gull, hand full" was a game, usually played on the night that corn was "shelled," or removed from the cob to be taken to the mill for grinding next day. One contestant secretly hid a certain number of corn grains in his hand. Then he said, "Hull, gull!"

The guesser answered, "Hand full!"

The other then asked, "How many?"

The "guesser" then had to guess how many grains of corn the other had in his hand. Different penalties were exacted for missing the guess; or if he guessed a certain number of grains too few or too many he received the penalty.

2.

Fox and Geese

Fox and geese was a game played by two opponents using a certain number of red and white grains of corn on a board, which had a design mapped out on it. The corn grains were used much as were the "men" on a checkerboard, and were moved in a similar manner. I have forgotten the details of the game; perhaps my mother could tell me, but I recall my father prided himself in being the "best dang fox and geese player hereabouts."

3. At cornshuckings those finding red ears of corn could kiss the girl of their choice.

4.

Aintney Over

Aintney over was played with a ball over a house. If a ball was not available, a wad of rags, or something similar was used. As few as two players could compete, or several on each side. One group got on one side of the house and the other on the other side (opposite). Those with the ball shouted, "Aintney!"

Those on the other side shouted in answer, "Over!" which signified their readiness to begin.

Those with the ball would throw it over the house. If those on the other side caught it, they would slip around the house, then dash suddenly at the "aintneys," throwing the ball at one of them. The one hit with the ball was "out." They then exchanged sides of the house and those who had just received the ball were not the "aintneys."

If those shouting "over" did not catch the ball, of course, they then shouted "aintney" and threw it back. The trick was to throw the ball so high, or at such a difficult angle the receivers could not catch it---but it had to go over the "comb" of the house.

Meaningless Chants

1. Nottle, nottle---forty fingers---hoot!---start uh power---kizzlie koot---koot uh kazzie---all uh flaw---Henry's house---Francis Schizzle-dick---mobble-dick, pibble-dick---null.

2. Have ye seen anything of uh high, tall, raw-boned boy 'bout the size of a man? Run away from Busslie Bung's day ater tomorrow; rode a steer heifer, with a straw bridle and hay saddle; had on linen shoes with wooden bottoms, and high-sole heels? Tell me anything of this man I'll give 'ye three pints of pigeon milk churned by the scratch of a duck.

The idea was to say these words rapidly. I learned them when I was about eight or so, and I remember I was very proud because my brothers and sisters could not learn them. My father is dead now, and I believe I am the only person living who still remembers them. At least the only other "folks" who knew them, or whom I knew to remember them, are now dead also.

Riddles

1. What's:

Big at the bottom, little at the top,

An' a little thing in hit

Goes flippity-flop?

Answer: 'An old fashioned churn, which tapered toward the top.

2. As I was goin' to St. Ives I met a man with seven wives;

And seven wives had seven sacks and seven sacks had seven cats;

And seven cats had seven kits;

How many wuz goin' to St. Ives?

Answer: One---He met the others.

Rhymes

1. My nose itches,

I smell peaches;

Yander comes a nigger

With hole in his britches.

2. Teacher, teacher don't whoop me,

Whoop that Nigger behind that tree.

He stole money an' I stole honey.

Teacher, teacher, ain't that funny?

I did know many more of the riddles and rhymes, but they are far back in my memory and are hard to recall. Part of one rhyme was the choosing of the "it" in "hide-an' go seek." All I remember of it is this:

Wire briar, limberlock,

Three geese in a flock,

One flew east, one flew west,

One flew over a cuckoo's nest.
O-U-T,
Out goes he!

At the "he" a man was pointed at as his turn came up and he was "it," or had to find the others when they had hidden.

Another was:

William-a-trimmietoes
Catch three fishes
Put them in dishes ***

I perhaps could learn these from my sisters.

Our "Blind-man's Bluff" was called "Blindfold."

Another riddle was to tie a man's shoe in a "hard-knot," (as opposed to bow-knot), then tell him he could go into a dark room nearby, and when he returned the shoe would be "ontied." When he returned the shoe was still tied. But the prankster wins by explaining the shoe is still "on-tied." This could happen nowhere but in the hills where a play on the word "on" for "un" is possible, since many people pronounce them both "on."

When a gullible young swain is taken "snipe hunting," he is led far out in the country, or to some graveyard, and left holding a tow sack in some gully while all his companions go to drive the snipe, a fictitious night bird, toward the sack. Of course he is left there, afraid, in the night until he catches on, if he ever does, or if not, until dawn.

There are hundreds of superstitions; I know many of them, such as: The nose itching means someone is coming; or, The rooster crowing before twelve (midnight) means someone has died, etc.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL*

June 10, 11, 12, 1954

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

[Note: The author, Prof. A. P. Hudson of the University English Department, is one of the prime movers in originating and continuing the Carolina Folk Festival, presented here this past weekend. A member of the sponsoring University Folklore Council, he presents here a critical review and self-analysis of the Festival.]

The seventh annual Carolina Folk Festival, which preluded on a damp note and stumbling feet in torrid and rain-pelted Memorial Hall last Thursday night, and crescendoed Friday night under a cloudy but rainless sky with "Vandy, Vandy," achieved a rousing finale Saturday night in moon-drenched Kenan Stadium. The high point was Bascom Lamar Lunsford's singing, at urgent audience request, "Mr. Garfield," song and recitative over 50 years old, giving the mountaineer's version of the assassination, dying moments, last will and testament, and funeral of the twentieth president of the United States, shot down by Charles Guiteau and celebrated in another but inferior ballad.

This special - request number followed close on the heels of Red Parham and George Pegram's harmonica and banjo renditions of "The Fox Chase" and "The Model T and the Cannon Ball" and the third or fourth repeat of "That Good Old Mountain Dew." The first and the last nights' programs, after some dance warmups, had appropriately begun with pure, fine folk interpretations by Bob Keppel, M. I. T. graduate student from Stockton, Cal., of "The Two Sisters," and by Eunice Arnold, Wake County housewife, of "Bonny Barbara Allan."

Ballads To Tear-Jerkers

Sprinkled between were the usual square-dances, clogs and buck-and-wings, stringbands, autoharp, banjo, fiddle, and guitar solos and combinations, and songs ranging from true old ballads and folk lyrics down to moldy and soggy parlor and sheet-music tear-jerkers like "Ashes of Love."

The square-dance teams scrambled from Alleghany and Chowan and points between, and also from Virginia and other neighboring states, but none equaled in finesse the three-score strong team that trekked up from Texas five or six years ago under the leadership of Mrs. Lily Baker. Several, however, were above the average. Among these were Jackie Hale's state champion team from Kinston, two teen-age groups under Mrs. Willis Wynne from Durham County, and Mrs. Laura Bradshaw's Wildcat's Kittens from Orange County. Two cute little boys, Dicky and John David Wright, from Siler City, dressed like ante-bellum East Carolina senators, intrigued the audience with their clogs. They were a pleasing antimasque to the more sophisticated but nonetheless folksy exhibition of a girl from Duke and a boy from State College whose names the p-a system muffed for this reporter (who can't be fired, because he is not a professional).

*Reprinted from The Chapel Hill News Leader, June 14, 1954, pp. 1 and 2.

Paul Joines of Winston-Salem and Bill Short turned out a spirited handling of "John Henry" and other favorites. Joines, a quieter and less spectacular banjo artist than Pegram, has a fine repertory and a sure, deft touch.

Climax Is "Vandy, Vandy"

The climactic points of the festival came on Friday and Saturday nights, with the lovely old courtship song "Vandy, Vandy," sung in sensitive and authentic style by Manly Wade Wellman, Chapel Hill writer, its discoverer, and Margaret Underwood of Greensboro. Miss Underwood was outstanding among the singers of the festival for her natural, spontaneous, and completely charming giving-out of an old song imaginatively felt and dramatically realized. The only singer repeatedly encored, she rendered "The Good Old Rebel" in such a spirited way that she had the Dixie Crowd screeching the rebel yell between stanzas and sometimes between lines.

Two experiments in audience-participation singing, led by Dan Patterson, graduate English student from Greensboro, and illustrated by screen projections of John Allcott's lively comic-strips with words and music, had the audience roaring "Lazy John" after Dan had sung the first pattern stanza and chorus, and trying manfully to follow him in "The Weary Wayworn Traveler (Palms of Victory)." The audience was somewhat stumped by the greater difficulty of the melody and its own fascinated scrutiny of Allcott's austere and mystical pictures of the Traveler. Dan's singing of the grand old spiritual was in itself a notable performance.

Forrest Covington, whose close rapport with genuine folksong, his natural good taste, and his rich, true voice, have not been spoiled by his considerable radio and television experience, gave fine straightforward interpretations of "The Gypsy Laddie" and "Our Good Man," two of the best of the lighter old ballads. He is also understood to have raided the festival talent for Margaret Underwood's appearance on his Burlington television program, Thursday, June 24, 7:15 p. m.

George Pegram Improves

One of the notable features of the 1954 festival was the improved contribution of George Pegram. This natural banjo artist and mountaineer clown, the prime favorite of the festival and its best drawing card for years, had been both an asset and a liability to the festival. A genius in his line, George had previously discounted his stage performances with unsolicited and irrelevant clowning and limelight-stealing. In his frenzied rendering of "That Good Old Mountain Dew," he had so gargled and swallowed and grunted and spit out the words, and gyrated and postured, that none but initiates knew what he was singing. Furthermore, his clagues of aficionados (chiefly ribald Carolina students), with their loud and persistent cries of "George! George! We Want George!" and George's antics thus provoked and frequently spoiled a really good performance by others. An example was that of an English folk singer of extraordinary charm and distinction, Miss Kingsley, a few years ago. This summer, however, without his having been cowed, George's conduct was unexceptionable, and his diction was greatly improved, with no loss of his really special quality. He was even seen lecturing a pretty little gum-chewing, wriggling musician in one of the string bands--in vain, he said-- "You can't tell a woman nothin'."

Bascom Lamar Lunsford, director of the festival, and specialist in sudden spontaneous combustion and chain reaction, did not show so much fire as of old. He is now 72. But he did exercise better control of his sometimes - unruly performers. He brought to the festival several figures, such as Red Parham and

George Pegram and Forrest Covington, who began as real amateur folk entertainers, graduated into the ranks of the professionals (as did Red Parham, who appeared on Major Bowes' programs and in New York night spots), and have yet retained their amateur spirit, along with all of their folkiness. And Mr. Lunsford deserves great credit for his leadership of and cooperation with the University Folklore Council, which officially sponsors the festival.

Effort To Raise Tone

The 1954 program represented a conscious and deliberate effort of Mr. Lunsford and the Council to raise the tone and enrich the variety and quality of the offerings. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the festival he had the active and contributory inner participation of members of the Council in developing a program that would truly, in his own words, "recapture the cultural values in our traditional American music, dancing, and balladry, and present them at their unspoiled best," and thus accord with the dignity of the University fostering it. Among these contributors to the program were John Allcott (of the Extension Division), I. G. Greer (of the Business Foundation), and A. Palmer Hudson (of the English Department). Besides this cooperation, he enjoyed the usual suave and efficient administrative aid of Russell Grumman and E. Ralph Rankin (Extension Division), and technical assistance from Kenneth McIntyre and Norman Cordon (Extension).

From the point of view of popular reception and financial return, the 1954 festival, while not comparing favorably with some previous ones, does show encouraging signs. Paid-up attendance (there were many complimentary tickets, including 40-odd inmates of Butner Hospital and scores of friends of the performers and officials), according to E. Ralph Rankin, who was in charge of tickets and admissions, ran: Thursday, 250; Friday, 820; Saturday, 1000. The meagerness of the Thursday - night audience is attributable to the sudden and violent rain-storm that burst shortly after 7 p. m. Most of it was made up of people who had driven in to see the show and had nowhere else to go or stay. Chapel Hillians did. The sudden rise from Thursday to Friday, and the satisfactory jump from Friday to Saturday, Mr. Rankin attributes in part to better weather, but also to innovations in the program. "The word began to go out," he says, "that the show was good." It was, in spots.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL RAMP CONVENTION

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

Though I had lived in North Carolina for twenty-five years, studying its folklore, I believe that my first knowledge of the ramp and the Ramp Convention came to me in the Spring of 1954. Much of it was furnished by the following dispatch in the Raleigh News and Observer for May 2, 1954 (p. 2), clipped and given me by one of my English 167 (Ballad and Folksong) students, Mrs. Elizabeth Shope, of Chapel Hill:

Ramp Convention Scheduled

Canton, May 1-An innocent-looking little wild vegetable continues to defy description and inspire a unique annual celebration in the mountains of North Carolina.

The vegetable is known as ramp, and it grows wild in the Great Smokies. The celebration, known as the Haywood County Ramp Convention, will mark its Silver Anniversary on May 16 with the gathering of North Carolinians and visitors from many states at Camp Hope, near Canton, for a sociable day of feasting on ramps and other picnic fare.

People who eat ramps say there is nothing like a ramp. People who don't eat ramps say the same thing, adding the word "fortunately." Ramps have been compared with garlic and onions, but most people agree that description is too mild.

There will be ramps for all who want to sample them at the Silver Anniversary Convention. Convention-goers who prefer not to eat ramps may bring their own picnic lunches or purchase plates of ramp-free country ham, scrambled eggs, fried chicken and cornbread from the Ramp Convention picnic committee.

Principal speaker will be Thad Eure, North Carolina's secretary of state, who some years ago was named "speaker for life of the Ramp Convention." Pretty Joyce Ann Morgan of Bethel will be crowned Queen of Ramps.

The Ramp Convention got its start in 1930 when a handful of ramp-fanciers gathered at Black Camp Gap in the Great Smokies, one of the few regions in America where ramps are found. By 1952, the convention had outgrown its original site and was moved to Camp Hope, where picnic facilities are ample for crowds of up to 10,000. At the 1953 convention, Secretary of State Eure presented the sponsors with an official charter for the "Friends of Ramp, Inc.," a non-stock, non-profit organization dedicated to promoting the ramp "notwithstanding the claims of any other area of the entire world."

A.W. Parker of Canton, president of the ramp organization, says that some 50 bushels of ramps will be harvested for this year's convention.

On May 16 I was at Cullowhee, where, with one of my graduate students, Mr. Raymond McLain, I was the guest of a senior member of my English 167, Miss Claire Reed, and her mother. We had gone to the mountains to record folklore, chiefly folksongs. Reminded that the Ramp Convention had been going on at Camp Hope, near Waynesville, for two days and that this was the last day, I was offered the use of one of the Reed automobiles, and Mr. McLain drove me over.

Camp Hope is in a beautiful cove, surrounded by high, steep mountains, with a brawling little mountain stream (Pigeon River) flowing through and watering a green meadow several acres in extent. A large pavilion, with kitchen, dining-rooms, and offices, was too small for the crowd (William Langland's "field full of folk"), and a temporary stage or podium had been set up to one side, facing the meadow, where the people sat on benches and the grass (which looked very soft and, I was told, was free of chiggers). I was informed that there had been "preaching, singing, and dinner on the ground" that morning. But nothing like that was going on at the moment of our arrival. We heard a stentorian voice announce "The Pigeon River Ramblers," and a sharp mountain stringband began playing "Cumberland Gap." As the m. c. stepped back from the podium, I approached him, told him who I was, and explained my desire to get a tape-recording of the program. "I am C. C. Poindexter," he said. "Welcome to all we've got. Set up your machine and go ahead." Then, to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us Professor A. P. Hudson, of the University of North Carolina, who is recording our program. He'll be glad to get individual or group special recordings in the pavilion after the show is over."

A bystander, an alumna of Carolina, explained that C. C. Poindexter was a great guard on Carolina teams, playing on the other side of center from Grady Pritchard, of Chapel Hill, and that he is now a high school principal in that region and the m. c. of the Ramp Convention Folk Festival and Annual Canton V. F. W. Folk Festival (July 15, 16, 17, 1954). He certainly remembered how to treat a professor!

Meanwhile, Mr. McLain had found an electric outlet and had set up the tape recorder, in spite of the eager but somewhat harassing assistance of small boys who clustered around. Following the Pigeon River Ramblers were two other stringbands, all from the neighborhood, and all good, with old favorites such as "Sourwood Mountain," "Guinea in the Pea Patch," "The Flop-Eared Mule," and "Old Joe Clark." Band leader Nanny of the Pigeon River Ramblers was an acrobatic fiddler. He could play the instrument in all imaginable (and a few unimaginable) postures or positions: back of his neck; on all fours; with one hand holding the fiddle behind him and the bow-arm between his legs; standing on his head, etc. -- and never missing a beat. Individual performers on the banjo, the fiddle, the harmonica, the dulcimer, and the guitar gave good renditions of some of the traditional mountain favorites -- "On Top of Old Smoky," "John Henry," "The Pretty Mohea," "The Ground Hog," "Barbara Allen," "The Wreck of the Old '97," "Lost John," "Tom Dooley," and the like. There was some good clog and buck-and-wing dancing.

After the main show had finished, a number of individuals and the Pigeon River Ramblers went with me and Mr. McLain into a small private dining-room for a few recordings by special request. One of the number who followed us in, a middle-aged mountain matron, said, "I used to sing 'Cumberland Gap.'" (Unknown to her, the tape recorder was still recording.) "But," she declared, "I don't have no truck with no such foolishment no more." "How did it go?" I asked. She sang:

then some stanzas about the girls, harpies of the region (in Browning's phrase, "sportive ladies [who] leave their doors ajar"), lying in wait for the boys on payday, and said, "I ain't a-goin' to sing the rest in no mixed company. But I shore wisht my sister was here to sing hit for you." When I told her I already had on tape what she had sung, and asked her for her name, she roundly refused to give it. Later she did, privately. The secret is mine and hers. A pretty mountain girl, about eighteen years old, with cook's apparel and cap on her head, sat near the door to the kitchen, where the ramps were still being friend with eggs and ham, vigorously fanning herself (it was a hot day, even in Pigeon River Valley). "Lettie knows a lot of old songs," said one of the spectators, pointing to her. "Won't you sing for the recorder?" I wheedled. "Naw," she replied. "Do you know 'Little Matty Groves' (sometimes called 'Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard'?" I asked. "Sure do." "Do you know 'Lord Lovel'?" "You bet." "Won't you please sing them for me?" "Shore won't." One of the boys suggested that the Ramblers play "The Bald Eagle" specially for her. They did. "Now, since the boys have favored you, won't you loosen up and sing." "Naw!" "Why won't you sing?" I pleaded. "Well, sir, I've been a-cookin' and a-smellin' them ramps all day, and I'm plumb tord out."

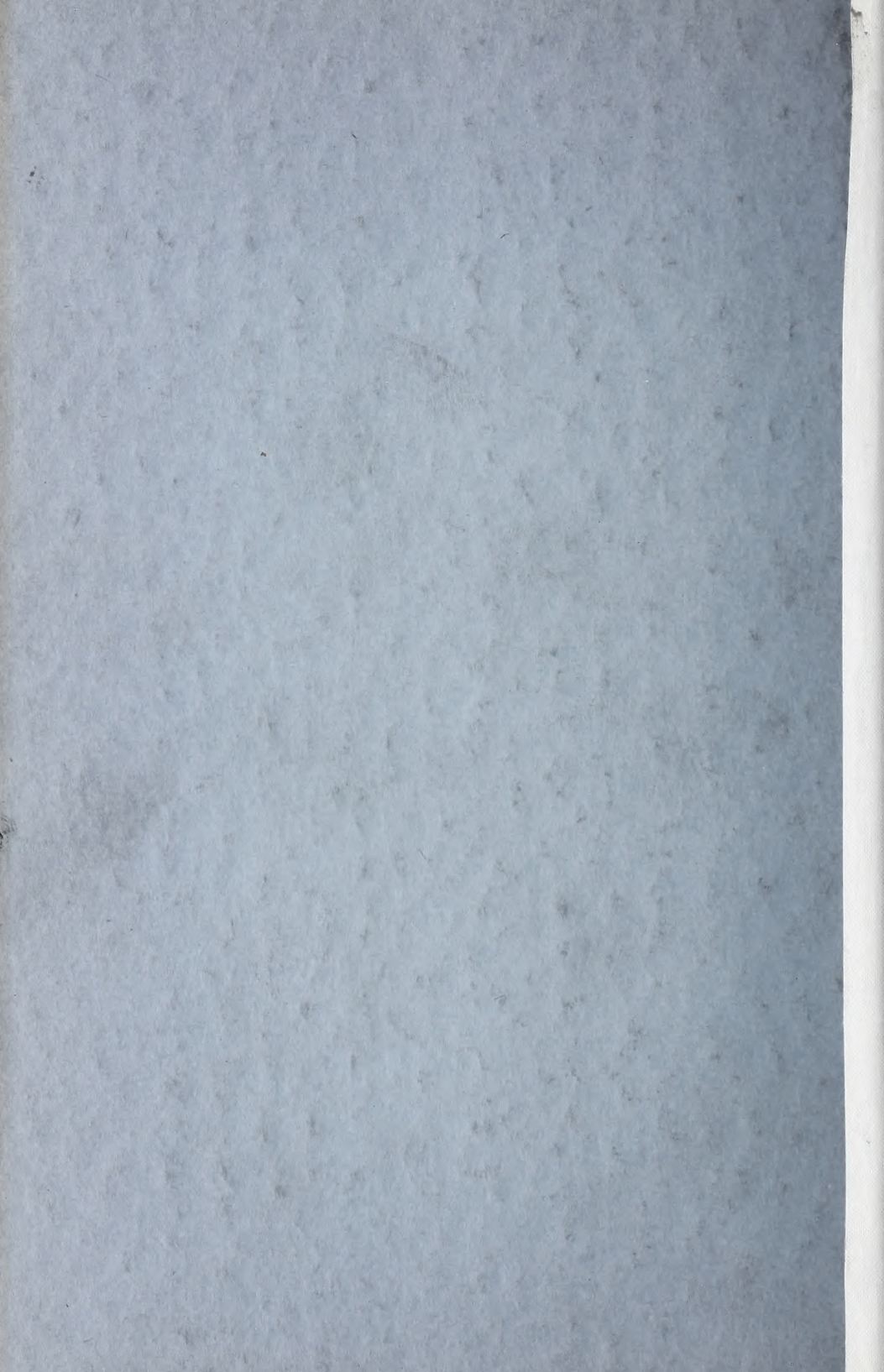
This declaration finished me, and also reminded me that I had not eaten any ramps. (I had ordered some, with ham and eggs, but as the dish was being handed me someone caught me by the coat-tail and dragged me off for "something special" in the recording line.) It was then too late to get an order cooked for me. So I got Lettie to give me two of the plants, raw, untrimmed (they looked like lilies of the valley with a bulb like that of an onion; but they didn't smell like lilies of the valley). I put them in my brief case and was assured that "hit was ruint forever." But it wasn't. Unprovoked, the ramp is a rather innocent and unoffensive vegetable, but like its biological relative the skunk it is capable of great things when stepped on or otherwise stirred up.

Except for the folk festival and the general idea, the Ramp Convention struck me as synthetic, "revival" folklore. The Indians and the pioneers of old, and a few die-hards today, have eaten it. There are stories about its shyness, its love for soil where beech and buckeye grow, in deep mountain coves, where it is sometimes necessary to go in with a bulldozer to reach it. And there are a few sayings about it, of somewhat proverbial character -- "A ramp? A ramp is a ramp and nothin' but a ramp. Why, hit's just a ramp, and there ain't no other way to name hit or describe hit." But there does not seem to be any considerable body of ramp folklore. The festival, I judge, is largely the work of Mr. Eure and a few others canny enough to publicize and capitalize something unique. All power to them and to the stentorian, hearty, hospitable C. C. Poindexter!









NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore. It sponsors the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, usually in the month of June.

A PICK OF POSIES

"Thank you for Volume I, No. 2 of North Carolina Folklore I have always enjoyed reading whatever you have edited or written."

---Marguerite Olney, Curator, Helen Hartness Flanders Collection, Middlebury, Vt.

"The issue of North Carolina Folklore which has just arrived is flavorsome and zesty. I congratulate you on its rebirth. The 'Hard-Luck' story on pp. 16-17 was given me . . . by a student of mine last Spring."

---Richard M. Dorson, Review Editor, Journal of American Folklore, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan.

"What appeals to me most in this issue is the sheer personal way in which you edit it -- the little introductions to the articles, including your own -- in which one can feel your warm personal talk. That makes the reading of a magazine much more pleasant Your variety of articles Folklore does not have to be cut and dried and statistical and analytical. I read twice the charming little story written by Katy."

---Moritz Jagendorf, Editor, Magazine of French Folklore, "Folklore 'Round the Land" in Story Art, 260 Riverside Drive, New York.

"Grateful for [the number] which contains the little masterpiece "The Tw--ins," by Katy Talbert. We enjoyed it . . . as have our neighbors An excellent job."

---D. T. Starnes, Professor of English, University of Texas, Austin.

"Thank you very much for the extremely interesting and delightful number of N. C. Folklore, which I have read from cover to cover. 'The Twins' is the best of its kind I ever saw; but all is good."

---Bertrand H. Bronson, Professor of English, University of California, Berkeley 4.

"I have read it 'from kiver to kiver.' Of special interest to me is 'A Modern Ballad,' by W. F. Bryan. It brought back memories of Chapel Hill in 1902-06, when the student body numbered about 500 . . . the crowd at the post office waiting for mail; the lobby small and crowded. Freshmen had to stand outside and wait; if they went inside, they were given 'the bum's rush' and thrown out on the sidewalk."

---Dr. B. E. Washburn, formerly of The Rockefeller Foundation, Rutherfordton, N. C.

"Grateful It is a very interesting and worth-while publication and indicates that you and your contributors have done much in the collection of folklore."

---Joseph D. Clark, Professor of English, State College, Raleigh.

"My sincere thanks The humor and vivacity of your two articles

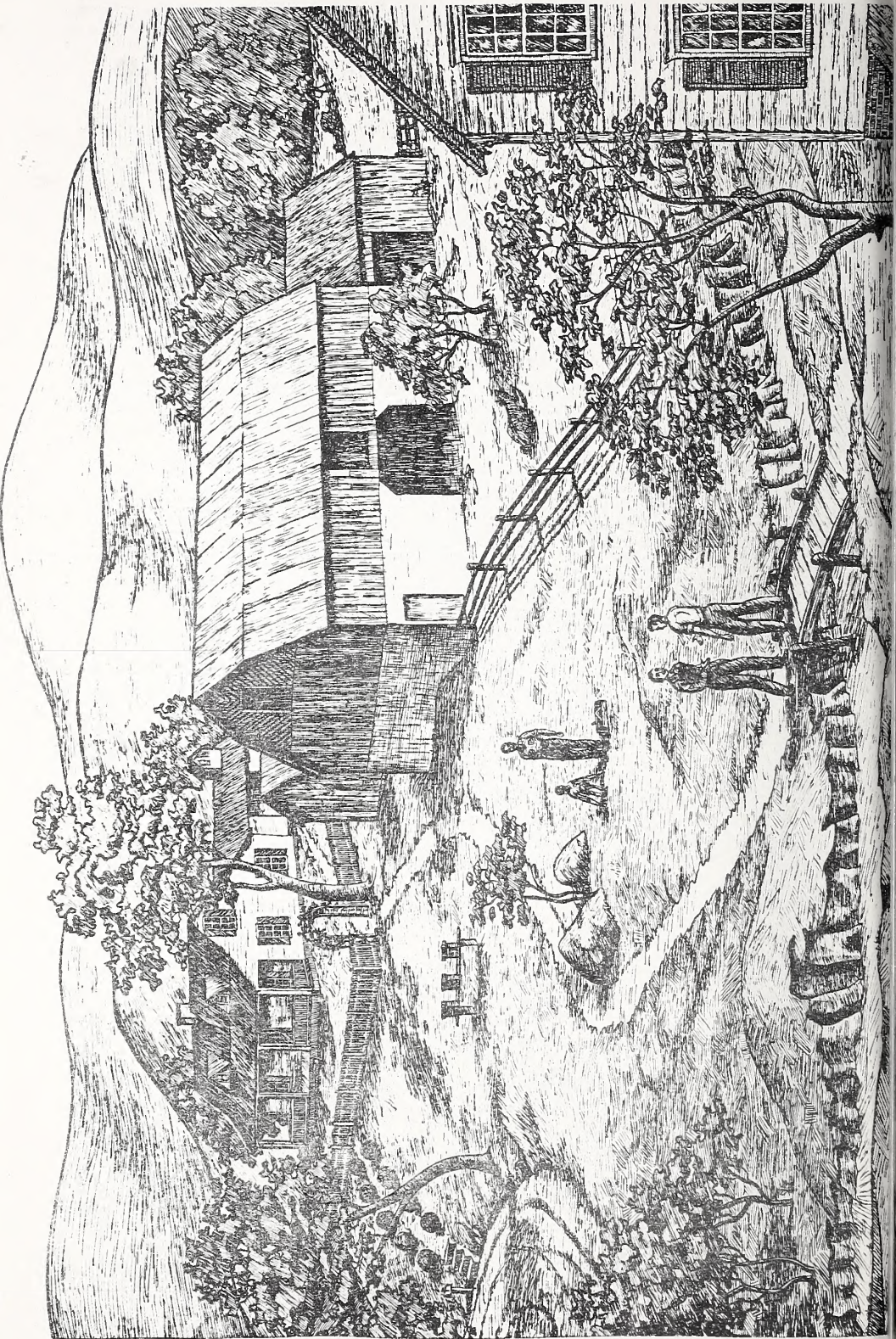
---Ben H. Wilson, Assistant Professor of English, Davidson College, N. C.

"I appreciate Filled with interesting material and provides a splendid handbook for quick reading."

---J. D. Messick, President, East Carolina College, Greenville.

"Thanks infinitely All its contents are delightful, and your comments are its 'poynant sauce [ever] a deal.' . . . Its feature attractive to my mind is that extraordinary modal tune of 'Bangum.'"

---George W. Boswell, President, Tennessee Folklore Society, Clarksville.



A JOB OF WORK

By Manly Wade Wellman

[As told to Mr. Wellman by an old man named Green, a bee hunter, living near Bat Cave, Henderson County, in 1951.

[Manly Wade Wellman, a freelance writer now living in Chapel Hill, was born in Portuguese West Africa, the son of Dr. Creighton Wellman, a medical missionary. He is a graduate of the University of Wichita. He has lived in Kansas, Utah, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, and the Ozarks country, where he has been a keen observer of local customs and an imbibor and transmutor of traditional lore. His publications include *Giant in Gray*, a Biography of Wade Hampton (Scribners', 1949); eight "juveniles," three of which have been Literary Guild selections; and 500 short stories and articles. He is at present working on *Rebel Boasts* (Civil War stories by Confederates). Mr. Wellman contributed the text and tune of "Vandy, Vandy" to *North Carolina Folklore*, Vol. II, No. 1.

[The illustration for "A Job of Work" was drawn by John Walker, of Rutherfordton, North Carolina, an anthropology major who took Folklore 185 during the Fall Semester of 1954-55 at the University of North Carolina.]

You'll find Mr. Joe John Collins' place up the winding hill road yonder, with fields terraced up slope, growing good-looking corn, and nice stock in Mr. Joe John's barns and pens, and he'd feed any hungry neighbor, or tend any sick one. All that sorrowed him, this day I mention, was his little boy Anse---crippled ever since he fell off the wagon and it run over his both legs.

That noon a stranger-man tramped into sight up the road's curve and stopped at Mr. Joe John's mail box. "Wonder if there might be a job of work for me," he said. "I'm a carpenter." And he showed the tool kit he carried.

Mr. Joe John liked the looks of the carpenter; so he said, "Yes. Come here across the yard. See that neighbor-house yonder?"

Between the two houses run a foot path, but midway across was dug a deep ditch, with water running down from above.

"Me and that neighbor-man was like two brothers once," said Mr. Joe John. "Then we fell out over a piece of land, and he dug that ditch to show he don't want me coming on his place. Now I'll go him one better. I want you to take these planks and poles and build me a board fence along this side the ditch, so he can't even see me over here."

The carpenter studied. Then he allowed, "I can do something you like."

"All right. Now I'm going to the upper field to chop weeds. See you later."

Mr. Joe John went, and the carpenter set to work. Like any lone working man, he started in to sing. Not a silly song, nor purely a funny one, but you felt good to hear it, or, I reckon, to sing it. In Mr. Joe John's house, little Anse heard, and got off the couch and took his crutches and began to inch out there, on his poor swunk-up little legs. And when he got to where the carpenter was working little Anse smiled, and the carpenter smiled back at him.

All that day the carpenter worked and talked to little Anse, and when he finished he went back to the house, and there came Mr. Joe John. "All finished?" he asked the carpenter.

"Yes," the carpenter replied him; "come and see."

And Mr. Joe John went to look, and gentlemen! That carpenter hadn't built any fence at all. He'd up and used that lumber to make a foot-bridge over the ditch, and across the bridge come walking the neighbor with his hand stuck out.

"Joe John," he said, "you don't know how dog-sorry I was I dug that ditch. But now you build this bridge, Joe John, to show you never favored us being cut off---"

Mr. Joe John shook his old friend's hand. "Why," he said, "I'm just as pleased

as you are. But don't credit me with the bridge notion. This carpenter here, he thought it up."

They both looked round. The carpenter had hoisted up his tool kit, ready to leave. He smiled at them. Then, before he was gone, he put his free hand on little Anse's head, just half a second.

He said, "Throw away those crutches."

Little Anse flung them away. And, fast as any boy ever ran, he ran to his daddy.

Next moment, the carpenter wasn't there. But all three of them knew who he was, and how he's with us always, the same as he promised, even to the end of the earth.

A GARLAND OF BALLADS FROM CALDWELL COUNTY

By Andra Joy Hamilton

[The following ballads were contributed by Miss Andra Joy Hamilton, of Durham (since June 1955, Mrs. Eugene B. Pond, of Beaufort), as part of a term paper submitted to the Editor in his English 167 (The Ballad and American Folksongs) in 1953. The music, not then included, was furnished in the Summer of 1954, when Miss Hamilton submitted to tape recording of her songs by the Editor. The tunes were transcribed by Mr. Daniel W. Patterson, of Greensboro.

[Miss Hamilton received her A.B. in 1953 and her M.A. in 1955, preparing for a career as a social worker.

[In the introduction to her paper, and in her tape recording, Miss Hamilton stated that she learned all of the songs here given from her mother, Mrs. Andrew J. Hamilton, of Durham, who in turn learned them from her mother, Mrs. H. H. Messick, who was reared on King's Creek, Caldwell County. Oral tradition in Mrs. Messick's family goes back to Delaware, where her family first settled; then to Caldwell County, whither the family moved some time before the American Revolution; before that, to Scotland.

["At Home, My Lassie" has thus far defied the Editor's attempts to trace it to some published collection or text. One difficulty is that it is only a fragment, and possibly not the beginning, of a longer piece. It sounds as if it ought to be in Allan Ramsay's or Burns's or one of the other Scottish collections; but if so I have not been able to find it. The nearest thing to it found thus far is the refrain of "The Northern Lassie's Lamentation; Or, The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune," Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 168-170:

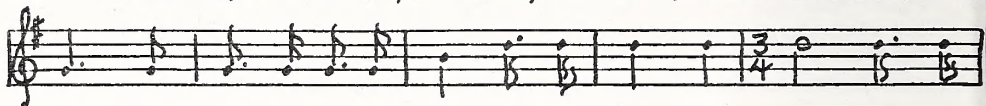
"O the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree
Doth flourish at home in my own country" --

with a note: "Tune: I would I were in my own country. Perhaps originally by Martin Parker The old tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." [The next two ballads are versions of Francis J. Child's "Young Hunting" and "The Golden Vanity," respectively, The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, of which there are different versions in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. II, and many other American collections. ["One Morning in May (The Nightingale)" is a well-known English ballad, not represented in The Brown Collection, but to be found, in different variants, in Cecil J. Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, II.]

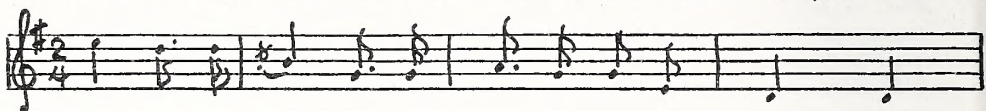
AT HOME, MY LASSIE



AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME YOU OUGHT TO



BE. YOU OUGHT TO BE AT HOME IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY, WHERE THE



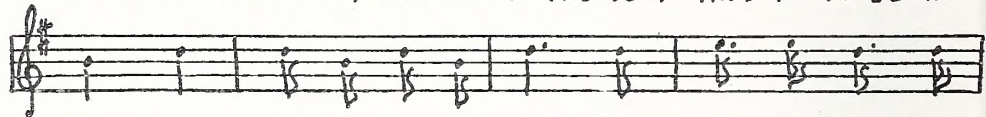
ASH AND THE OAK AND THE GOLD-EN WIL-Low TREE, ARE



ALL BLOOM-ING FREE IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY. OH,



IF IT BE A BOY CHILD, SEND IT TO THE SEA, AND IF IT BE A



GIRL CHILD, SEND IT HOME TO ME, AT HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT



HOME, MY LAS-SIE, AT HOME YOU OUGHT TO BE, YOU OUGHT TO BE AT



HOME IN YOUR AIN COUN-TRY.

LITTLE SCOTTEE

("Young Hunting," Child, No. 68;
Brown Collection, II, No. 18)

(a) (b)

A-LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT MY LIT-TLE SCOT-TEE, AND STAY ALL NIGHT WITH ME, FOR

(c)

I HAVE A BED OF THE VER-Y VER-Y BEST, I'LL GIVE IT ALL TO THEE, I'LL

(d) VERSE 4

GIVE IT ALL TO THEE.

(e) VERSE 1 (e) VERSE 2 (e) VERSE 3

2. "I will not light, I cannot light
And stay all night with thee,
For I have a girl in an old Scotch loch
Is waiting tonight for me,
Is waiting tonight for me."
3. It may have been in the middle of the night;
I'm sure it was not day.
"Here lies a dead man in my bed.
Come carry him away."
4. She called up her men and maids
By one, by two, by three,
"Here lies a dead man in my bed.
Come carry him away."
5. Some took him by his lily white hand,
Some took him by his feet,
And threw him in a brand-new well
Some forty feet deep.
6. "Alight, 'light, 'light, my little birdee,
And settle on my knee,
For I have a cage of the very very best.
I'll give it all to thee."
7. "I will not 'light, I cannot 'light
And settle on your knee.
I'm afraid you'll pierce me through the heart
As you did the little Scottee."
8. "Oh, if I had my bow and arrow
And my rolling string,
I'd pierce you through your little heart
And through your leaf so green."
9. "Oh, if you had your bow and arrow
And your rolling string,
I'd fly away to the heavens above
And never more be seen."

THE GOLDEN WILLOW TREE

("The Golden Vanity," Child, No. 286;
Brown Collection, II, No. 47)



THERE WAS A LITTLE SHIP, AND SHE SAILED UP-ON THE SEA, AND SHE



WENT BY THE NAME OF THE MAR-Y GOLD-EN-TREE, AND SHE



SAILED UP-ON THE LONE AND THE LONE-SOME LOW, AND SHE



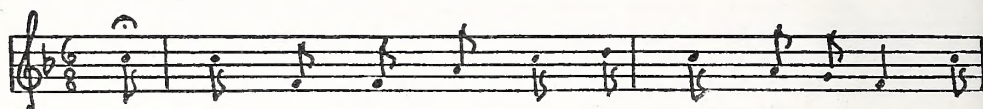
SAILED UP-ON THE LONE-SOME SEA.

- 2 She hadn't been sailing but a week or two
Till she came in sight of the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.
- 3 The Captain cried, "O what shall I do?
For yonder comes the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea."
- 4 Up stepped a little carpenter, said, "What'll you give to me
If I go and sink her in the bottom of the sea,
As she sails on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sails on the lowland sea?"
- 5 "I have houses and I have lands, I have houses and I have lands,
I have a daughter you may have at your command
If you sink her in the lowland lonesome sea,
If you sink her in the lowland sea."
- 6 He turned on his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Turkish Traveloo,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.
- 7 He had a little instrument a-purpose for the use,
He cut nine gashes in the salt water juice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

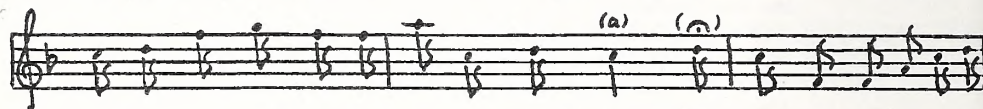
- 8 Some a-playing cards, some a-playing dice,
Some a-standing by a-giving good advice,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.
- 9 Some with their hats and some with their caps
Trying to stop those salt-water gaps,
As she sunk in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sunk in the lowland sea.
- 10 He turned upon his breast and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed on the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.
- 11 "Captain, O Captain, be true to your word,
And take me now again on board,
For I have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
I've sunk her in the lowland sea."
- 12 "I'll neither be as good as my word
Nor will I take you on board,
For you have sunk her in the lowland lonesome low,
You've sunk her in the lowland sea."
- 13 "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men
I would do unto you as I did unto them;
I would sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I would sink you in the lowland sea."
- 14 He turned on his back and down sunk he,
Bidding farewell to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lowland sea.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

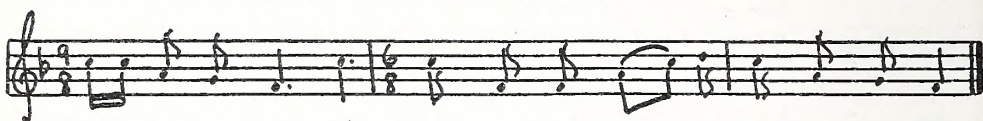
(Cf. Karpeles-Sharp, English Folk Songs
from the Southern Appalachians, II, 192-194;
not in Brown Collection)



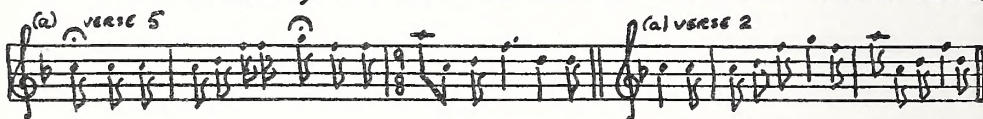
ONE MORN-ING, ONE MORN-ING, ONE MORN-ING IN MAY, I



SPIED A FAIR COU-PL E A-MAX-ING THEIR WAY, AND ONE WAS A LADY, THE



OTHER A SOLDIER, HE STOOD IN THE WAR A TRUE VOL-UN-TEER.



2. "Good morning, good morning," the lady she cried.
"Good morning, good morning," the soldier replied.
"I'm happy to meet you here this morning,
Although you're a lady and I a soldier."
3. They had not been standing but one hour or two
When out of his knapsack a fine fiddle he drew.
He tuned it up to a very high string
And played till the waters glided and the nightingale sang.
4. "And now," said the soldier, "'tis time to give o'er."
"Oh, no," said the lady, "play that tune once more."
So he tuned up his fiddle to a very high string
And played till the waters glided and the nightingale sang.
5. "Now," said the lady, "will you marry with me?"
"No," said the soldier, "that never can be.
For fair tender little children I have three
And as pretty a little wiffee as you ever did see."
6. Come all you young ladies, take warning by me,
And when you see soldiers, don't love them so free,
For fair tender little children they may have three
And as pretty a little wiffee as you ever did see.

Note: Each line of the fifth stanza was sung to the first phrase
of the melody.

SOURCE OF THE HARD-LUCK STORIES

By John E. Keller

[Dr. Keller is a native of Kentucky, where he attended the public schools and the University of Kentucky (A.B. and M.A.). In 1946 he was awarded the Ph. D. degree in Romance Languages by the University of North Carolina. After teaching three years at the University of Tennessee, he came to the University of North Carolina, where he is Associate Professor of Romance Languages, teaching Old Spanish and Folklore 314 (Folk Narrative) and various courses in Spanish. He has prepared editions of Spanish tales of ultimate folk origin, e.g., El libro de los engaños (1949) of the thirteenth century and a Motif-Index of Spanish Exempla (1953). His published articles, mainly in the field of folklore, number twelve, besides several reviews. He is at present preparing an edition of El libro de los gatos (to be published by the Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas in Madrid), a translation of El libro de los engaños (translation series of the Modern Language Association of America), and the vocabularies of three works for an Old Spanish Dictionary (MLA). He has recently received acceptance by Sports Illustrated (a Time and Life publication) of an article, with illustration, on a game of baseball played in 13th-century Spain (time of King Afonso X)! Dr. Keller is a member of the North Carolina Folklore Society and of the University Folklore Council.]

North Carolina Folklore (September, 1954, pp. 16-17) carried an item entitled "Two Versions of a Hard-Luck Story." One of these was picked up by Professor James M. Carpenter and the other by Professor Floyd Stovall. The first, "The Magpie Story," came from England; the second, from a Texas newspaper. The fact that the tale is extant in our country and among our British friends is significant. It becomes even more significant when its presence in other countries and in other cultures is made apparent. Stith Thompson in His Motif-Index of Folk-Literature (motif Z41.10) reveals the presence of this story in several literatures and cultures, and his findings indicate an original oriental source. But such a source did not make its way directly into the western world and into the languages of Western Europe. There had to be an intermediary, a more direct origin for the many occidental versions and instances of this motif.

One of the most widely circulated medieval books, and at the same time one of the least remembered, is, I believe, the western source and point of origin for the tale. This work is the Disciplina Clericalis of a Spanish Jew converted to Christianity in the early twelfth century. He was baptized in 1106 with the name of Petrus Alphunsus, in Spanish Pedro Alfonso, and although he was a man of great learning and science, his most outstanding contribution must be considered to be this collection of some fifty-odd moralized tales.

The almost phenomenal spread and acceptance of his Disciplina Clericalis has been noted by specialists, but by and large, the world today has all but forgotten him and his contributions to literature. Out of this repository of tales have come some of the most interesting and important of western motifs. We find strong traces of the tales from the Disciplina Clericalis in Chaucer, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Marie de France, Vincent of Beauvais, the Gesta Romanorum, Johannis Gobiis, and many others. Admittedly, one can seldom state that the tales of Pedro Alfonso are the direct source used by these many authors. Few of them ever read his collection; but the influence of the work, carried the length and breadth of Europe, translated into nearly every language of western learning, used in the Medieval and Renaissance pulpits, and borrowed by the folk of several European peoples, has been rather

carefully examined and noted. Few books written in any age have had an influence as great as has the Disciplina Clericalis.

The author of this rather small volume tells us in a prologue that he translated it from an oriental tongue, and we assume that this was Arabic, since the book was written in Spain at a time when Arabic was as important as a cultural language as was Latin. The possibility that it may have been Hebrew, however, must not be overlooked.

The version of Pedro Alfonso, which I have translated from the Latin of the original, follows:

The Tale of Maimundus the Servant

It was related that the master was coming from the market happy in his gain, for he had earned a great deal. The servant Maimundus went out to meet him. When the master saw him he feared that he would give him some bad report as was his habit, and he said:

"Beware that you tell me no bad news!"

"I shall tell you no bad news," replied Maimundus, "but our little dog, Bispella, is dead."

"How did she die?" asked the master.

"Our mule was frightened and broke the halter, and as he was running away, he crushed the dog beneath his feet."

"What became of the mule?" asked the master.

"He fell into the well and died."

"How was the mule frightened?"

"Your son fell from the tower so that he died, and by this the mule was frightened."

"What is his mother doing?"

"Because of her sorrow for her son she died."

"Who is taking care of the house?"

"Nobody, since it is in ashes and all that was in it."

"How was it burned?"

"On the night on which the mistress died the maidservant, who was sitting up with her, forgot a candle in the parlor and the whole house burned."

"Where is the maidservant?"

"She ran to put out the fire and a beam fell upon her head and killed her."

"How did you escape, since you are so lazy?"

"When I saw the maidservant dead, I ran away."

.

Similarities between the original and the versions cited by Professors Stovall and Carpenter are numerous. The tale as found in the mouth of the folk in Spain today follows the same tradition. I heard it most recently on one of Arthur Godfrey's morning programs this fall and found it hardly altered in tone and content. Differences in the actual misfortunes learned by the master from his servant may be present, but in essence all versions of this ancient story are the same, and all go back at least as far as the Disciplina Clericalis of Pedro Alfonso, the Spanish Jew.

DARK PURSUIT AND GREEN HOPE

By Richard N. Coffin

[Although Richard N. Coffin was born in Oxford, England, on March 22, 1929, he is really a native of the State of Maine. He left England at the age of six months, and spent his first five years in Aurora, in upstate New York. From then on until his Army service he has lived in Maine, and more particularly, he has lived on the coast of Maine, a very important distinction in that state. He attended Choate School in Connecticut. His undergraduate college years were at Bowdoin College, in his home town of Brunswick, Maine, with the addition of a summer session at the University of Madrid in Spain. He received his B.A. from Bowdoin in 1951, and he went on to receive his M.A. from Harvard in 1952. He spent two years in the Army, one year of which was duty with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Mr. Coffin is now working towards his Ph. D. at the University of North Carolina.

[Mr. Coffin feels that in his education he owes a greater debt to his father, the poet Robert Peter Tristram Coffin, whose stories and poetry formed part of the former's childhood. His father also transmitted to him another educator - the Maine coast, itself, a narrow fringe of danger and beauty, whose people still retain many ballad ways. In this paper, written for Dr. Hudson's Ballad Course at the University of North Carolina, he reflects this after-school education, and the knowledge gained in the Ballad Course.]

At a time in which our culture, our high culture found in our classic works, is rapidly receding from us into a haze of TV antennas, etc., it is refreshing to discover in our very midst a social sub-group which lives and breathes in its ancient ways. Our children, the ones who are still surviving the assaults of adult non-culture in general, and the assaults of Deweyism in particular, think and play in ways which are older than the bulk of English literature. The shouting youngsters in the nearby lane would at once feel closer to and accept as their own, children playing near the Tabard in preference to their own adults.

The groundling at the Globe saw more drama, and, more to the point, incorporated more of its wit and sense into his daily living than the most leisurely or erudite of the present day does. How much more intense is the culture of the child, the eagerly awaited escape from meals, the house, and school. The child does something in his play which is midway between acting and living, an action which utilizes that which is the most fun of both. The play-drama of the child is more real because it is more pervading than the various matters which dominate our adult lives. While we worry about income tax, we are also thinking about Indo-China, the noisy dog in the street, and six other things. The child at play is all intent on that play.

This singlemindedness of play is due to the fact that the feelings and emotions involved are at once basic and primitive. In the various "tag"-type games treated below, fear, the fear of being caught, and the concomitant instinct of self-preservation spur the action into fast and hard running. A child who is sluggish, even under the birch rod, once grasped by the emotion of tag which will dominate him, will run faster, move quicker than he ever thought possible.

A culture that constantly proclaims its ideals and directions such as ours is a culture unsure of itself. Our present state of criticism and self-examination finds no parallel in the world of play. Although games represent a hodge-podge of old ideas, ideals, beliefs, the cast-offs of history, everything is so real to the child that he never questions, but, rather, believes intensely. In this limbo there stalk in the chase games old monsters which were fables by the time of even the Salem trials; yet the child knows, or rather feels, their

existence. In the survivals of sundry fertility rites, the May games and various little scraps with the mention of green in them, we are with the child back on a primitive threshold where we see goodness and happiness flow into the world with the ever-returning spring. The child is unaware, except in feeling, of all these matters. He is as naive as Robin Hood, far away with his merry men in the greenwood, scorning the routines of comfort of regular life, seeking adventure in the call of a horn. Almost too soon we seek to make new adults by banishing these dusty ideas. When the thinkers emptied the night of its monsters, they destroyed unwittingly beauty which walked in sunlight.

The commonest and the simplest of all children's games is "tag." It must be remembered that the great leveling process so active in our time has also been active in this field of games. Newell remarked on this fact as far back as the turn of the century.¹ Tag is not a game, but, rather, it is the surviving common denominator of a number of games some of which Newell has transcribed.² Essentially this important game "motif" contains the following elements: designation of the "it," pursuit of others, a capture, and a change of status of the captured. It may seem odd and in poor taste to reduce tag to such a formula, but the reasons will appear shortly.

At once the "it" strikes an odd note. Why in these games is the central player designated by the impersonal pronoun? "It" is such a commonplace to all childhood, that the question seems fatuous; but with a moment's thought the import of the question is clear. In the tense stage of play when the person is selected to be "it," this person suddenly loses all his personal traits. He becomes merely something to be escaped. It has already been remarked that in play simple emotions dominate. This grip by feeling will alone provide earnestness which will make the game real to the players. The use of the word it is an instance of folklore explaining itself with great lucidity. In the situation of tag it is exactly what the person must become for the success of the game.

In Newell's chapter on "Games of Chase" mentioned in note 2 there are a number of games employing the tag motif with "it." In these older, more complex games "it" is found to be at times a hawk, a wolf, a witch; and, most interesting, in game 108, "Blind-man's Buff," Newell finds the blinded one related to the "Belly-blind" of the Child ballads.³ In New England B. A. Botkin found the game "Pompey," in which "it" is a ghost called to action by someone plucking a tree on his grave.⁴ This latter game of "Pompey" has the same animistic belief found in such Child ballads as "Tam Lin" (no. 39) and "Hind Etin" (no. 41), in which disturbance of a growing thing brought forth a supernatural being. The same story is found in Louise Pound's "Poor Robin" song.⁵ Thus, in the face of the tendency in America to shift away from the supernatural, it is found that the elusive "it" was often an unearthly thing. With this fact, the other elements of the tag motif outlined on a previous page become clear.

The "it" pursues a prey terrified by "its" ghostly nature. Children are re-enacting the drama of the supernatural ballad. Capture means some

1. William Wells Newell, Games and Songs of American Children (New York, 1911), p. 27.

2. Newell, Chapter XI, pp. 153-169.

3. Newell, p. 162.

4. B. A. Botkin, A Treasury of New England Folklore (New York, 1947), p. 895.

5. Louise Pound American Ballads and Songs (New York, 1922), p. 232.

ghastly contamination. Thus, the tag motif is a dynamic structure in the tag games, providing the motivation of the indispensable game emotions. It does not appear that these games retained this other-world element just within themselves. It is difficult to perceive how children could feel this dread without transferring ideas and feelings from ghost stories and the grimmer type of fairy tales heard at home. In dealing with this subject the writer must refer to his own childhood to illustrate the point that superstitious fear was felt in the pursuit of a tag game.

In Brunswick, Maine, we played a tag type game called "Kick the Can." A person was selected as "it." He had to wait, hiding his eyes, while the can was kicked, and the players scattered to hide. "It" could not go after the others until he had replaced the can. Each player on capture was placed in a certain area. A player still free could release his captive mates by sneaking in and kicking the can again. It is significant that we either chose, or tradition dictated, that we never play in the daytime. "Kick the Can" was always played at twilight or after dark, when the familiar neighborhood grew strange with the fore-shortening of distances, and the disappearance of work-a-day vistas. The writer can recall vividly the following emotions in series as the game progressed. First, in the counting out there was a vague relief in not being "it"; the magic of "inney, minney, moe, you're not it" was a charm against becoming something strange. After kicking the can (plucking the apple on the grave, violating the tabu), there was one overwhelming urge, to get away, and get away fast. There was greater and greater joy with each huge stride that removed one from the fearful area. Then there was the hiding and waiting, the fear of being seen. A larger fear grew as "it" came near in his search. This is the key emotion. This fear was the same as the ones felt after ghost stories, the same felt long after games in dreams of pursuit.

Although this is subjective evidence, the writer feels that in this game the same core of darkness was being tampered with that any necromancer dared try. There is no scale of comparison when fear fills the mind.

The games of chase depend upon this nucleus of supernatural tag for their exciting existence. And in this nucleus of the tag motif there appears folk creation at work generating the emotions that pulse the game into life. It is at rare times that folk creation is seen, yet in games, each game is a new one; each time the conditions of emotion must be recreated. In Brunswick we used the initial condition of night; from there we relied on the dynamics of the chase, and the background of childish dreads.

It is these games of pursuit which still survive. The happier, lighter games which derive ultimately from May rites have not endured as well. In dealing with this latter group we do not discover any clear-cut structure such as is found in the tag games. There is, however, one persistent theme that hardly ranks even as a motif. This is the constant appearance of green in many of the little songs and dances which children performed generally up to the Victorian Era.

Newell sees these references to green as meaning the greens of English villages on which the little spring-time activities took place.⁶ He gives the very pretty song:

Tread, tread the green grass
Dust, dust, dust
Come all ye pretty fair maids
And walk along with us.

6. Newell, p. 50.

It is undoubtedly true that the green grass of the village green is sometimes meant. However, something else is also indicated, especially in other songs which clearly do not refer to the village green. Newell's game No. 7 is of this type.

Green grow the rushes, O.
He who will my true love be,
Come and sit by the side of me.

No. 15 is also a "green" song without reference to a village green.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
And all the free masons are ashamed to be seen.

In game No. 18, which is based on the Hugh of Lincoln motif, green is the color worn by the little murderess who throws Harry in a well, indicating that, Jews or no Jews, she was once a water sprite in the Celtic past. "Young Hunting" (Child No. 68) has the same story with green clothing and a water burial.

Into this hodge-podge of green we must add the use of green in the ballads. The greenwood of the Robin Hood ballads carries a connotation of a place of freedom from the feudal iron fist. Here in the greenwood Robin Hood can defy kings and nobles. To the peasant this commonplace was a breath of free air. Possibly this all is an instance of the folk mind reaching back to more happy times before the Normans. The remaining sign of the past was mystic green of some fertility rite. Surely it was a sign of the returned spring in the May games. Evidently in the Middle Ages green became the color of a kind of wistful happiness to the folk. It may not have been a mere survival. Under a cruel Church the folk may have built up the superstition.⁷ The folk, turning from the "pie-in-the-sky" doctrines of Rome to present joys arising from the appearance of growth and warmth in the land, may have started to weave again the basic stuff of belief.

In the games noted here green was always connected with the winning or selection of a true-love. It is a small matter to transfer the folk feeling about green to these circumstances. Some force of the older fertility rites in May might have still survived as it still does in the phrase and practice of June brides. As with so much of folklore, the facts remain vague and unspecified, but we can always say, there may be something here.

In children's games the last remains of a consistent folk culture can be glimpsed. The wonderful thing is that our children still have spirit enough to live and feel these very old scraps of culture. They are maintaining a green banner of revolt, of a slowly dying revolt which is primitive and childish but somewhat better than the vast system of non-culture which replaces it.⁸

7. Cf. the lines (36-38) in Swinburne's *Hymn to Proserpine*: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath; / We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death." [Ed.'s note.]

8. Cf. A. P. Hudson, "Folklore Keeps the Past Alive," *New York Folklore Quarterly*, Winter, 1951, pp. 291-294, which Mr. Coffin had not seen when he wrote this article. [Ed.'s note.]

MORRIS GAMES
FOX AND GEESE

By S. S. Brown

[The following account of the old Morris Games, with diagrams of the boards used in playing them, came through the interest and the courtesy of Dr. Roy M. Brown, Emeritus Professor of Public Welfare Administration, the University of North Carolina, who is brother to Mr. S. S. Brown.
[Mr. S. S. Brown lives at Titusville, Florida. His brother writes of him: "S. S. was born and grew up at Rutherford, Watauga County, N. C. (Boone, Route 1). He has been in Florida for more than thirty years. He is about seventy-five years old." In reply to a letter written by the Editor to him, Mr. S. S. Brown gave cordial permission to use his "Morris Games" and other folklore specimens which he transmitted. Some of these may appear in future numbers of North Carolina Folklore.]

If I remember right there are two kinds of Morris - the Nine Men Morris and the Fifteen Men Morris. Both are played alike. The Nine Men uses nine red grains of corn and nine white. The Fifteen Men uses 15 red and 15 white grains.

The two players take turn about in laying the grains on the board. The object in the play is to make rows of 3 on the board, either vertical, horizontal, or diagonal, and also to prevent your opponent from making rows. When either of the players succeeds in making a row of 3 he is entitled to pick up one of his opponent's grains, and also to lay down another grain on the board, or make another lay-down or move before his opponent plays again.

When all of the grains are laid on the board, the game is continued by moving the grains in any direction so as to make a row of 3 or prevent your opponent from making a row. The person getting the greatest number of grains is the winner.

I think this covers all of the essentials of the game.

---o---

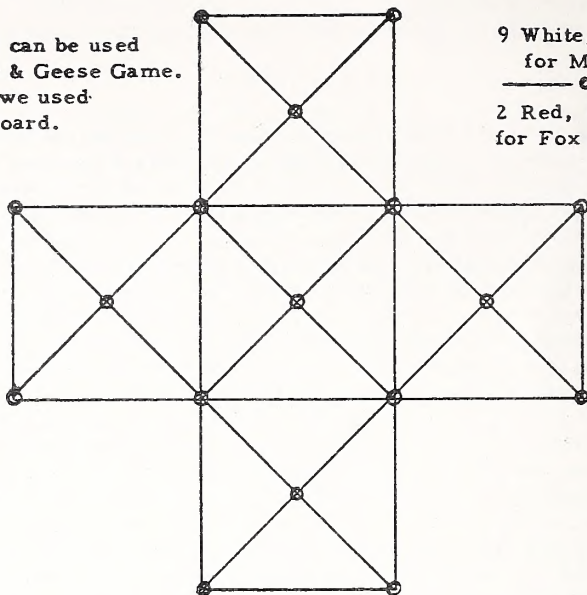
If I am not mistaken the game of Fox and Geese was played on the same board as Morris. It can be played on either the Nine Men or the Fifteen Men board. If you use the Nine Men board you use two red grains for the Foxes and 12 white grains for the Geese. If you use the Fifteen Men board, you use two red grains for the Foxes and 24 white grains for the Geese.

The game starts by laying the grains on the board in any desired position, but I think the Foxes were placed somewhere in the center spaces. The moving now begins. The object of the Foxes is to jump over a goose to a vacant space, and pick up the goose he jumped. The object of the Geese is to hem or block the Fox in such a manner that he cannot move in either direction. If this is done he picks up the Fox. The game continues until the Foxes catch all of the Geese or the Geese block both Foxes.

The main object of the Geese is to move in such a manner as not to be caught by the Foxes and also to hem the Foxes in. The object of the Foxes is to move so as to catch as many geese as possible and not get hemmed in.

I believe this covers the Game. I think we played it with 24 Geese and two Foxes on the 15 Men Morris board.

This Board can be used
for the Fox & Geese Game.
But I think we used
the other Board.

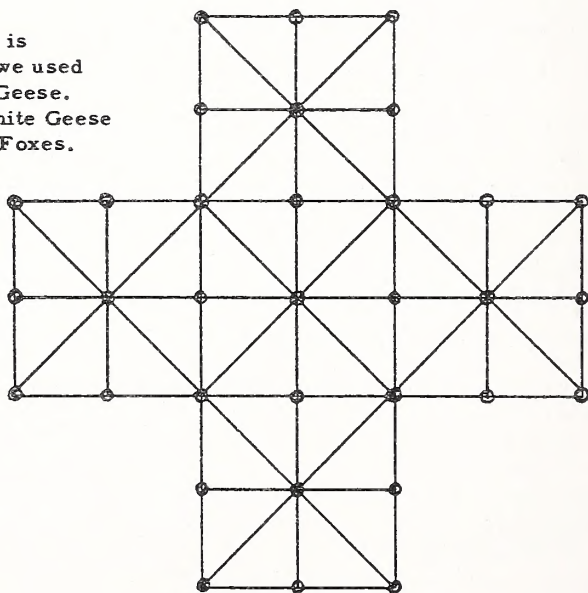


9 White, 9 Red
for Morris

2 Red, 12 White
for Fox & Geese.

Nine Men Morris, played with corn grains.

I think this is
the Board we used
for Fox & Geese.
With 24 White Geese
and 2 Red Foxes.



15 Men Morris, played with corn grains, 15 White, 15 Red.

WILLIAM A-TRIM'LETOE

By Roy M. Brown

[Roy Melton Brown, Emeritus Professor of Public Welfare Administration, is living in retirement on his farm near Chapel Hill, spending his summers on a mountain farm near Boone, where he grew up. He is the author of numerous books and articles in his fields, including (with Jesse Frederick Steiner), The North Carolina Chain Gang (U. N. C. Press, 1927), and Public Poor Relief in North Carolina (U. N. C. Press, 1928). He has been a faithful member of the North Carolina Folklore Society, a contributor, direct and indirect to North Carolina Folklore (see the article by S. S. Brown), and a firm and constructive critic of the first number. In a letter accompanying "William A-Trimbletoe," he writes of "Protocol" (Vol. II, No. 1):

"It may be that a family named Bibb has acquired a farm near Boone and has introduced a kind of farming not typical of the section -- a farm under the direction of a foreman. It is possible that young Mr. William R. Bibb, on "a warm, uncomfortable summer day," hauled a load of manure and a hog into Boone. That would be unusual. It is possible that one might pick up "an old colored man who was also headed for Boone"; but that would be very unusual, because of the almost complete absence of colored men, old or young, in the country around Boone. I suspect that this story is fiction, and not very original fiction. Whether fiction or fact, it does not portray the folkways of that section, and therefore appears to me to have no place in Folklore." [The Editor's apologies to the climate, the rural economy, the social structure, and the folkways of Boone and Watauga -- and to Dr. Brown. He is doing the best he can to get out North Carolina Folklore, and he suspects that Mr. Bibb was doing the best he could to make a deadline in English 1 or 2. He cheerfully accepts reproof, both for himself and for Mr. Bibb.]

This as I knew it in Watauga County was a game. The players each placed two or more fingers on a table with the ends together to form a circle. The narrator, touching a finger at each word, recited:

William A-Trim'letoe
He's a good fisherman;
Ketches his fishes,
Puts* 'em in dishes;
Ketches his hens,
Puts 'em in pens.
Some lay eggs,
Some lay none.
Wire, briar, limberlock,
Set and sing till ten o'clock.
Hickory, dickory, dock
Mouse runs up the clock;
Clock falls down;
Mouse runs roun';
O-U-T spells out.

The player whose finger was touched with the final word out retires to another room or to a distant part of the same room. The other players, in a whispered conference, assume the names of animals. Then the retired player is asked: "Which had you rather come home on, a horse, a cow, or a dog?" (or perhaps a bear, a fox, or a snake). The chosen "animal" toted him "home." "Which do you want to be put down on, a stone bed or a feather bed?" If he

* Put rhymes with but.

chose a stone bed, he was put down very gently. If a feather bed, as roughly as possible.

In my childhood "Hull, Gull" was played with chestnuts or chinquapins. If the second player guessed correctly, he won the chestnuts in the first player's hand. If his guess was not correct, he must give to the first player a number of chestnuts equal to the difference whether more or less.

I have spent many winter hours playing "Fox and Geese"; but I too have forgotten the details of the game.

Another game played with grains of corn and more like checkers was Morris.

In addition to the kissing game at corn-shuckings, which was known but not practiced in the neighborhood where I grew up, there was another game involving red and red-speckled ears. A speckled ear rated five, a red ear ten, and a skewbald fifteen. (A skewbald was a speckled ear with at least five red grains together.) The goal was one hundred.

This game is becoming obsolete, for one reason because of the degeneration (?) of corn. In the so-called improved varieties of corn now generally grown, all ears are either white or yellow. In "the good old days" there were red ears and speckled ears, including an occasional skewbald.

ANSON ANECDOTES

By Hermine Caraway

[Miss Caraway belongs to one of the oldest and best families of Anson County and Wadesboro, where all of the families are old and good. A teacher of English in the Wadesboro High School, she is one of the most active and influential members of the English Council and the English Institute. Last June she was awarded the degree of Master of Education by the University of North Carolina, and returned to her position in Wadesboro. While at Chapel Hill, she took Folklore 185, in the course of which she wrote a sizable paper entitled "Anson Anecdotes," from which some of the following bits have been extracted, and editorially embellished.

Columbus tried three times to get to Anson County, striking closer each time, but he had to die without making it. Hernando DeSoto tried to settle here, but he didn't want anything but gold, and he didn't talk so people could understand him; so they ran him out. Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists at Roanoke heard about it and started out for it, leaving him a note; but they got stranded in Robeson County and mixed up with the Indians. Some tough Scotch-Irish finally got a toe-hold, and they found that Anson was the center of the world -- the horizon was equidistant on all sides; but they didn't write home about it, they dug in and built a Presbyterian church, and stayed there, enjoying sin and predestination. Later, some squatting Episcopalians trickled in after they had been turned out of the church in Virginia and at Edenton. They settled down too and kept on going to seed.

The first school children in Anson County, about 1749, learned geography this way: "Anson County is bounded on the north by Virginia, on the east by Bladen County, on the south by the Peedee River and South Carolina, and on the west by the Mississippi River, by gum." The State of Tennessee was one of its side pockets. It had more coons than all the rest of the Nunitied States together, and it had to raise up Davy Crockett to take care of them. If had the best coon dogs on the whole durned continent of North Ameriky. Davy and the coon dogs thinned out the coons so that the Negroes could come in. That's why today Anson County has fifty-one Negroes in every hundred of population. Black and white soon saw that Anson was the center of the Universe -- the horizon is equidistant on all sides. Everything of importance in the history of the Nunitied States started in Anson or came to a head there.

For instance, making whiskey and selling it to the Indians. King Hagler told off the white men for making strong drink by rotting good corn in tubs, boiling it, and cooling off the steam into whiskey: "Indians made sick and die; you to blame. Indians have no jail to put bad men in; Indians put their bad men in ground." In 1749 the Council at New Bern complained that "wicked and evil disposed persons in the county of Anson were seeking by artifice and diverse suggestions to arouse the Catawba Indians against His Majesty's subjects legally settled in said county." The rousingest thing they used was rotgut whiskey.

The only other thing of importance that happened before the Revolution was the Regulator rising. It started in Anson County. In 1768 the Anson Regulators kicked out the j. p. 's and read the riot act to Judge Samuel Spencer. "The trouble began in Anson and spread to Orange."

Everybody in Anson knows that Flora MacDonald and the gent who was distinguished by being her husband bought an estate in Anson on Cheek's Creek near the Pee Dee. They were frozen out; they couldn't make the grade socially. But friends did take care of the silver. Some of Sherman's bummers found it there nearly a hundred years later.

In Anson the Revolution was really something. Anson Countians are good folks, but some of them are hard-headed, and it takes all kind of people to make

an Anson, the fellow said. So there were Whigs and Tories. But not the kind Dr. Gulliver wrote about. They didn't wear high heels or low heels; most of them went barefooted. But they sure knew how to fight. And the women mixed in. They could stop a bullet or stretch a rope 'most as good as a man can.

Take Granny Dunn. She was a yarb doctor, a midwife, a cosmetics mixer, a hell-for-leather horseback rider, an Annie Oakley with a rifle, and a stout Whig. You can still get Granny Dunn Salve if you know where to look for it and how to ask for it. It beats BC all hollow. And she could birth you any time you felt it coming on.

One day, at the age of eighty-one, she galloped on horseback to birth one of the Bennett babies. When she got ready to leave, she said, "Name him Risden for the English Bennetts, and Tyler for the Whigs." And so he was. This was the start of Colonel Risden Tyler Bennett, and the name has stuck in Anson.

Once, when she was ninety, she and her husband, who was also distinguished by being Granny Dunn's old man, were being chased by the Tories. Isaac had their baby girl (on second thought, this must have happened before Granny was ninety; figure it out for yourself). Anyhow, Isaac had the baby on the horn of his saddle, and they were riding lickety-split, three jumps ahead of the Tories. Isaac figured that the Tories would be more likely to shoot at him (not knowing, maybe, which was the more dangerous of the two), and if they were captured he might have some trouble with the feeding. So he said, "Here, Granny!" and tossed the baby to her on the dead run. So they got away.

Granny lived to be 108 years old, with the scar of a Tory saber across her head (the hickory splints in her bonnet kept her from being brained). On hearing that a great-great-great-great-granddaughter had given birth to a baby girl, she said, "Arise, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a new daughter." (You couldn't have figured that out for yourself.)

Besides rambunctious coons, Anson had terrible turkeys. When Judge Samuel Spencer, ex-Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, was an old man, he was sitting in the sun with a red skull cap bobbing up and down as he snoozed. A turkey gobbler, seeing the cap, mistook the judge for another turkey cock, jumped on him, and pecked and tromped him so bad that he died.

I could tell some gossip about Theodosia Burr and Governor Alston of South Carolina and their love-nest at the Sneedsbrough Inn; but this is going to be a moral story and I have more important, if less interesting, things to tell.

The most important thing that happened, of course, was The War. And the most important and owdacious thing about that was General Sherman and his Bummers.

It took Sandy Martin, of Marven Township, to tell about that. Sandy was a great orator. He had been to Chapel Hill and could talk with the professors there, and the Presbyterian pastor and the Episcopal rector at Wadesboro, no holds barred. But when he made speeches to the folks he talked like folks. He loved to make speeches at Confederate reunions, and especially on Memorial Day (Confederate, not Yankee, Memorial Day). But he talked everywhere, at the drop of a hat. And like a famous old Roman spellbinder he had just one end to his speech, no matter what he had been talking about. It went like this.

"Our brave boys whupped old Sherman out of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia into South Carolina. By the time they got to South Carolina they was mad and on the run. They was getting clost to the center of things. And you know the way it is with a Yankee: Shoot at him and he gets all the madder. Well, he and his boys bummed their way to the Pee Dee River. And this is what happened.

"They crossed the Pee Dee by the light of burnin' ginhouses. And that ain't all they done.

"They blowed up the courthouse and burnt down the churches in Wadesboro. And that ain't all they done.

"They called Colonel Jim Bennett out on his piazzzy and shot him dead. And that ain't all they done.

"They drove the mules and the horses and the cows and calves and hogs to the swamps and shooed the guinea hens and the peafowls and the geese over the tall timber. And that ain't all they done.

"They throwed dead mules into widow-women's wells and split open feather-beds and scattered them over the houseyard. And that aint all they done.

"They stabled their horses in Miziz Judge Marshall's parlor and fed 'em in Miss Minnie Minervy's peeanner box. And that ain't all they done.

"They caught Little Billy Barrett with a busted old rifle gun and hung him to the oak tree by the Four-Mile Board. And that ain't all they done.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that ain't all they done. You know that ain't all they done. That wasn't the worst they done.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here I pause to expectorate, spit, and squirt forth ambeer on their tracks and in the direction of where they lie buried in dishonor.

"That wasn't all they done.

"They sneaked up to Jim Swink's house, tolled out Ring and Jerry, and shot the two best damned coon dogs in Anson County."

While Sherman's Bummers were rampaging about in Anson, a young Yankee officer rode up to the Hammond home, in the White Store neighborhood, and made little Fanny Hammond hold his horse while he looked for pickin's in the house. Sis Jane met him at the door. He grabbed her by the shoulders, pushed her toward the piano, and said, "Play me a tune, sister." She did -- "Dixie," as loud as she could bang it.

"Dixie" just about brings to an end the first half of the history of Anson.

This has been "one of those Wadesboro yarns. If you want any more, it will be coming up.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-third annual meeting in Raleigh on December 3, 1954. The public program, well attended, included a talk by Manly Wade Wellman, Chapel Hill author, on the writer's use of folklore; a recital (with guitar accompaniment) by Miss Margaret Underwood of six North Carolina folksongs; and an account by James M. Carpenter of Greensboro of his extensive collection of British folklore. The Society, at its business meeting, confirmed its approval of the revival of North Carolina Folklore and elected A. P. Hudson editor. It also passed a motion increasing membership fees from one dollar to two dollars per annum, but left the old fee of one dollar for high school pupils and students, the fee in both cases entitling the member to issues of the journal.

Officers elected for 1955 are: President, James York, Mocksville; vice presidents, B. E. Washburn, Rutherfordton, and Russell M. Grumman, Chapel Hill; secretary-treasurer, A. P. Hudson, Chapel Hill.

The most important event of the year for the Society has been the revival of North Carolina Folklore. Volume II, No. 1 appeared in October, with fourteen articles, including ballads, folktales, anecdotes, folk obituaries, essays, and one woodcut illustration. Revival of the journal has stimulated interest in the Society, with increase of membership. The number of paid-up members, now around 125, is the greatest in the known history of the Society. Most of the members are North Carolinians, but there is a considerable number in other states, from New York to California, from Michigan to Florida, including great libraries, like those of Princeton, Harvard, and California.

The 1955 meeting, which will be duly announced, with its program, will be held probably on December 2. Members of the Society who may wish to appear on the program should write A. P. Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 523, Chapel Hill.

COLORFUL WOOD-GRAINED COMIC PLAQUES

<p>A HE WHO FIGHTS WITH WIFE ALL DAY WILL HAVE NO PEACE AT NIGHT!</p>	<p>B A Woman is no Problem if you keep her... PREGNANT IN SUMMER BAREFOOT IN WINTER</p>	<p>C GOD BLESS OUR MORTGAGED HOME</p>
<p>D Class of '34</p>	<p>E THE REASON A DOG HAS SO MANY FRIENDS IS:... HE WAGS HIS TAIL INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE!</p>	<p>F ONCE A Ring ALWAYS A Ring But... ONCE A Knight IS ENOUGH!</p>
<p>G A WOMAN HAS OLD AS SHE LOOKS A MAN IS NOT OLD... UNTIL HE STOPS LOOKING</p>	<p>H DON'T GO AWAY MAD! Just.. GO AWAY</p>	<p>I STUBBORN GUSSES</p>
<p>J EVERYTHING I LIKE IS EITHER... IMMORAL... OR INDECENT... OR FATTENING!</p>	<p>K Please remain seated while the ROOM is in MOTION!</p>	<p>L IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO... DON'T DO IT HERE!</p>
<p>M Shin Ass or worryin Nowhere!</p>	<p>N YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE... But IT HELPS!</p>	<p>O ANGLER'S PRAYER LORD GIVE ME GRACE.. TO CATCH A FISH SO BIG.. THAT EVEN I.. WHEN TELLING OF IT AFTERWARD.. MAY NEVER NEED TO LIE!</p>
<p>P 行及樂肝 WITH ME WHEN YOU GO TO A REAL DRUNK</p>	<p>Q "Enjoy Yourself" IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!!!</p>	<p>R WORK Fascinates me I CAN SIT and WATCH IT FOR HOURS!</p>
<p>S IF YOU WANT TO HAIL TIME... WORKING IT IS DEATH!</p>	<p>T GOOD-BY CRUEL WORLD!</p>	<p>U OLD GOLFERS NEVER DIE... THEY JUST LOSE THEIR BALLS!</p>
<p>V IF YOU'RE SO DARN SMART, WHY ARE YOU STUCK?</p>	<p>W IT'S NEW BUSINESS WITH AFTER WE TAKE GOOD CARE OF OLD BUSINESS!</p>	<p>X even a fish would not get in trouble IF HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT.</p>
<p>Y THIS IS A TIP It is NOT a WIGWAM to BEAT your TOM TOM</p>	<p>Z NOW I'M DOWN TO SLEEP I PRAY THEY LONG TRY CHILD TO KEEP THEY LOVE GUARD ME THROUGH THE NIGHT. AND WAKE ME WITH THE MORNING LIGHT.</p>	<p>AA DON'T STARE at the BARTENDER! Some day YOU MAY BE CRAZY TOO!</p>

MOTTOES AND SLOGANS OF THE CURIO SHOP

AND BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT

By Jacqueline Williams

[Somewhere in her paper Miss Williams should have told us how many miles she motored, how many shops she looked into, and how many coca-colas she drank in the course of her "research." (Not to say, how many sandwiches she ate.) At any rate, she didn't miss any classes in Folklore 185, which she took last Fall Semester at the University of North Carolina; and she motored home with a Master of Education diploma in her "already bulging valise," to resume teaching in Asheville. When this number of North Carolina Folklore comes out, provided the Editor gets clearance from Anson County and the Post Office Department for both her and Miss Caraway's article (q.v.), she should feel at home, in company with Miss Caraway, who sat next to her in class and with whom she had many adventures, doubtless, that the Editor wots not of.]

Most of the mottoes, slogans, proverbs, or what-have-you, that comprise this collection are the result of a canvassing of curio shops and trick novelty shops throughout Piedmont and Western North Carolina. They are of the wood-plaque variety, and range in price anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar, or a dollar and a half, depending on the size and artistic quality of the plaque. The remaining few consist of the humorous, clever, and sometimes subtle, eye-catching phrases and slogans of the advertising world.

According to shopkeepers, wood-plaque mottoes have become the best-selling souvenir among the vast majority of tourists and pleasure-seekers. In fact, one shopkeeper in Chimney Rock informed me that he was "fresh out": that because of their popularity, he had a difficult time keeping a supply on hand.

There are -- and this is purely my opinion -- four good explanations for their popularity.

First, we can probably safely assume that the popular craze for this particular type of souvenir can partly be explained by the fairly low prices attached to them. In most novelty shops that cater to the tourists in particular, other souvenirs are usually much higher-priced, but the poorest tourist can afford at least one of these plaques. Not only that, but they require very little space in an already-bulging valise. They also have an additional feature of not being fragile.

Second, the modern trend in architecture to build ranch-style homes with rustic dens and elaborate playrooms and hobby rooms has afforded a household use for them as wall decorations. In particular, I have seen the sportsman's variety -- those concerning golfing, fishing, and bowling -- used very appropriately and effectively,

Third, business men in clothing stores, restaurants, bars, etc., have used them to attract attention, not only to their places of business, but to their window and show-case displays as well. Bars and clubrooms have also used them simply for the enjoyment and entertainment of their guests. To find examples of this use, one need go no farther than downtown Chapel Hill. Milton's, Town and Campus, The Rathskeller, and the Intimate Book Shop are at present using them in this manner.

Fourth, -- and perhaps the very best reason for their appeal -- they are "just plain clever," and usually delightfully funny. And even the saddest of us appreciate the spice of wit, wisdom, and humor.

Where do these things come from, and who is responsible for writing them? There seems to be no satisfactory answer. It appears that most of them are the

products of a syndicate in New York City. The syndicate steals the old proverbs and sayings, or gives them a new twist by paraphrasing them, or composes original ones for itself. The syndicate then mails these sayings to novelty manufacturing companies throughout the States, and these companies use their own individual artistic originality in transferring them to plaques of various sizes and sorts. According to information received from shop owners, most of those in circulation in curio shops throughout North Carolina, and in adjoining states as well, are purchased from the following companies: Harry and Martin, Asheville, North Carolina; Standard Souvenir Company, Knoxville, Tennessee; Trick Manufacturing Company, Atlanta, Georgia; and Ausable Souvenir Works, Frederick, Michigan.

The number of topics covered by these wood-plaques is astonishing. They humorously, and sometimes seriously, deal with almost every common moral and immoral law of human conduct and social behavior. There are those dealing with such subjects as economics, politics, marital relations, and sex. Then there are those dealing with lying, gossiping, griping, working, fishing, golfing, bowling, driving, smoking, and drinking. There is still a final group that scarcely seems to fit in with any of the others. This brand, to my way of thinking, might well be described as purveying shallow, cheap sentimentality. The group comprises short verses dedicated to Sweethearts, Friends, Wives, Sisters, and Mothers and Dads. Not only is this variety to be found on wood-plaques, it is also found in abundance on gaudy pillow covers and cushions.

Needless to say, a few plaque mottoes cease to be funny, but are vulgar and obscene. I have purposely not made them a part of this collection. It would embarrass me to do so. But with regard to these, it is interesting to note that the demand for them apparently is not exceedingly great. The reason is obvious. The vulgar and obscene fortunately share a place in the minds and tastes of only the minority. Even here folklore seldom maintains itself for long, since it cannot be freely circulated.

Whether mottoes, verses, and slogans of these kinds will come to hold a permanent place in the annals of American folklore is, of course, unpredictable. Only time can tell. One thing is certain, however. They do undeniably meet one half of the acid test of folklore: that of currency. And, as I have already pointed out, they likewise stand the test of having no known authorship.

Perhaps the largest and most humorous group deals with the closely related subjects of women, men, love, marital relations, and sex.

She wears mink all day. . .
And Fox at night

'Tis better to have
loved a short girl. . .
Than never to have
loved A-TALL!

He who fights with wife
all day
Will have no peace
at night!

Here's to the love
That lies in a
woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies . . .

God gave us our relatives,
But thank God,
We can choose our friends.

Don't criticize your
Wife's judgement:
Look whom she married.

Man wants but little
And is easy to please,
But woman bless her,
Wants everything
She sees!

Many a wife is worth
her weight in Gold;
And . . .
Most of them collect it.

Every man during his
Lifetime is entitled
to one good dog
And one Good Woman.

God made the earth and
Rested
Then God made man and
Rested
Then God made woman
And since
Neither God nor man
Has rested!

God bless our
MORTGAGED home.

When women find
They have a yen
For simpler things,
They marry men.

To my Squam
You makeum me one
perfect mate
You keepum wigwam
clean first rate
You scrubum clothes
You cookum fine
You gottum shape
that is divine
You lucky Squam, you
in much luck;
You gottum me,
A loving Buck.

(And then there are these two versions of The Perfect Man.)

There is a man
Who never drinks
Nor smokes
Nor chews
Nor swears
Who never gambles
Never flirts
And shuns all
Sinful snares
HE'S PARALYZED!

A girl who swears
She's never been Kissed
Has a right
To swear.

Try praising thy wife
Even if it frightens
her at first.

A girl who keeps
fishing for a husband
Shouldn't complain
With a worm.

A wife is someone
who stands by her
Husband through all the
trouble
He wouldn't have had
If he hadn't
married her.

The main cause of divorce
is MARRIAGE.

When your wife tells you
To wait a minute,
You become the man
Of the hour.

To my Chief
You are my big strong
Injun chief
You gottum muscle
mostly beef
You thinkum you are
handsome brave
You needum shave
You not much good
You heep big pain
Me love you plenty
just the same.

There is a man
Who never does
Anything that is
not right.
His wife can tell
Just where he is
Morning, Noon, and
Night...
HE'S DEAD!

A woman is as
Old as she looks.
A man is not old...
Until he stops looking.

I pine and
Balsam for you.

Need advice on how to drive ?

Don't hit me . . .
I'm a tax-payer !

Drive like lightning,
Crash like hell !

Watch out for
School children --
Especially
If they're driving cars.

Don't be a screw
... Driver !

Keep our streets clean.
Don't spatter yourself !

You're not driving
Your car after
You pass sixty-five
Miles an hour:
You're ADMIN' it.

An old-timer is one
Who remembers
When it cost more
To operate a car
Than to park it.

These two concerning politicians were displayed in various places:

A politician thinks of
The next election;
A statesman, of
The next generation.

Give a politician a
Few facts and he'll
Draw his own confusions.

There is more truth than poetry in these about gossiping:

The fish wouldn't
get Hooked
If he kept his
Mouth Shut !

The reason a dog
Has so many Friends . . .
He wags his tail
Instead of his tongue.

When in doubt
Mind you own
Business !

How to win few
Friends
And influence small
People

My Daily Prayer
O Lord, help me
to keep my
Damn nose
Out of other
People's business.

Three Quick Means of
Communication
TELEPHONE
TELEGRAPH
TELAWOMAN

Much of the philosophy contained in these concerning work is
certainly workable:

If you want to kill
Time
Try working it
To death.

Opportunity may knock
Only once --
But temptation keeps
Banging for years.

If you have
Nothing to do . . .
Don't do it here.

The man who invented
Work, made one Bad
Mistake. He didn't
Finish it!

Old Bosses never die.
They just sit
On their assets. .

It isn't the size
Of the dog in the
Fight.
It's the fight in
The dog.

Hard work may not kill
But scares some
Half to death.

The evils of smoking, drinking, and other so-called "vices":

Everything I like is
either Illegal
Immoral
or FATTENING!

Why be unpleasant
when with
A little more effort
You can be a real
Stinker?
(or Impossible)

Don't stare at the
Bartender!
Someday you may be
That way too.

Nothin's too good fer you,
So nothin's what ye got.

We ain't responsible fer
any wives
Younguns, mules,
Guitars, corn Squeezins
Or upper-plates that gits
Lost, Strayed, er Stolen
Around here!

Enjoy yourself . . .
It's later than you think.

An off Day
Always
Follows
A Day Off.

Work fascinates me:
I can sit and
Look at it
For hours.

If you're so damn
Smart
Why ain't you rich?

Those who think
They can't
Are generally right.

Smokers and chewers
Please spit on
each other,
And not on the
stove or floor.

Hangover Breakfast
Tomato juice
Two raw eggs
Black coffee
Aspirin
And . . . Our Sympathy.

For the best corn
Likker in town
Don't come here!

Don't spit on the floor,
Th' spittoon's behind th' door.

Five in one bed
Ain't allowed.
Sleep with the Dogs -
But please don't crowd.
Park your shootin' irons
on a hook.
(Damn if we wan't you
Shootin' our cook!)

You got what it takes
To take wot I got.

From the griping and worrying departments come these few:

It takes thirteen muscles
to smile,
Sixty-five to frown.
Why overwork?

If you growl all day,
Naturally you're going to be
Dog-tired at night.

Outside of everything --
What's wrong?

Worry is the interest
You pay on trouble
Before you have it.

Today ...
Is the tomorrow
You worried about
Yesterday
And all is well.

Then there are a number of miscellaneous philosophical ones.

Those who think
They can't
Are generally right

The Red man
Scalps His Enemy
A white man
Skins His Friend.

So your're a traveling
Salesman ... eh?
Well
Keep traveling!

It is better to remain
Silent and appear a
Fool, than to speak
And remove all doubt.

Donkey Meter
If tail is wet -- Rain
If tail is swinging -- Windy
If frozen -- Cold
If tail is gone -- CYCLONE!

An Old Negro on a Donkey
"Fast Freight in Dixie"

Dog tired in the evening?
Maybe you have
been growling
Too much during
the day.

Kicking gets you
Nowhere, ... unless
You're a chorus girl.

How to win few friends
And influence small people.

Today is the tomorrow
You worried about
Which never came.

Don't Worry
You won't get out
Of this world
Alive anyway!

Knowing that
You don't know
Is knowing more
Than most.

Ve get too soon oldt
Undt too late
Ve get schmart!

A highbrow is a person
Educated
Beyond his intelligence.

It takes all kinds of
People to make a world --
And the world
Certainly has them.

Success
It is a mistake
to suppose that
Men succeed through
success.
They much oftener
succeed through failure.

Everyone has some useful purpose,
Even if it is only
To serve as a horrid example!

When your heels hit hard
 And your head feels queer,
 And your thoughts foam up
 Like froth on beer;
 When your legs are weak
 And your voice is strong
 And you laugh like hell
 At some damn fool song,
 You're drunk... By Gosh!
 You're Drunk!

The sportsman variety seems to be dedicated especially to the fisherman.

Fisherman to Mermaid
 But I've got to
 Throw you back,
 Baby, -- who in hell
 Will believe me?

I ask a simple question;
 The answer I surely wish:
 Are all fishermen Liars
 Or do all the Liars fish?

The Bowler's Prayer
 Lord give me grace
 To bowl a score
 So high that even I
 When telling of it
 Afterwards
 May never need to lie.

WARNING FISH POX

Very Contagious to adult males

Symptoms - continual
 complaint as to need for fresh
 air, sunshine, and relaxation.
 Patient has blank expression,
 Sometimes deaf to wife and kids.
 Has no taste for work of any
 kind. Frequent checking of
 catalogues. Hangs out in sporting
 good stores longer than usual.
 Secret night phone calls to fishing
 pals. Mumbles to himself. Lies to
 everyone. No Known Cure.
 Treatment - Medication is useless.
 Disease is not fatal. Victim should
 go fishing as often as possible

Wiley Bass
 Department of Public Health

The Angler's Prayer
 Lord give me grace
 to catch a fish --
 So big that even I --
 When telling of it
 afterwards
 May never need to lie.

A Fish's Prayer
 I hope the jerk that
 catches me
 Won't say I'm as
 large as he
 Or that I'm a nifty
 and tipped
 The scale at Four N Fifty.

Behold the Golfer
 (or Fisherman)
 He riseth up early
 in the morning and
 Disturbeth the whole
 neighborhood.
 Mighty are his preparations.
 He goeth forth full of hope,
 And when the day is
 far spent
 He returneth smelling
 of strong drink...
 And the truth is
 not in him.

Slogans and signs in the business and advertising world.

We need your head in our business. (Sign in barber shop)

Don't go away mad -- Just go away! (Sign in college infirmary)

Don't feed our dogs. They can't stand our cooking either!
(Sign in small cafe in Western N. C.)

Some like it hot
Some like it cold (Sign in restaurant in Western, N. C.)
It's just right here!

What the hell are you looking up here for? (Huge sign hanging over
a well-stocked display of naughty plaques in a curio shop)

We take the dents out of accidents. (Slogan of various body shops)

Why drag around half dead when Henry L. Jackson will bury you for
only twenty-five dollard? (Slogan for a colored funeral home in
Marion, S. C.)

Time will pass... Will you? (Slogan used in some colleges during
exam time.)

We aim to please. You aim too, please. (Sign found in various
business concerns)

Don't knock our coffee -- You may be old and weak yourself some day.
(Sign in restaurant)

The silver is not medicine: Don't take it after meals!
(Sign in restaurant)

The man who always watches the clock (Sign in an industrial plant)
Usually remains one of the hands.

We do the blackest business in town. (Slogan of a coal dealer in
Marion, S. C.)

Come clean and we will dye for you. (Slogan of a dry cleaners in
Atlanta, Ga.)

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

North Carolina is internationally known by three folklore trivia: buncombe (bunkum), Tar Heel, and The governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina (or the converse). It has also made one widely accepted contribution to American folksong, the dolorous ballad Little Omie Wise. But, being one of the Thirteen Colonies, with a white population of around 95 per cent English, Scotch, and Irish, plus a sprinkling of German and Moravian, it has a body of traditional material, both in oral currency and in collected and printed form, which makes it one of the most prominent states on the map of American folklore. In North Carolina, folklore is well established as a cultural heritage, as a science, and as an application of artistic treatment.

The opulent variety of North Carolina folklore is represented by The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, 5 vols. (The Duke University Press, 1952 and following). This publication has been described by one reviewer (The Virginia Quarterly, Winter 1953, p. 146) as "surely the most imposing monument ever erected in this country to the common memory of the people of any single State," and by another (New York Times Book Review, August 31, 1952) as "a major contribution to American folklore." It is the result of the labors of one man and his friends and fellow-members of the North Carolina Folklore Society, as collectors, and of a group of twelve scholars from Duke, California, Harvard, Indiana and North Carolina Universities, as editors. It includes: (I) games and rhymes, beliefs and customs, riddles, proverbs, folk speech, tales and legends; (II) ballads; (III) folksongs; (IV) the music of the ballads and songs; (V) superstitions. Volume II, for example, contains, among the various types of ballads, forty-nine of the oldest traditional pieces corresponding to pieces in the ballad canon set up by Francis J. Child. Recovered in scores of variants, this number of ballads puts North Carolina at the front with Maine and Virginia in respect of such traditional survivals in the United States. Of the native ballads and folksongs, hundreds reflect the military, social, political, and religious history, the beliefs and the customs of North Carolinians from the Colonial Period to World War I, and recall in various ways their heritage of Old World culture.

In the field of folksong, The Frank C. Brown Collection is supplemented by several important publications. Among the most distinguished, from the point of view of texts and music, is Cecil J. Sharp's English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, ed. by Maud Karpeles, 2 vols. (Oxford University Press, 1932), many of its best songs being from North Carolina. Other collections are: Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson's Negro Workaday Songs (U. N. C. Press, 1926) and their The Negro and His Songs (U. N. C. Press, 1927); Newman I. White's American Negro Folk Songs (Harvard University Press, 1928); George Pullen Jackson's White and Negro Spirituals (J. J. Augustin, 1943) and several other books on the spiritual.

The tales and legends in the Brown Collection are supplemented by Richard Chase's The Jack Tales (Houghton Mifflin, 1943) and Grandfather Tales (Houghton Mifflin, 1948); John Harden's The Devil's Tramping Ground (U. N. C. Press, 1949) and Tar Heel Ghosts (U. N. C. Press, 1954); and W. C. Hendricks' Bundle of Troubles and Other Tar Heel Tales (Duke University Press, 1943). An older classic, one of the very first collections of traditional tales published in America, is H. E. Taliaferro's Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters (New York, 1859).

Scholarly study of folklore has been pursued on the campuses of the University of North Carolina and Duke University for over forty years. Besides Frank C. Brown and Newman I. White at Duke, a succession of scholars at Chapel Hill,

Greensboro, and Raleigh, including C. Alphonso Smith, Howard W. Odum, Guy B. Johnson, Ralph S. Boggs, A. P. Hudson, J. P. Schinhan, John E. Keller, J. D. Clark, and George P. Wilson, have collected, studied, and published folklore. Many of their books, bearing the imprint of the University of North Carolina Press, have appeared from time to time, and their articles have appeared in such periodicals as Journal of American Folklore, Southern Folklore Quarterly, and South Atlantic Quarterly. The North Carolina Folklore Society (founded in 1912) and the North Carolina Folklore Council (founded in 1937) have fostered the organized study of folklore. North Carolina Folklore, a journal, founded in 1948, is published at Chapel Hill under the joint auspices of the two organizations.

Artistic, creative use of folklore has been practiced by numerous dramatists, fiction writers, and musicians. The earliest conscious practitioners were Frederick H. Koch and his pupils, represented partly in Koch's editions of American Folk-Plays (D. Appleton, 1939) and Carolina Folk-Plays (Henry Holt, 1941). The most eminent are Paul Green, in numerous plays, novels, and short stories, and Thomas Wolfe, in the same genres. Olive Tilford Dargan and Bernice Harris Kelley have also made notable use of folklore in their fiction. In 1930 Lamar Stringfield won the Pulitzer Prize in Music with his Cripple Creek Suite. The University of North Carolina Television Station WUNC-TV offers programs in folklore.

Most of the three aspects of folklore in North Carolina are reflected in W. T. Couch's Culture in the South (U. N. C. Press, 1934) and numerous pamphlets published by the Extension Library of the University of North Carolina, which are listed from time to time in printed form.

A recent bibliography of the University of North Carolina's holdings in North Carolina folklore compiled by Mr. Billy Wilkinson as an English 167 term-paper project lists 325 items. This will probably be greatly increased, both by discovery of items at first missed and by forthcoming publications. It is in my possession.

Both the University of North Carolina Library and the Duke University Library (within 12 miles of Chapel Hill, and sharing in inter-library loan) have large and valuable holdings in general folklore, though these have not been separately listed. For instance, the University of North Carolina Library has recently acquired the Richard Jente Collection of the Proverb and Folklore, comprising 818 books (15th century to 1952), 558 pamphlets and periodical articles, and 600 boxes of correspondence, facsimiles, manuscripts, etc. Besides this collection, the Library has over 1,000 volumes directly pertaining to the field of folklore, supplemented by many times this number of necessary auxiliary volumes in related fields.

EIGHTH ANNUAL CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

After having been showered out of Kenan Stadium into Memorial Hall, for the second successive night, the Eighth Annual Carolina Folk Festival closed there Saturday, July 11, to the strains of "Old Rattler," played by George Pegram and Red Parham. In Memorial Hall, this last show did not achieve again the somewhat wobbly momentum it had developed before the rain came.

Disgusting rowdysim in the audience, quelled at last by the firmness and the evident fighting spirit of Director Bascom Lamar Lunsford, gave a sour note to the finale, and made the performers nervous, and the well-behaved portion of the audience somewhat dubious about the future of the Folk Festival. Both feelings were symptomatic of many intelligent judgments about the Eighth Festival as a whole. It was uneven, ragged, imperfectly disciplined, and over-exuberant. The number of performers and of acts was too great, much of both was almost completely lacking in the authentic folk note, and what talent there was did not display its best resources.

One exception might be made to this generalization. The dancing was superior to anything exhibited on the stage since Mrs. Lily Lee Baker's somewhat-too-slick Texans trekked up from Austin.

At least half a dozen crack teams, handsome in person, beautifully costumed, and splendidly drilled, appeared on the program. Notable among these were Mrs. Willis Wynn's juveniles from the Glenn School in Durham County; the Occoneechee Braves, a Boy Scout team, that gave the "Apache Death Dance" under Clyde Wheeler, of Durham, a director who evidently knew his Indians and their dances; the two dance teams from White Cross, Orange County; the Scotch lassies from the Cape Fear county, and the teams from Burlington and the mountains (Valley Springs, as good-looking, beautifully dressed, high-spirited, and smooth a team as heart could desire.) Again, the two little Wright boys, pigmy East Carolina planters, tickled the audience with their solo stuff.

The instrumental music was, with a few exceptions, but little above the ruck of hillbilly stuff that rides the radio -- too many electric git-tars, too much screeching, nasalizing, gum-chewing, and gargling of old Tin Pan Alley stuff and saccharine orphan and parted-lovers songs of the last century. Rimmer's and Rose's bands were perhaps the best.

Of individual performers, George Pegram and Red Parham lived up to their reputations. In fact, George's reputation had been improving. This phenomenon was the theme of most of the formal introductions he received. Somewhat subdued, holding himself in the background until officially called for, George is now no less of an artist in his specialty than he was in the old days when he often responded off cue to the ribald cries of "George! George! George! We want George!" A citation of honor must be given to J. Laurel Johnson, of Atlanta, who with an excellent instrument exhibited the authentic beat and the pure note of the genuine traditional folk fiddler. Obray Ramsay, from Laurel River, was a banjoist of note.

To this reviewer, who attended all three performances, and has attended seven festivals, the singing was keenly disappointing. The talent was there, but it did not choose the right pieces -- with a few honorable exceptions. Mrs. Freda English, from the heart of the best ballad-singing pocket in the mountains, did not sing a single good traditional secular song, yet she admitted that she knew many of the kind that her people gave Cecil J. Sharp. Miss Eunice Arnold's selections were only so-so: "Peter Gray" and one or two others. Virgil Sturgill gave his usual "Jackie Frazier," which is a bit too long for outdoor audiences accustomed to television and radio spots; his "Pretty Polly" was also too long, and was not the best version. The much-advertised Donald McDonald was a

cultivated and smooth singer; but for a man reputed to have spent a year in Scotland learning the Lalland songs, his Harry Lauder imitations were not up to expectations. He hit the true note only once, in a Gaelic folk-song. Mrs. Claire Simmons, of Charlotte, a charming personality and a trained singer, pleased with Burns's "My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose," but only tired the audience with "Robin Adair" and another long song the title and the words of which both escaped this listener.

Little Joan Moser, with a large and beautiful repertory, sang three times the lovely "Green Willow in My Hat." Why couldn't she have changed her offerings for the sake of variety as well as for the benefit of repeaters? Then, too, Mrs. Sherrell, accompanied by Mrs. English on the guitar, gave, three times, "The Lonesome Valley," a beautiful and impressive spiritual, and beautifully and impressively rendered -- only it begins to wear after one has heard it several times. Bob Keppel, from M. I. T., gave a fine "Twa sisters," that was too long, for that time of night, and missed his chance of doing something better adapted to the audience's temper, when he appeared the second night with "Whisky in the Jug," instead of a short mixture of the spiritual and the animal song that he had learned from his Mississippi mother.

One delightful feature that ought to have come off was "The Arkansaw Traveler," almost improvised by Manly Wade Wellman and Bascom Lamar Lunsford. This simon-pure specimen of American folk drama ought to be cherished and worked up for future festivals.

And mention of future festivals raises a question. The disappointingly small audiences, the ragged performances, the low percentage of fresh and genuine folk stuff, the gradual falling away of attendance and support of students and Chapel Hillians, the failure of performers to give their best, bode ill for the Festival. Mr. Lunsford, like Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott, has to do the best he can with what he has, if he wants people to come out and see and hear. This year he got together too much. It was not properly screened and processed and monitored. It is doubtful that one man can do all that. He needs help.

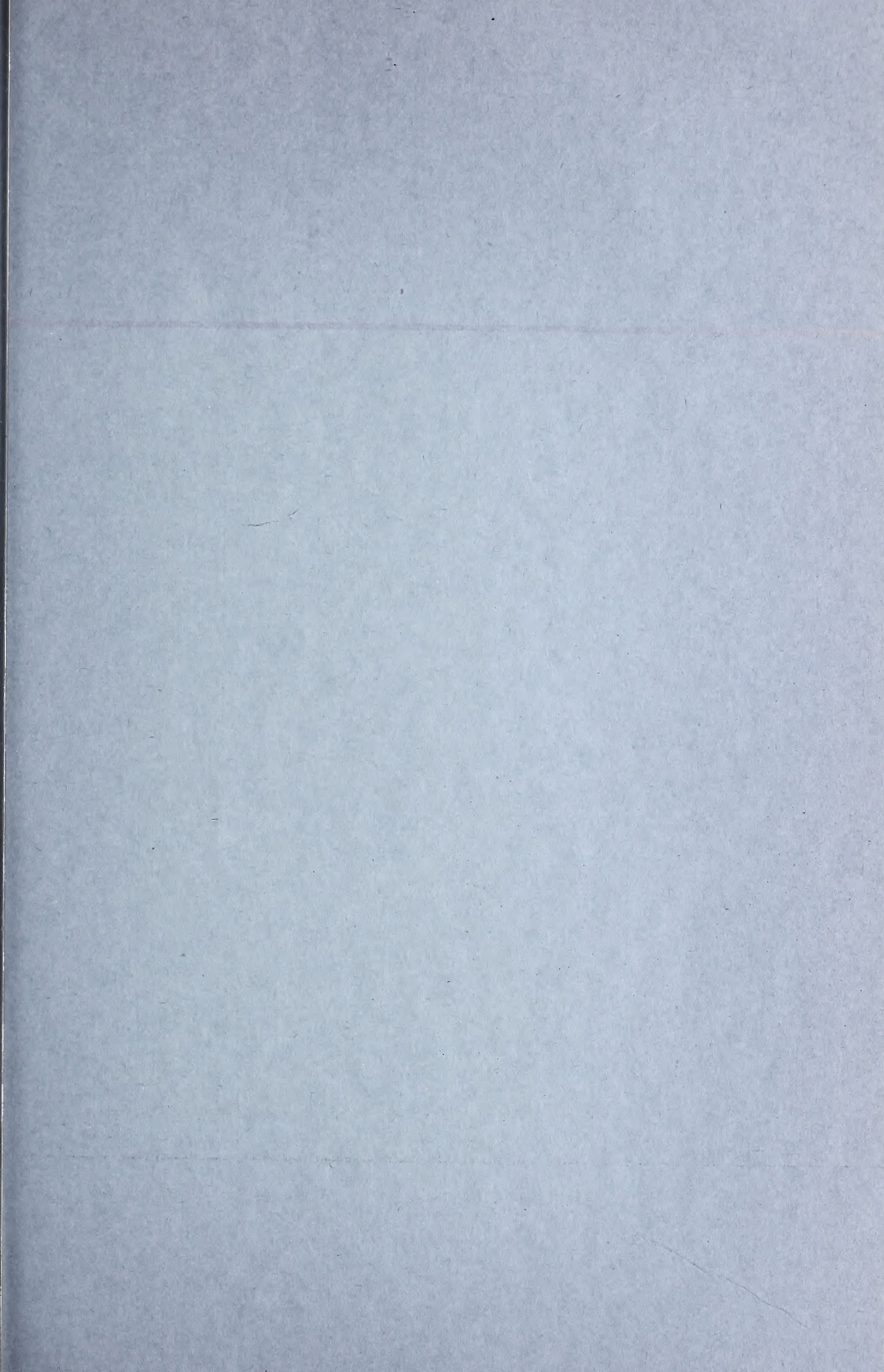
The only future for the Festival, it seems to me, lies along the road of better selection of performers and folk material. Better quality, a more orderly program, better-controlled conditions of presentation must be achieved. Let only good performers be invited, and be sure about what they offer. One change might help a great deal: Memorial Hall for Kenan Stadium, which is too uncertain. Oh, for a big hall with comfortable seats and ventilation!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Though North Carolina Folklore is not prepared to run reviews of books, phonograph records, and other folklore publications, the Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of four albums by Stinson: Paul Clayton, Whaling Songs and Ballads (SLP 69); Ewan McColl, Fourpence a Day, British Industrial Folk Songs (SLP 79); Milt Okun, Jack Was Every Inch a Sailor (SLP 65) and I Sing of Canada! (SLP 71). These he has enjoyed and played in part to his classes. I Sing of Canada! was delivered by Mr. Okun in person and was supplemented by a "live" appearance of the singer before English 167 on May 24.

Professor MacEdward Leach's The Ballad Book (New York: Harper, 1955), sent to editor and teacher, does look like the book for teaching the English-Scottish and American native ballads.

But this is not a review!





NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore. It sponsors the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, usually in the month of June.

"Congratulations are due to the North Carolina Folk Society for the publication of Volume II, No. 1, of North Carolina Folklore. A 44-page offset-printed pamphlet, this issue succeeds Volume I, No. 1 (1948), and (it is hoped) initiates a series of regular quarterly publications. . . .

"Edited by Professor Arthur Palmer Hudson, this little magazine promises to be one of the liveliest of state publications in the field. The current issue records ballads, folksongs, anecdotes, tall tales, riddles, and 'folk obituaries,' as well as the annals of the recent Carolina Folk Festival and the Twenty-Fifth Ramp Convention. It carries John Foster West's collection of 'Games and Riddles from Western North Carolina' and an article by Ann O'Hara on 'Traditional Verses from Autograph Albums.' The latter makes use of a practical classification of such verses and offers appropriate examples of each of the ten chosen categories."

--TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY BULLETIN, XX (December 1954).

"Another number of North Carolina Folklore under date of September 1954 has come to hand. This is Number 1 of Volume II. A single number of Volume I appeared in 1948. After six years it is good to know that this journal is still alive. Under the editorship of Arthur Palmer Hudson, this publication of the North Carolina Folklore Society and the University of North Carolina Folklore Council of Chapel Hill is an impressive collection of local items. It contains a courting song, 'Vandy, Vandy,' which is clearly connected with variants of 'Lady Isabel.' Hudson has carefully identified his sources and has collected, in addition to ballads, other items, such as folk tales, a series of obituaries, superstitions, and traditional verses from autograph albums. The material is strictly North Carolinian and is well worth preserving."

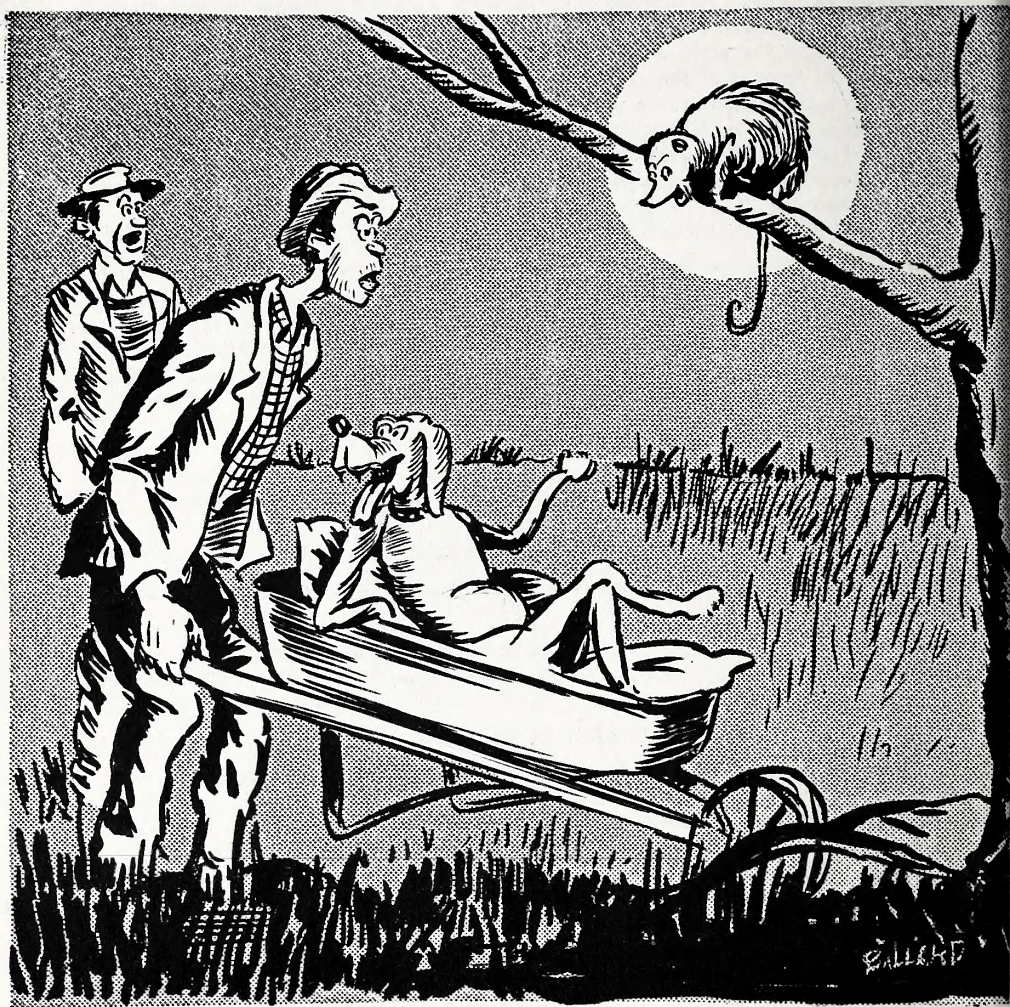
-- WESTERN FOLKLORE (University of California), XIV (April, 1955).

"I've enjoyed it so much, and thank you a million." -- Mrs. W.H. Austin, Smithfield.

"Our children liked especially the article about the autograph albums. I read it aloud with pleasure. Like the magazine very much." -- Mrs. Christopher C. Crittenden, Raleigh.

POSIES IN RETURN

The Editor is under special obligations to Caedmon Publishers, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., for albums of long-playing records made by Eudora Welty and Tennessee Williams. Having received from Caedmon a circular announcing albums issued to date, he inquired at Kemp's Record Shop in Chapel Hill, and was delighted to find that Kemp had already stocked some of the albums. He took the Faulkner and the MacLeish albums on approval, liked them very much, then wrote Miss Marianne Roney, of Caedmon, to make an offer: If a notice in North Carolina Folklore would be worth the Welty and the Williams albums (chosen because these writers, like the Editor and William Faulkner, are Mississippians), send them along. Miss Roney did. The albums are extremely interesting, conveying as they do the special flavor of the speakers in a delightful way, and encouraging the hearer to go to the published works of the authors. Tennessee Williams' "Poems Meant for Music" and "The Yellow Bird" exemplify an attractive aspect of the author's work that is little known. Miss Welty's "Why I Live at the P.O." and "A Memory," as well as the other selections, give a penumbra and a new dimension to her writing. The Faulkner album contains the noble "Nobel-Prize Acceptance Speech," some passages from As I Lay Dying, and other Faulkneriana, all read in a voice that became familiar to the Editor when, thirty years ago, he played golf with Mr. Faulkner, and read or heard some of his stuff at the nineteenth hole, before it was ever in print. . . . Many thanks to Caedmon and Miss Roney for pleasant hours past and pleasant hours to come (their grateful recipient not yet having had time to hear all the albums, but having made sure to play MacLeish's "Not Marble Nor the Gilded Monuments").



OL' RING

By Lula Little Overton

[Miss Overton was born and bred in Anson County, where her mother's people, the Littles, have lived for generations. Her father was raised just across the Pee Dee River in Mount Gilead. She received her A. B. degree in Journalism from the University of North Carolina in 1951, and returned this summer to earn her teaching certificate in English. She has written a few stories and poems for her "little friends," and these are usually based on people and events of the South. She has had several feature stories published in leading North Carolina newspapers. One of her newspaper pieces, entitled "This Ring Really Is a 'Possum Dog," the basis of the following story, appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer in 1951, with an illustration by Staff Artist Bill Ballard, which is reproduced here with the permission of the News and Observer.]

(Dedicated to my father, a resident of Anson County and of the Pee Dee River, who told his daughters many tales of hunting and fishing and many more about dogs. We are still trying to separate the true stories from the fiction, but he is no help to us in this endeavor, since he fully believes the tales himself. This fact probably accounts for his ability to make his audiences believe even the wildest of his yarns.

(The following children's story is based on one of his hunting narratives which he says is absolutely true, and written with the hope that the children of this modern age will enjoy an old-fashioned yarn.)

After supper every night the children gathered in the kitchen to hear "Uncle Ben" tell them stories as he ate his supper, stacked the wood, and smoked his old pipe. That pipe was a part of old Ben. He had owned it since he was a young man, and he was never without it. Many times the family had given him a new one which he conveniently lost or gave away.

Tonight as the children came up, Hannah, the cook, was washing the dishes, and Ben was just finishing up his supper.

Nine-year-old Ted led the way, with Billy (four) and Carol Sue (seven) trailing after him.

"Heah come dem younguns wantin' a story from ya', Ben," Hannah whispered. "I think dey's aimin' ter sneak up ter ya' an' skeer ya'."

Ben pulled out his pipe and was fixing to light it when three small voices yelled, "BOO!"

"Goo'nness gracious! You lims-er-Satan made me ter drap mah pipe. Huccum y'all ain't in baid yit?"

"We came for a story, Uncle Ben," Ted answered, "and we didn't mean for you to drop your pipe." Three heads hung, and three little faces looked penitent.

"Huh! I might a broke hit an' had ter use one o' dem sto' boughten t'ings yer pa gi' me! Well, set yo'sel's on dat bench yander by de stove an' tell me what y'all wan' ter heah 'bout."

"I wan' heah 'bout 'Wing-dog'." This from Billy.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Carol Sue, "an' how he caught fish for you, an' pointed at birds, an'..."

"An' caught carpet-baggers when they was down here," Ted took up the list, "an' did tricks to entertain folks, an' could keep time to a banjo with his tail, an'..."

"Whoa deah, Ted! I'll tell 'bout Ring, but I'll tell ya'll a tale y'ain't never heerd afo', 'bout yer uncle when he come over heah ter do some 'possum huntin' one night. Now dis heah's a true story what happened, 'cuz I wa' right deah.

"Hit wa' a cool night same as 'tis tonight, an' yo' Uncle James an' some o' his frien's wa' havin' a pine bark stew on de ribber bank 'round de ben' yander, an'..."

"Uncle Ben," interrupted Ted, "I always did wonder why they call it pine bark stew."

"Well, now, Ted, dat's another story, but I'll tell y'all dis much 'bout hit: Folks dat wa' a-campin' 'long de Santee Ribber a-wuckin' in de pine woods made stew from de fish dey cotched ter feed all de men, an' et hit f'om pine bark bowls dey had cyarved, an' tha's how hit come ter be called pine bark stew. It's mighty good vittles, too.

"Now yo' uncle an' dese frien's o' his'n had had a stew dat night an' after-wards dey 'cided ter go 'possum huntin'.

"Dey come up heah, knowin' we had 'bout de bes' bunch o' houn's in de county, but yo' pa an' some neighbor frien's had done tuck de houn's out, an' dey wa' a-huntin' away by de time yo' uncle an' his frien's rid up.

"I wa' out yander a-stackin' up de wood by de lean-to when dey come an' axed me ter take 'em out huntin'. I tol' 'em yo' pa tuck de houn's out, an' dey looked down-right cres'fallen.

"Den I 'membered 'bout ol' Ring. He wa' awful ol' by den, an' he had de rheumatiz so bad he couldn't walk, 'cept on bright sunny days, an' den he limped. But ol' Ring, he loved ter hunt, an' hit jes' broke mah heart ter see him lef' behin' an' lookin' so sad when de other houn's wa' all 'cited an' 'cited an' yappin' an' gittin' ready ter take off huntin'.

"So I jes' tol' dem men ter hol' up a minute an' I'd see as we'uns had dis heah hunt anyhow."

"Unca Ben, y' can't ha' no hunt 'ness Wing could walk. E'en lil' Billy knows dat."

"Now yo wait jes' a minute, Billy, an' I'll tell y'all how we had a hunt wi' Ring an' he couldn't walk.

"I went out ter de shed an' tuck de wheelbarrer wif some gunny sacks in hit over ter whar ol' Ring wa' a-restin', an' I put dat deah houn' dawg in de barrer an' started a-wheelin' 'im t'rough de woods wi' yer Uncle James right behin' me a-holdin' his lantern so' ter light de way.

"Fust t'ing I knowed, dat deah houn' wa' a-howlin' like mad, an' a-turnin' his haid ter de right, a-bobbin' hit up an' down. I turned de wheelbarrer like he showed, an' he kep' up his yappin' an' p'intin'. I ain't gon' mo'd'n 'bout two yahds 'fo' I seen dis heah 'possum a-hangin' in a tree.

"Well, now, yo' uncle, he doan 'lieve his eyes, an' he say hit jes' hain't poss'ble no-how. An' his frien's, dey wa' a-laffin' an' jokin' 'bout dis heah houn' a-treenin' a 'possum from a wheelbarrer.

"We went on t'rough de woods a-wheelin' dat dawg an' a-watchin' him an' a-followin' his signs 'til we had cotched eight 'possums, an' we hain't been a-huntin' mo'd'n 'bout two hours.

"We started back ter de house an' could heer de yappin' o' de other dawgs t'rough de woods.

"We wheeled ol' Ring up an' made him comfy on de back po'ch wid a few bits o' ham hock, an' yo' uncle an' his frien's, dey come in ter de kitchen ter wahn up.

"I hadn't mo'd'n wahmed up de coffee an' biscuits, an' tuck out de ham fo' yo' pa an' his pahty come a-stompin' in.

"Well, we treed foah 'possums, Ben," he said ter me. "You should'uv gone wid us."

"I jes' looked at yo' uncle, an' he wa' a-laffin' fit ter kill. He tol' yo' pa 'bout our lil' 'scursion, but I doan t'ink yo' pa evah did b'lieve 'im."

"Oh, Uncle Ben!" Carol Sue exclaimed, "You know ol' Ring couldn't really tree 'possums from a wheelbarrow, could he?"

"Ess could iffen Unca Ben say so, can't 'e, Ted?"

"I don't know, Billy, but I 'spec' Ring's a right good houn'!"

"Sho' nuff, he am dat! Now y'all git yersel's up ter baid afo' yo ma comes an' tells Unca Ben he can't tell yer no mo' stories aftah supper." Hannah gave the

children a shove with her apron.

"O. K., Hannah, we're goin'..."

"G'night, Unca Ben! 'Night Hannah!"

And the children scampered off to dream the pleasant dreams that fill the heads of good little girls and boys who have black anties and uncles and folks who own smart 'possum dogs.

Paul Overton's Recipe for Pine Bark Stew

(referred to in the preceding tale)

One-half lb. fatback, sliced; 3 lbs. onions, cut in small pieces. Fry the fatback and to the grease add the cut-up onions, cooking until brown. To this mixture add 2 large cans of tomatoes, one bottle of tomato ketchup and 1/2 bottle of Worcestershire sauce. Bring to a boil, and then add the fish in serving portions. Next add 1 can of pimentos and 1 stick of margarine, and season to taste. Cook about 25 minutes. Serve over rice. (Serves six)

A SAMPLING OF FOLKLORE FROM RUTHERFORD COUNTY

NORTH CAROLINA

By John Walker

[John Walker, of Rutherfordton, was born and reared in Rutherford County, which is in the mountains of North Carolina. There his people have lived for several generations. A junior in the University of North Carolina, with a major in anthropology, Mr. Walker was a member of the Folklore 185 class in the Fall Semester of 1954-55, and offered the following paper in that course. He drew the illustration for Manly Wade Wellman's story, "A Job of Work," which appeared in Volume III, No. 1, of North Carolina Folklore.]

Introduction

Having decided to write a paper on superstitions concerning the artificial insemination of cattle, I went to farmers and agricultural workers for information. These people were a great aid in obtaining superstitions dealing with the subject, and most of them also gave me superstitions dealing with other subjects. Some of these seemed too interesting to discard; therefore a general collection of superstitions was started.

When I asked family and neighbors to add to this collection, they responded by giving me a large and varied group of superstitions and stories. The scope of the collection was again enlarged.

It includes superstitions, descriptions of the practice of folk medicine, a modern account of the practice of witchcraft, a group of Negro words and expressions, a ghost tale, a family anecdote, and a Christmas story for children.

Divination of Future Events

1. If you see a grey horse you are going to see a redheaded woman.
2. If a yellow "news" bee buzzes around you, you will hear good news; if the bee is black, you will hear of a death.
3. When your dog howls at night you will hear bad news.
4. If you see a red bird you will see your sweetheart that day.
5. If your right hand itches you are going to shake hands with a stranger, but if your left hand itches you will handle money.
6. If a bird comes into the house a member of the household will die.
7. If a new door is cut in the house there will be a death in the family.
8. If a child is born with "a veil on" (a membrane covering the head) he will be able to see ghosts and to foretell the future.
9. An ugly baby will make a handsome adult; the reverse is also true.
10. If you drop a dish cloth someone is coming.
11. Dropping a fork while eating indicates that you will have company.
12. If your nose itches someone is coming. (This belief has been put into rhyme as:

My nose itches;
I smell peaches.
Yonder comes a nigger
With a hole in his breeches.)

13. When your right eye itches you will be angry; when your left eye itches you will be pleased.
14. If the first mourning dove heard is before you, your troubles are ahead; if it is behind you, they are over.
15. A garment turned up at the bottom indicates that there is a letter in the post office for you.

16. If a pregnant woman has any part in making kraut, the kraut will spoil.
17. If you carry a shovel through the house your grave will be dug with it.
18. A dream told before breakfast will come true.
19. If you wish on the first star seen in the evening, the wish will come true.
(A part of the ritual is this rhyme:

Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may,
I wish I might
Have the wish I make tonight.)

20. Giving a knife will cut your love in two.
21. If the first word of a baby is Da-Da, the next child will be a boy, but if it is Ma-Ma, the next will be a girl.
22. No good can come from any business discussed on Sunday.
23. A person whose feet have been swept under will never marry.
24. Sweeping trash out of doors after dark sweeps your riches away.

Divination of Future Mates

1. When you hear the first whippoorwill of the year, lie down and roll over three times; look in the heel of your right stocking, and you will find a hair of the color of the person you will marry.
2. After sighting the first blue bird of the year, walk backward, toe against heel, for nine steps; spin around on your heel and look in the print; there you will find a hair like that of your future mate.
3. Pare an apple leaving the peel in a long strip; swing the peel around your head three times and toss it over your shoulder; it will form the first letter of the name of the person that you will marry.
4. Eat an apple and count the seeds, saying for the first seed, "He loves me"; second, "A little"; third, "Not much"; fourth, "He'd marry me"; fifth, "If he could"; sixth, "But he can't." With the seventh seed start over.
5. Count the buttons on your clothing, saying for the first button, "Rich man"; second, "Poor man"; third, "Beggar man"; fourth, "Thief"; fifth, "Doctor"; sixth, "Lawyer"; seventh, "Indian chief." Begin again with the eight.
(Another version of this runs: "Rich man, poor man . . . lawyer, Indian chief, tinker, tailor, soldier-boy, sailor." Then it begins again.)

Omens and Charms for a Prosperous Year

1. No dirt must be swept from a house, and no trash carried out, between New and Old Christmas, or there will be no gain during the coming year. (I was told of a family who kept the trash, which accumulated during this time, under a sheepskin in the living room.)
2. Black-eyed peas and hog jowl must be served for dinner on New Year's Day, or the family will not prosper during the coming year.
3. For New Year's Day dinner, to insure financial success, you must serve "cabbage for greenbacks and black-eyed peas for change."
4. Success in growing poultry is certain if the first guest of the year is a man; if the first visitor is a woman, the opposite is true. (I heard of an old lady who always invited her Negro tenant to eat New Year's Day breakfast in her home for this reason.)
5. If you kill the first snake you see in the year, you will overcome your enemies; if it escapes, they will get the better of you.

Good and Ill

1. It is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
2. Unless it is your birthstone, it is unlucky to wear an opal.

3. A black cat crossing your path is unlucky unless you turn your hat inside out.
4. If you put on a garment with the wrong side out, it is bad luck to change it; but it is good luck if you wear it all day.
5. Thirteen is unlucky. Friday, when it falls on the thirteenth, is especially unlucky.
6. A continued bad run of cards may be broken by walking around your chair.
7. It is good luck to find a pin with the point toward you.
8. Finding a four-leaf clover is lucky, but finding a five-leaf clover is very unlucky.
9. Bad luck is certain if you walk under a ladder.
10. Breaking a mirror is seven years' bad luck.
11. Each step made with one shoe off and one shoe on is a year's bad luck.
12. Blue birds nesting near a house are lucky omens.
13. If a rabbit crosses in front of you from right to left, you will have bad luck; crossing from left to right indicates good luck.
14. Finding a horse shoe is lucky, but finding a mule shoe is very unlucky.
15. When a lucky horse shoe is nailed up, the open part must be up, or all the luck will run out.
16. Three on a match is unlucky.
17. Carrying an axe into the house is bad luck if it is on your shoulder.
18. Spilling salt is bad luck unless you spit in it; it is then good luck.
19. It is unlucky to turn back after beginning a journey unless you make a cross in the dirt at the spot where you turn.
20. If you mention the ill luck of someone else, it will become yours unless you cross your fingers while speaking of it.
21. If you enter through a door you must leave through that door, or you will have bad luck.

Animal and Insect Lore

1. "Cow sucker" snakes suck cows.
2. Throw a horsehair into water, and it will turn into a snake.
3. Snakes are attracted to children and will not harm them.
4. If a cat has a kitten with markings like that of the cat, the cat is going to die soon.
5. A dog goes mad from heat.
6. A dog attracts lightning and should not be allowed in the house during electrical storms.
7. If there is a death in the family, some of the near relatives must tell the bees, or there will be no honey that year.
8. Burning flints in a fireplace will keep the hawks away. (This practice is said to work because the flints when heated give off the odor of gunpowder.)
9. Clip the hair from the end of a dog's tail; bury the hair under your doorstep, and the dog will stay with you.
10. Cats will not live in a place where catnip will not grow.

Other superstitions concerning animals and insects are listed under the following categories:

Superstitions Dealing With Artificial Insemination of Cattle (all)
 Superstitions of a Medical Nature (numbers: 1, 9, 11, 13, 17, 21)
 Superstitions Regarding Luck (numbers: 3, 12, 13, 14, 15)
 Superstitions Predicting Future Events (numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 14)
 Superstitions About the Identity of Future Mates (numbers: 1, 2)
 Superstitions Concerning Weather (numbers: 3, 5)

Weather Lore

1. A camphor bottle will become cloudy or milky whenever rain is coming.
2. Dampness of rocks around a spring or stream indicates rainy weather.
3. When ants carry sand to block the opening of the ant hill, it is going to rain. (This belief is said to be Indian in origin.)
4. A ring around the moon signifies rain; the number of stars within the ring indicates the number of days before the beginning of the rain.
5. In dry weather a moccasin snake hung from a tree will bring rain; the rain will continue until the moccasin is taken down.
6. If rain drops are large, the rain will be of short duration; if they are small, of great duration.
7. Three frosts - then a rain.
8. Red clouds in the morning indicate the approach of bad weather; red clouds in the evening, good weather. (This belief has been put in verse as:

Red in the morning,
Sailors take warning.
Red at night,
Shepherds' delight.)
9. The twelve days from New to Old Christmas are ruling days for the weather of the following year - each day represents a month.

Leechdoms

1. A dirt dauber's nest dissolved in vinegar and applied to a sprain will effect a cure.
2. A buckeye carried in the pocket will prevent rheumatism.
3. Washing in "stump water" (water standing in a hollow stump) will remove freckles.
4. To remove freckles, wash in dew collected in a wheat field on the first morning in May before speaking to anyone.
5. Tooth pulling will not have bad after-effects if the sign is in the foot.
6. If someone sneezes, say, "God bless you," and you will not catch the cold.
7. Three strands of greased woolen thread wrapped around the throat will cure a cold.
8. A small bag of asafetida worn on a string around the neck wards off colds.
9. To cure tonsillitis, rub a live toad on the throat of the patient.
10. A syrup of red oak bark and salt will cure tonsillitis.
11. Sheep manure tea causes measles to break out.
12. When a small child has hives, he may be cured by being scarified and then drinking a potion made of his blood and his mother's milk.
13. To cure mumps, rub the marrow from a hog jaw on the throat of the patient.
14. The sex of an unborn infant may be predicted by the position in which the mother carries the fetus - high for a boy, low for a girl.
15. If the first child dies, the second will be healthy if named Adam or Eve.
16. A person born after the death of his father can "take out the fire" by blowing on the burn.
17. Rubbing a baby's gums with the marrow from a ham bone will make teething easy.
18. If the moon shines on the face of a sleeping child, the child will be sickly.
19. To stop bed wetting, feed the child a powder made from red sumac berries.
20. To rid yourself of a wart, pick the wart with a new pin, and hide the pin under the doorstep; the first person to enter through the door will have the wart appear on him.
21. To remove a wart, rub the wart with a freshly-cut potato, and feed the potato to a cow; in nine days the wart will vanish.
22. Warts may be removed by looking at the moon on Good Friday.

23. Wearing gold earrings in punctured ears strengthens the eyes.
24. If mistletoe, untouched by human hands and not allowed to touch the ground, is made into a tea and given to an epileptic, it will cure him. (See the following story.)

Mistletoe, A Cure for Epilepsy¹

In response to a letter asking for unusual superstitions of a medical nature, I received a long letter from my mother, Mary Stallings Walker. This letter told of the belief that mistletoe is a cure for epilepsy, and related an incident in which this cure was attempted. Part of the letter is given below; the material in parentheses is added for clarity.

If mistletoe, untouched by human hands and not allowed to touch the ground, is made into a tea and given to a person with "fits," it will cure the patient.

I saw this tried when I was a little girl, maybe eight years old (1903). We, Mother and I, were visiting Uncle _____, (who lived in the Turkey Trot Mountain community, an isolated section of MacDowell County - until Scottsroads, this community was reached by a very rough road which often shared its bed with a small stream).

His daughter, Lillie, was the stepmother of an epileptic fourteen-year-old girl. Despite the efforts of several physicians and healers and the use of many patent medicines and home remedies, her condition steadily worsened. Having heard of the curative powers of mistletoe, the father of the epileptic girl came to Uncle's house and asked that they help him obtain some mistletoe.

Uncle shot the mistletoe from a large oak (From another letter, "I do not know that the shooting was essential, but I think it was"), while Bill, Pinkie (son and daughter), John, and I held the corners of the sheet in which the mistletoe was caught. The corners of the sheet were caught together, and it was carried to the house by Pinkie. The mistletoe was then carefully put into a pot of boiling water and cooked.

The resulting tea was given to the epileptic girl, but unfortunately it was not a cure, and she soon died.

The basis of this belief is readily seen in European folklore. Mistletoe, regarded as one of the most mysterious and sacred magical plants (especially oak mistletoe, which is rare in Europe), was dried and powdered and prescribed for epilepsy in medieval Europe. It was also thought to be the bestower of life and fertility, protection against poisons, an allheal, and an aphrodisiac.

The ritual use of the sheet was perhaps handed down from the time of the druids, who cut the mistletoe with a golden sickle and who caught it in a white cloth without allowing it to touch the ground. It is also quite probable that the use of the gun was a part of the ritual, for in some parts of Europe the people were unwilling to cut the holy plant, believing instead it should be knocked or shot down and caught as it falls.²

(The names used herein are actual and should not be used if any part of this account should be published.)

1. Family names with-held.

2. Maria Leach, ed., Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, II, 731.

Scarification, a Cure for Hives in Small Children

When a small child has hives (a term used to describe any disease which causes the breaking-out of a rash), he may be cured by being scarified and then drinking a potion made of his blood and his mother's milk.

Mrs. H. C. Morris (of Forest City, North Carolina), who provided me with information concerning this treatment, said that scarification was widely used before 1900 and that a person who acted as scarifier (not a physician) dwelled in every community. However, since scarification was of the folk and no doubt varied greatly in method from place to place, I feel it should be made clear that the procedures described below were those of one especial community (Watkins, just north of Rutherfordton, North Carolina).

Whenever a baby or small child broke out with the hives, his parents would take the child to the home of the scarifier, a bearded man of late middle age, who was highly respected in the neighborhood. The scarifier would place the child on a paper-covered table and get out the instruments used in scarification - a well-honed straight razor, used only for this purpose, and a "cupping horn" (the cupping horn was a smooth calf horn from which the tip has been removed). The child would be turned onto his stomach, and two people, usually the parents, would hold him in position while the scarifier made numerous small incisions with the razor in a small area of the child's back. He would then put the tip of the "cupping horn" to his lips and suck blood from these small cuts. A small amount of this blood was mixed with an equal amount of the child's mother's milk and given to the child.

Superstitions Regarding Artificial Insemination of Cattle

Artificial insemination of domestic animals, used by the Arabians before the birth of Christ,¹ is relatively new in the United States. It was introduced in New Jersey in 1938² and has spread rapidly throughout the country. Artificial insemination of cattle is now a very important phase of animal husbandry.³

In North Carolina the first association of artificial breeders was formed in Forsyth County in 1946. Several associations were organized in 1947, and in 1948 artificial insemination was begun in Rutherford County.⁴

As with anything new and unknown, artificial insemination was widely discussed and questioned. Lacking adequate scientific information, the folk generally accepted rumor as truth and formulated an elaborate body of beliefs concerning insemination. However, as the people became more familiar with the process and acquired more knowledge of it, these beliefs and superstitions were almost forgotten, and it is seldom that they are now expressed.

The collection of superstitions which follows was, for the most part, not intentionally gathered; it represents beliefs heard and remembered over a period of years. After deciding to compile a list of these superstitions, I asked and received the aid of F. E. Patton, County Agent of Rutherford County; W. G. Toomey, Assistant County Agent; and B. Goode, inseminator.

1. Artificial insemination was used by the Arabians in the breeding of horses.

2. E. J. Perry of New Jersey State College of Agriculture brought the process of insemination from Denmark.

3. Less than 8,000 cows were bred artificially in 1939; over 5,000,000, in 1953.

4. Forty-eight people joined in 1948; there are now almost five hundred and fifty.

- I. Early arguments against artificial insemination of cattle.
 - A. Artificial insemination is contrary to the teachings of the Bible.
 - B. Artificial insemination is against nature.
- II. Beliefs dealing with semen.
 - A. It is possible to separate semen into two types, one which will produce heifers and one which will produce bulls.
 - B. The fee charged for the insemination differs with the type of semen used, the price of the "heifer-type" being higher than that of the "bull-type."
- III. Superstitions regarding physical changes in cows bred by artificial insemination.
 - A. After once breeding a cow by artificial insemination, it is necessary to continue to breed her by that method.
 - B. Cows bred by artificial insemination will be difficult to breed.
 - C. Artificially bred cattle will become sterile.
 - D. Cows which have been inseminated artificially do not "clean" properly; that is they retain the placenta.
- IV. Unusual physical characteristics of calves resulting from artificial insemination.
 - A. Calves born to artificially bred cattle will be more likely to be deformed than other calves.
 - B. There is a greater number of twin calves born to cows which have been inseminated artificially.
 - C. Calves born to artificially inseminated cows will be sterile.
 - D. Cattle resulting from artificial insemination cannot be bred except by artificial insemination.
 - E. A large proportion of calves born to artificially inseminated cattle have an excess number of teats.
 - F. Calves that result from artificial insemination do not make good veal; the meat is slick and soft.
 - G. Calves born to artificially bred cows may revert to another breed.
 - H. Physical weakness and susceptibility to disease are more prevalent in calves produced by artificial insemination.
- V. Abnormal temperament found in calves resulting from artificial insemination.
 - A. Calves born to cows bred by artificial insemination will suck themselves.
 - B. A calf produced by artificial insemination will suck other cows even after maturity.
 - C. Calves born to artificially bred cows will not stay in the pasture.

Three Bottles:

An Illustration of Witchcraft in North Carolina

The following incident concerns the "Friday Negroes."¹ It took place in 1953.

Eve (Becky's daughter) had taken good care of a heifer given her children by her stepbrother, Norman, who lived with her family; but when the heifer "came in" (had a calf) Norman sold her. This transaction caused quite a great deal of bad feeling, and Norman was forced to move. However, after a few weeks he began visiting the family almost every day. All seemed to have been forgiven and forgotten.

Suddenly Eve became ill and was often unable to get out of bed. Being wise in the ways of "conjure spells," she and her family knew that she was the victim of witchcraft.

Luckily, they knew of a "witch-woman" near Tryon, and they went to her to have the spell removed. Only Eve was allowed to enter the house. The "witch-woman," a small, wrinkled old Negress, took her into a dark room which was lit only by a fire in a large fireplace.

After listening to Eve's story, the old woman gave her some dried herbs to sleep on and filled three bottles with a liquid taken from a pot over the fire. "Take these three bottles," she said; "put them on your mantel, and the person who had the spell put on you will be drawn to your house. This person will go directly to the bottles and ask about them"

Norman came the next day, went directly to the bottles, and asked about them. Eve's entire family attacked him and beat him badly. Though he protested that he was innocent, the whole family is still certain that he had the "spell" put on Eve.

"Tee-Toncey" and Other Negroisms

The two following incidents illustrate the influence of Negro terminology on the Southern white.

The jeep skidded on the ice and came precariously near the road's edge, also the edge of the cliff, before the driver regained control. "Damn, Smitty," I breathed, "a toncey bit more and we'd have been in the Bay." Smitty glanced at me, an eyebrow raised inquisitively. It took me a moment to realize what I had said. "A Negro word," I explained. "It means small - toncey, tee-toncey. My Negro mammy used the term."

This is true. Becky, my mammy, did use the word, and it is still used by all the "Friday Negroes" (a local term which is used to designate a Negro family descended from a mulatto who had been whimsically named Friday by his master). However, it was introduced by Aunt Adeline, the matriarch of the Friday family. So often did she speak of a very small baby as a "tee-toncey" thing that he became known as "Tonce" (nearing thirty, he is still "Tonce"). She was also responsible for the names of "Little Bit" ("little bit of a thing") and Tabby ("just like a little tabby cat"), and for the phrase "as bar'foot as a barney" (it is not clear whether this referred to a bunny or an Irishman).

1. The "Friday Negroes," a large family of Negroes which has worked for my family for three generations, are a matriarchal group. During the time I can remember, the women "bossin'" them have been; Aunt Adeline, who worked for my grandmother; Becky, who was my Negro mammy; and Eve, who is now employed by my mother.

While Ruth Cravath was working on a bas-relief in the stone-yard outside her studio - I was sitting in the sun watching, talking - a wasp lit in her hair. "Be absolutely still," I commanded; "there's a wasper on you. I'll get it off." If flipped the wasp away; then she began laughing. "Wasper?" she asked.

"Wasper" - Becky said "wasper" and "to reckly while" and spoke of "valentine (volunteer, not planted) tomatoes." She described her sister's crowded home as being like "the Raft of God" (Noah's Ark). "Blackberry winter" was her term for cold weather in late spring. And she carefully taught me to recite rapidly:

"Pic dat babee up;
Poot on e clothes;
Spank e butt an sit e down;
Feed e gits an gaturh tail -
Save de oldes daughtuh some.
You heahs me?"

(Pick that baby up; put on his clothes; spank his buttocks and set him down; feed him grits and 'gator tail - save the oldest daughter some. You hear me?)

This, she said, was taught her by her father, who heard it among the Gullahs of Georgia.

The Dream that Hanged a Man

The story of the man who was hanged by a dream is widely known in MacDowell County and the surrounding area. I have heard it from many people in as many variants, and I have read the story in yet another form.

In writing the story, I have closely followed the version which is told by my mother, Mary Stallings Walker, who as a small child met Reid Quinn.

While Reid Quinn was sleeping, the vision of a girl clothed in black, her head hanging grotesquely against her chest, awakened him. Startled, he sat up in bed. The familiarity of the room, lit somewhat by moonlight, soothed him, and, having muttered something about moon-madness, he slept again.

But not for long - the apparition returned. "Mr. Quinn, Mr. Quinn," the girl pleaded, "you must stop them! I've been murdered. He is going to get away with it." Quinn sprang from his bed and began dressing. He felt he knew the girl, that he must help her; yet he had not recognized her. As his thoughts became more organized, he tried to laugh at himself - an educated man, a schoolteacher, a person who had fought the superstition of the mountain folk - and found he could not. He filled his pipe and smoked almost an hour before he returned to bed. He was still badly shaken, and it took him some time to sleep.

For the third time the girl appeared. Her hands braced her head to keep it erect, and Quinn immediately recognized her as Kathy Richards, who had been a pupil of his during the years he had taught in Yancey County. Her eyes had a look of urgency as she implored him to hurry. "Mr. Quinn," she said, "I beg you, sir; you must hurry. My husband killed me; he broke my neck; and I shall be buried soon. No one will ever know I was murdered if you don't stop them. You must go. Tell them to look on my back, and there they'll see the prints of his knees made when he held me down while twisting my head." Quinn dressed hurriedly and, after a confused explanation to the people with whom he boarded, caught his mare, and rode off in the darkness.

It was mid-morning when he arrived at the home of the girl's parents. No one was at home. A neighbor explained: "They're burying Kathy. Fever. Don't

reckon that they'll even open the casket - dangerous; the fever." After a few questions Quinn learned that Kathy had married a man named George Feller, who lived in MacDowell County about ten miles away. Quinn hurried on.

He found the house with little trouble, but it, too, was deserted except for an old Negress who shuffled out from the kitchen to see what had disturbed the dogs. She told him that the funeral party had left for the church and that she did not think he could overtake them.

Quinn pushed his weary horse as much as possible, and in sight of the church he overtook the procession of buggies and wagons led by a cart carrying the casket.

After hearing his story, the men carried the coffin into a nearby house in spite of the husband's violent protests. Upon opening the coffin, they saw that the girl's neck had been broken, and the prints were on her back as she had said.

George Feller was the last man hanged in MacDowell County, cursing to the end the man who had exposed the murder.

(With the exception of "Richards," all of the names used in this story are factual.)

How Nance Johnson Bought Her Horse

A favorite family anecdote concerns the answer given my grandmother (Sarah Bates Stallings) when she, as a young girl, asked a lady of little virtue how her horse was acquired.

The influx of Northerners into western North Carolina after the Civil War included many shrewd businessmen. Some of these were engaged in lumber production in MacDowell and Rutherford Counties. Because labor was plentiful and cheap, money was easily made by those with a small amount of capital to invest.

However, these men were not accepted by the more prominent families of the area, and their social life left much to be desired. A few of the women of the lower class profited from this state of affairs. Among these was a buxomly beautiful black-tressed girl named Nance (Nancy) Johnson.

Nance bore a child which was fathered by one of the Northerners, a lumber-plant owner and a married man. With the baby in her arms, she regularly attended church and carefully sat just in front of this man and his wife. It was known in the neighborhood who the father of the baby was, and the situation became unbearable for the couple. They willingly paid Nance a large sum of money to allow them to adopt the child. (After the money had been paid, the lumberman's wife went to Nance's house, dressed the baby in new clothing, and took him away. At that time, the dressing of a child in new clothing provided by the foster parent was considered legal adoption.)

Among Nance's many purchases with this money was a handsome black saddle horse. When asked by a young girl how she bought the horse, Nance replied: "_____ bought it. _____ paid for it. _____ rode it. And if you want any more _____, you can kiss my _____."

(Nance Johnson was an actual person; in fact, she died within my lifetime - a dirty, wrinkled old crone who lived alone in a shack and begged to acquire food. At present one of her nephews is the head of a wealthy and respected family. His wealth was acquired in the production of lumber.)

(A Christmas Story)

The following story was told me by my mother, who learned it from her mother. It is thought to have been in the family at least two generations prior to that.

Susie lived in the big house on the hill overlooking the village. See, ther it is. (Make a dot to represent the house.) It was the day before Christmas, and Susie was very busy wrapping presents for her young friends. "Are there no children in the village that may be forgotten on Christmas?" her mother asked. Susie thought of this question for several minutes. She then picked four presents which she put on her sled and left the house. As she went, the sled left two lines behind in the snow.

First, she took a book to lame Timmy, who lived at the foot of the hill. (Make a dot to represent Timmy's home, and two lines to represent those left by the sled.)

Next, she went across the village to give a doll to Meg, whose father had recently died. (Make a dot to represent Meg's home, and lines to represent the sled's tracks.)

From there, she went to the home of Julie, the daughter of the laundress, who got only very practical presents. To Julie, she gave the tiny china tea set she had intended for Helen, her friend who had everything.

Last, she took a large bag of fruit and nuts to Mrs. Jones, who was old and alone.

Susie was tired, but happy, as she made her way home. Just as she reached her door, she looked up in the evening sky. And there was the Star of Bethlehem.



HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BLUE RIDGE

By S. S. Brown

[A native of Watauga County, North Carolina, now living in Titusville, Florida, S. S. Brown contributed "Morris Games and Fox and Geese" to Volume III, No. 1, of this journal. The headnote to that article contains further biographical particulars. In his letter transmitting the following legends about hidden treasure, Mr. Brown states that he has about one hundred stories of the sort, collected and written up to form a book. He adds: "My entire schooling amounts to less than eight months all told. The balance of my education is self-inflicted." Long a teacher of composition, the Editor could wish that high school graduates, college juniors and seniors, even some graduate students whom he has taught might command a narrative style so clear and, with the exception of a few mechanical and grammatical errors which could be readily avoided through a few weeks of intensive study, so correct.]

The Old Miser's Pot of Gold

On an old farm located on the side of a mountain in the backwoods not far from the North Carolina-Tennessee state line, a man plowed up an old pot containing over \$500 in gold and silver coins. This event caused considerable excitement at the time, and there were many guesses as to when and by whom it was hidden. However, the mystery was cleared up by an old man who was an official in the bank at Elizabethton. An account of the finding of the pot of coins was published in the local paper. The following is in substance the story as published in the paper:

It appears that this old farm was at one time owned by an old man who lived on it all alone. He was known to have quite a sum of money; so his friends cautioned him about being alone with so much money in the house. They told him that he might be murdered for his money. Being prevailed upon so often by his friends, he finally decided to put it in a bank for safe keeping.

So he took the money to the bank and informed the officials that he had some money that he wanted them to take care of for him. The cashier counted the money, which was all in gold and silver coins; and as he counted it he placed the coins in little stacks near his window, and gave the old man a receipt for it.

The old man, being ignorant of the workings of a bank, continued to watch his money in the little piles where the cashier had put it,

As time passed and no effort, it seemed to him, had been made to put his money in some safe place, as he had requested the bank to do, he became restless and uneasy.

About this time a customer came in and presented a check to be cashed. The cashier took the check, looked it over, and immediately began to count off the necessary cash from the old man's pile of coins. This action was the last straw for the worried old man. He could stand this foolishness no longer; using his money to cash checks, when he had asked them to put it in a safe place. So he promptly walked up to the cashier and demanded his money. He carried it back to his old home on the side of the mountain and buried it. There it was plowed up some fifty-odd years after his death.

The Crazy Prospector

This is the story of an old prospector who roamed the hills of Western North Carolina many years ago. It seems that he always had his pockets full of rocks and ores which he delighted in showing to his friends. On one of his trips to Boone he showed some of his samples of ores to a lawyer with whom he was acquainted and asked him to send them to an assayer and have them assayed in order to ascertain the value. The lawyer happened to think of an assayer with whom he was acquainted; so he sent them to him.

For some reason the lawyer did not hear from the assayer. Possibly the ore was of no value; so the lawyer forgot all about the matter.

In the meantime this assayer had hired a new assistant. The new assistant in cleaning up the place found the little bag of ore the lawyer had sent, where it had lain unnoticed for months. The ore must have looked somewhat promising; so he took it upon himself to assay it. When thru with the process he found the ore very rich. Its gold content he estimated to be \$2,000 or more per ton of ore.

On finding the ore so rich, he immediately looked up the address of the lawyer who had sent the ore, and started at once for this point.

When he reached his destination he hunted up the lawyer and stated his business. The lawyer could not tell him anything in regard to the whereabouts of the old prospector.

After searching all over the territory in which the old prospector was supposed to have lived, they finally found that he had gone insane and was in the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton. As soon as possible, they made a trip to the hospital and inquired about the old man. The doctor in charge informed them of the hopeless condition of the old man, and stated that in his opinion the patient would never have another sane moment in which he could be questioned in regard to the matter.

Disappointed, the two men returned to their respective homes. Soon afterward it was reported that the old man had died, and with his death the secret of the rich gold ore passed into oblivion.

Gold Nuggets of the Valley

From the earliest times in the history of North Carolina gold nuggets and other traces of gold have been found in various places and at various times. Quite a number of holes and shafts still exist and stand as mute evidence of efforts spent in the search of this coveted metal--gold.

The finding of gold in such a large scope of territory along the Yadkin River and its tributaries would seem to indicate that somewhere up in the Blue Ridge there must exist a mother lode at the head of some of these streams, still hidden from the eye of man.

A good many years ago a very rich pocket of gold was found along one of these watercourses, altho it was never developed. The story of this find was told to me by an old lady who lived near my home when I was a boy. She was a former resident of North Carolina, and after spending many years in the far West, she returned to her native state, where she spent the balance of her life. The story as told to me follows:

According to her statement, she was a young woman about the beginning of the Civil War. She had one brother who seemed to be somewhat of a prospector. On his return from one of his prospecting trips, he told his sister that he had found a gold mine which he thought was very rich. But as the mine was located on land belonging to some other people and as they did not want the owners to get wise to it, they decided to make further investigations under cover of darkness. He told his sister to get ready, and he looked up a trusted

Negro manservant to go along with them. With the approach of darkness they loaded up their tools and started on their quest.

Arriving at the spot, the girl held the torch, the Negro did the digging, and the brother, who knew all about panning for gold, did the washing. The very first few pannings proved to be very rich in gold. Nuggets the size of wheat grains were plentiful, and flakes like wheat bran were numerous.

After satisfying themselves as to its richness, they carefully covered up the spot, and there took an oath never to reveal the location to a living soul as long as they lived.

The brother began immediately to make arrangements to acquire the property, but before he accomplished this he was conscripted into the Rebel Army, and had to leave at once for the war front.

Bidding his sister goodbye, he and the Negro servant left at once. But before leaving, he again charged his sister not to reveal the location of the mine to anyone, and promised that on his return from the war they would buy the property and share alike in the mine.

Years passed, the war ended, and the trusting sister had received no word from her brother. Nor was there any record of his being killed in action.

The sister was still hopeful that her brother would return, but as the years rolled by and news of either her brother or the Negro servant failed to turn up, she married, and she and her husband decided to go West. Very likely she had hoped that she might find her brother among some one of the gold diggings of the West.

After a long sojourn in the far West, her husband died and she returned to her native State, North Carolina; but she was still hopeful that her brother would return some day.

She was now getting old, but had plenty of "pep" and business ability. She said that she tried quite a number of times to buy the property on which the gold mine was located, but the party always refused to sell at any price. It is possible that the owners may have had some inkling that it was not for the farm alone that she was so persistent in her efforts to acquire the property.

When they refused to sell at any price, the old lady was determined that the owners would never be benefited by the gold mine. She absolutely refused to divulge its location to anyone, even her only son. She said that she had taken a solemn oath not to reveal the location to anyone and that she could not break her oath; and besides her brother might return some day.

However, there was one thing she made clear about the location of the Mine. She said it was located on a farm on one of the tributaries of the Yadkin River in Wilkes County.

A few years later she was taken with a sickness from which she never recovered, and with her death the secret of the gold nuggets of the valley passed into oblivion.

NOTE ON "AT HOME, MY LASSIE"

At the time he published Miss Andra Joy Hamilton's "At Home, My Lassie" (III, 1, p. 6), the Editor confessed his ill luck in spotting the song elsewhere.

He is grateful to Mr. Dan Patterson for citation of an earlier printing of it, accompanied by reference to a still earlier one; MacEdward Leach and Horace P. Beck, "Songs from Rappahannock Virginia," JAF, 63 (1952), 283, with reference to M. E. Henry, JAF, 45 (1932), 41. Leach and Beck's version, entitled "Home, Dearie, Home," consists of only one stanza, which differs in several particulars from Miss Hamilton's stanza 1.

SOME NORTH CAROLINA MOCK ORATIONS

By Gilbert Tweed

[Gilbert Tweed, of Asheville, North Carolina, graduated from the University of North Carolina in June 1955, with a major in English (including, besides Folklore 185 and Ballads and Folksongs, two undergraduate courses under the Editor). This Fall he enters the Duke University Medical School, with an ambition to be a neurologist. (A big, strong, rugged mountain boy, he has the stamina and the equanimity of temperament and the intellectual power to make a good doctor.) Mr. Tweed offered part of the following paper in Folklore 185.

[It is interesting to note that "A Dissertation upon the Name 'Ball'" is in part a good-natured and absurd satire on what we today call folklorists. (The writer refers to them as "learned antiquaries" or "antiquarians." The word folklore had been coined by W. J. Thoms, an early English folklorist, and first printed in The Athenaeum, an English journal in 1847. Of course North Carolinians had not heard of it in 1851; but they knew folklore and folklorists. Also folk etymologists!]

An article entitled "Two Alabama Nonsense Orations," in Southern Folklore Quarterly, XVII, No. 3 (September 1953), which my professor of folklore read in part to his class, plus the stimulus of the professor, encouraged me to attempt this paper. From reading in the North Carolina Collection in the University Library, I set out to interview promising informants on the campus nominated to me by my professor, and to talk with fraternity mates and other students.

The following, "Obituary: Old Bald is Dead," I found in a pamphlet in the North Carolina Collection. Faded and stained, it comprises eight pages, and is without publisher's imprint and place and date of publication. Internal evidence, however, suggests that it was printed in 1851 or thereabout, possibly at Taylorsville. Allusion to the New Orleans Delta, Porter's New York Spirit of the Times, and certain other newspapers and journals of the 1850's, my professor informs me, indicates that the pamphlet belongs to a literary genre, very popular in the 1830's-1860's, out of which sprang some of the best local-color humorous writing of the ante-bellum period. (He cites his Humor of the Old Deep South, New York: Macmillan, 1936, and Franklin J. Meine's Tall Tales from the Old South West, New York: Knopf, 1932, as sources of information and examples.)

Obituary:

Old Ball Is Dead!

Information having being telegraphed by the Asheville Messenger to the County Court in session at Taylorsville, of the death of a high Judicial functionary of the State, the Court forthwith adjourned, and a meeting of the members of the Bar was called, to pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the departed worthy: when on motion of Mr. J. C. Case, Henry Ejectment, Esq., was called to the Chair and John Doe and Richard Roe, appointed Sect's.

Upon taking the Chair, the Chairman addressed the crowded and deeply and sympathising auditory to the following effect: -

Brethren and Friends: - Old Ball is dead! This day, a Horse has fallen in Carolina!! His spirit has taken its flight to "that country from whose bourne no horse returns!" How great the misfortune! - how bitter our bereavement! "In the midst of life we are in death!" How important the lesson taught us by this important event, more particularly impressive to this community so

recently visited by the Small Pox, from which several small negroes have died, besides several white persons being seriously marked. Shall we not all take warning from this visit of the King of Terrors, and be more careful of ourselves in future! I hope so. I expect so.

The Chairman then took his seat, overwhelmed with emotion. After the meeting had become sufficiently composed to transact business, on motion of A. Q. Slander, Esq., a committee was appointed to prepare and submit to the meeting appropriate resolutions. The committee was appointed by the Chairman, and after having retired for a few minutes, returned and submitted the following resolutions through their Chairman, A. C. Waste, Esq., which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the members of this Bar have learned with feelings of the profoundest regret, the premature demise of the late venerable and distinguished Theobald, vulgarly called Ball, near Statesville, on Saturday last whilst on his way to his circuit: and whereas, it is meet, and proper to commemorate that melancholy event, by an appropriate expression of our feelings and sympathies:

Resolved, therefore, That we deeply condole with the friends and relatives of the deceased, upon a catastrophe which has spread a dark and gloomy pall over their sensibilities, and wrapped our inmost souls in sack-cloth and ashes.

Resolved, That although Ball was charged with being subject to a disease, known among physicians by the name of Hydrophobia, which often filled his master's mind with nervous apprehensions, when approaching a stream of any size; nevertheless, when taken upon the whole, he was a horse of strong parts and deep penetration.

Resolved, That we have heretofore regarded Ball as an ornament to the Bench, in which station he had served his country for thirty years, with distinguished skill and ability. That we could but admire the manner in which he would exhibit his nonchalance to his master, whenever he had the presumptuous effrontery to strike him with the whip, in order to quicken his pace.

Resolved, That as a token of our high regard for the memory of the deceased, we wear a badge of black crape around the headstalls of our bridles for the space of 30 days.

Resolved, That our brethren of the Bar throughout the State, be requested to take similar steps to do justice to the memory of the distinguished deceased.

Resolved, That the Chairman select the most gifted in poetry among us, to prepare for publication, a suitable elegy, as a medium through which the exalted virtues of the deceased may be more effectually transmitted to posterity.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing proceedings be transmitted to the master and other friends of the deceased, and that other copies be sent to the Baltimore Sun, New York Tribune, New Orleans Delta, Livingston's Law Magazine, and New York Spirit of the Times, for publication.

Resolved, That another copy be sent to Old Crappy, of Salisbury, the distinguished friend and intimate associate of the deceased.

The Chairman appointed A. C. Waste, Esq., to prepare the Poem.

HENRY EJECTMENT, Ch'mn.

John Doe

Secretaries

Richard Roe

Poem---By A. C. Waste, Esq.

Old Ball, he was a quadruped
Of credit and renown.
With solemn pace and stately mien
He went from town to town.

Old Ball fulfilled his destiny,
And pleased his master well;
Except as here excepted,
Which we are fain to tell.

Sometimes upon his onward course,
He'd make a sudden pause,
And strain and strain, as if he had
Some mighty pregnant cause.

Go on! old Ball, the Judge would say;
Stop! says Ball, a bit;
I'm full of corn and fodder too, and
I must have a s---.

The master's wrath rose higher yet;
He threatened castigation.
But Ball stood firmly on his rights,
Until a pissication.

Sometimes they came unto a stream,
That seemed a little flushed.
Woe, Ball! his master cried, but Ball
Headlong, and heedless rushed.

Nor would he turn again to shore,
But gently waded through,
Nor heeded threats, nor heeded prayers,
Nor all the Judge could do.

And when to a tavern once he came,
And there no corn was found,
Another tavern straight he sought,
Where horse-feed did abound.

And here he'd eat his belly full,
Which oft his sides did swell;
And thus he made the Judge believe,
That he was quite unwell.

But Ball, alas! no longer will
Deceive us--he is dead,
And carried his master's blessings
Upon his white-faced head.

The mean youths, when prone to fun,
Repress your idle prate;
Remember well Ball's solemn port,
And try to imitate.

Requiescat in pace, Anno Domini MDCCCLI

Inscriptio---By H. C. Blackletter

Obiit in vicino status villae,
Antiquius et venerabilus
Equus Theobaldus, alias
Dictus, Baldpricus.
Fuis, docilis, verus et rotundus
Flatulus et ventosus,
Gravis, tardus et certus
Pedibus.
MOVE CONTE SUPER CINERIBUS!!

A Dissertation upon the Name of "Ball"

(Dedicated to the Taylorsville Bar)

By Henry Crimson, Esq.

It is but too well known that the renowned individual whose name forms the subject of this essay, has retired to immortality. Intermingled with the wide-spread public expression of grief for an irreparable loss, and of sympathy and condolence with the bereaved relic of the deceased, which has been called forth by the solemn occasion of his demise, an interesting question has sprung up, as to what was the original and proper name of the deceased, in the progress of which has been brought to light a prolific fund of antiquarian lore.

A respectable portion of the learned antiquaries, who have engaged in this discussion, and whose opinions have been adopted by the Bar of Taylorsville, and are therefore entitled to much weight, contend that the true name of the deceased is "Theobald." In proof thereof, they allege that the distinguished and now disconsolate companion and coadjutor of his judicial labors, was heard so to designate the illustrious dead, previous to the commencement of their intimacy together, and almost immediately after the arrival of the deceased in his early youth from a foreign land, supposed by the ancient writers to have been Kentucky. The opposers of this opinion offer the following ingenious contradiction to this apparently well authenticated account. They say that he, with whose distinguished name that of the deceased is inseparably connected, was one whose words were heard with attention, and repeated with gravity; for from his lips were uttered the words of wisdom; that on the occasion referred to, after a long and thoughtful reverie, he spoke with great emphasis these words: "I will buy thee, Oh, Ball!" That these words being overheard, it was repeated from mouth to mouth, that the Judge had said, "I will buy The O Ball"; and that when shortly afterwards the Judge and the deceased accompanied each other away upon the commencement of their joint career of judicial glory, the rumor became current that the Judge had bought Theobald! But the advocates of the name Theobald allege in support of their views, that it was the invariable custom of the Judge, whenever he came into the vicinity of the deceased, to call aloud the name -- Theobald; whereupon the deceased would approach the Judge, and the Judge would pat the deceased upon the neck. The reply of their antagonists places this argument in a point of view bordering somewhat upon the ridiculous. They state that what, in consequence of the general rumor above set forth, was mistaken for the word Theoball, was in fact a call compounded of a whistle and the familiar "coap," preceding the enunciation of "Ball," which may be imperfectly represented thus: Whee oo coap Ball! And that afterwards, these sounds being transalphabetical, the word Theoball was retained for convenience, to bring the idea within the compass of articulation. The views of those who contend for the name Theoball, are designated as the Theobaldic Theory of the name of Ball.

We will next consider the Archibaldric Hypothesis of the name of Ball, the advocate of which contend that the true name of the deceased is Archibald. These persons found their belief upon an account given of the genealogy of the deceased, in which it is asserted that his dam was a mare of the Sir Archy strain, the old Sir Archy, and that his sire was a bald hornet stud, and, that his name was in like manner a cross of the two illustrious names which indicated his origin. They appeal, too, to the sound of the name Archibald, saying that there is something in the very sound that is majestic and stud-like. They assert farther, that individuals bearing the name of Archibald may be heard to exclaim, when excited, "I'm a horse"; while their admiring friends join the announcement: "He's a horse!" In reply to the objection made, that the deceased was not called Archibald, they say that the English language abounds in elliptical and abbreviated modes of expression, that when Ball is expressed Archy is understood, just as ass is clearly understood, as everyone may comprehend, when another individual is called Tom; thus making his real name Thomas. In refutation of the Archibaldric Hypothesis, it seems to be better established, as the better opinion, that the deceased was begot by a Gilflirt study, upon a mare of the ancient Scrub breed, and that his progenitors bore the name of Woodscolt. As for the remaining portion of the argument, but little reliance, I apprehend, is to be placed upon a process of reasoning which makes a horse of one man and an ass of another.

Another set of antiquarians contend for the name Baldricus. The advocates of this name rely mainly upon its antiquity, pointing in triumph to its Latin termination. But, on the other hand, the more thorough antiquarian virtuosi have established the fact that neither the prefix Bald nor the termination -ricus is to be found either in the hieroglyphic or antediluvian dialect, nor in that still more primitive dialect which their researches have proved beyond controversy to be the root of all languages, to wit: the Ancient Antipodic Dialect. They contend, therefore, that the name Baldricus is the mere after-birth of learning, as modern as a May frost, as jejune as a June shad, and altogether as stale, flat, and unprofitable as the next morning after a glorious spree.

There is still another set of philosophers who contend that the true name of the deceased is an ancient word, of which the word Baldricus is a corruption, and which they restore by inserting the letter p between the prefix, Bald, and the termination, -ricus, thus changing Baldricus into Balpricus. These men have the hardihood to refer to a physiological peculiarity of the deceased in support of their peculiar views. But the argument is so evidently embarrassing, that I deem it unnecessary to enter into an elaborate reply. Suffice it to say that nothing can be found to support their theory, either in the Military Cod(e), the civil cod(e), the ecclesiastical cod(e), the revised cod(e), the cod(e) of honor, or the private cod(e) of the deceased; after a critical postmortem dissection and analysis; and that their theory being, as it were, not founded upon stones, cannot stand.

There are many other names whose claims have been asserted and defended by their respective advocates, among which may be Snow-Ball and Eye-Ball, Skew-Ball and Pie-Ball; also Hannibald and Balldoff; which last name, however, it has been suggested, probably has its origin in an attempt to describe the condition of the deceased after his demise; his disconsolate relicthaving exclaimed upon that occasion, in tones of touching lamentation, "Alas! he is balded off!"

Others have urged, with a zeal which may justly be styled intemperate, the opinion that the true name of the deceases is Bald-face. They even go so far as to insinuate that his afflicted companion leans to the same view with themselves, and has sought some palliation for his grief, by cultivating a familiarity with a bald-face of a very different species.

There is another very numerous class of philosophers, who believe that the name of the deceased was simply Ball. They quote, in maintenance of their views, a very ancient poem, in which are described the many wonderful performances of a wonderful stud named Ball; and among other things, his manner of drinking from a wonderful fountain, or spring. They rely especially upon the following stanza:

And when old Ball had got his fill,
He hung down his head and dripped at the bill,
And when old Ball wanted more,
He raised up his head and pawed at the door.

This corresponds so perfectly with a well known peculiarity of the deceased, as to furnish them with an unanswerable argument. It is true that the fountain described in the poem, is said to be situated in marshy lowground, surrounded by long grass, and bordered with a soft and slippery margin; and the well known aversion of the deceased to the approach of water, especially in such situations, might seem at first view, to be in contradiction to their theory. But on a careful perusal of the poem, it will be found that on the occasion referred to, the horse Ball slipped in; thereupon consequences ensued which conquered in Ball every desire which induced him to approach the fountain, and which these theorists, who identify Ball with the deceased, allege were the foundation of all his subsequent peculiarities in this respect. The party in favor of the name Ball, urge also its simplicity in their support, saying with great truth, that when two theories have equal claims in other respects, the simpler should be adopted. It is equally true, that many philosophers, in attempting to simplify, make themselves much more simple than their subject. Yet it cannot be denied that the name of Ball has the merit of simplicity.

For myself, I must confess that I have a penchant for the name Ball, and that I believe the name of the dead horse under discussion, was neither more nor less than Ball: Ball, that was as precious as an eye-ball, as true as a cannon ball, and as fat as a butter ball -- Ball, that went as easy as dancing at a ball; simple Ball, unpretendingly beautiful in its simplicity, plain, democratic, republican old Ball. I shall urge in conclusion, a reason in favor of the name Ball, which I think wholly unanswerable. They called him Ball, and

The reason why they called him so,
Was -- 'case that was his name.

The following example of a mock oration I received from Professor Oscar J. Coffin of the Journalism Department. It is concerned with a speech by Angus McCaskill at the State Republican Convention of 1916. Many of the Republicans had got together to oust Carl Duncan, the big Republican boss at that time, and also collector of revenue. The following is the exact, brief, but to-the-point speech by McCaskill as quoted to me by Mr. Coffin:

Duncan and Simmons

"Who is this Carl Duncan? I'll tell you who Carl Duncan is. He's a better friend of Furnipole McLandel Simmons than he is of any Republican in North Carolina. He barks louder on the back track than they do on the trail. Who is this Furnipole McLandel Simmons? I'll tell you who he is. He assassinated Spencer Blackburn, he driv Judge Adams crazy, and he makes me tard [tired] ."

The next two examples I picked up from Mr. I. G. Greer of the School of Business Administration. The first is a weasel's funeral oration. For some

time a weasel had been killing the chickens in a certain community and was finally caught and killed by one of the farmers. One of the more vigorous weasel haters was so elated over the killing that he composed an oration for the weasel's funeral. Mr. Greer said he had heard it many times in Boone, N. C., and also pointed out the resemblance to the Bible story of Lazarus and the rich man, and also a ballad concerned with the same. Here it is in part:

Eulogy Upon A Dead Weasel

"Them innocent, pore helpless little chicks were supposed to the vicious disposition of that contemptible weasel, who preys on sech helpless chicks and other innocent little animals. The old helliön has finally done met his doom at the hands of an honest farmer, though and, suddenly, he has now realized, while the chicks are flitting in chicken glory, he's sizzling in hell because of the life he's lived."

The next is rather pointless. It is about how a certain man from a small town lost his life during a war and how, as the townspeople were mourning his death late in the afternoon at sunset, one of the townspeople happened to look up on a nearby hill and see the spectre of the deceased. Of course it was only an old tree stump which, in the light of the setting sun, appeared just like the dead man, even down to the buttons on his shirt. But it so enlarged the imagination of the townspeople that one of them, in wild emotion, climbed up on a box and in pulpit fashion delivered this short sermon:

Jim Allen's Ghost

"That's ol' Jim Allen's ghost! Glory be! He's returned from the dead and is here to haunt us for our wrong doin's. He has done fit for his country, been morally wounded, and returned again to see his beloved comrades living unrighteous lives. I don't know 'bout y'all, but I'se gwine up to see ol' Jim and repent."

[All who are reminded by Mr. Tweed's paper of similar gems in oral circulation or obscure print are invited to send the Editor copies. The mock oration is a true folklore genre, not unknown in the rest of the world, but once flourishing like the green bay tree in America.]

COLLEGE FOLKLORE AT CHAPEL HILL IN THE EARLY 1900's

By B. E. Washburn

[Benjamin Earl Washburn is a distinguished hygienist. Born December 29, 1885, in Rutherford County, where his parents and ancestors were people of distinction, he was educated in the common schools, took his B. A. (1906) and his M. A. (1909) at the University of North Carolina, then his M. D. (1911) at the University of Virginia. After fourteen months of general practice on South Mountain, about which he told delightfully in a paper to the North Carolina Folklore Society some years ago, he studied at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, and became field director in North Carolina for the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission; then regional director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation in the West Indies, Central America, Colombia, Venezuela, and British Guiana. During World War II he was district health officer of the North Carolina Board of Health. Since then he has been secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Rutherford Hospital. He has held numerous offices in professional organizations. For the past few years, Dr. Washburn has been living in retirement at Rutherfordton, writing his reminiscences, which will appear this Fall as A Country Doctor (Stephens Press, Asheville). He and Mrs. Washburn are faithful members of the Folklore Society.]

Having read North Carolina Folklore, Volume II, No. 1, "from kiver to kiver," with delight, I find a special interest in W. F. Bryan's "A Modern Ballad." It brings back memories of Chapel Hill in 1902-06, when the student body numbered but few above 500.

Well do I remember the crowd at the post office waiting for the mail to be put into the boxes. The lobby was small, and at mail time was crowded. Freshmen were required to stand outside and wait. If they entered, they would be given "the bum's rush," and thrown out onto the sidewalk.

Of the songs sung at the post office, at Sampie Merritt's store, and at June Webb's grocery, as well as by groups sitting on the grass under the trees on the campus during the warm spring evenings, the most popular were "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea" and "A Mother Was Chasing Her Boy 'Round the Room." These consisted of repetitions of the title words, sung with appropriate variations.

I also recall two or three other stanzas of the mountaineer Smith's songs, mentioned in the Bryan article: "Some Folks Say a Nigger Won't Steal" and "Little David, Play Your Harp." The first stanza of the one ran:

Some folks say a nigger won't steal,
But I caught two in my cornfield.
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe:
If that ain't stealin' I don't know.

Many stanzas were added in the Fall of 1902 when the football team returned from Richmond, where they "beat" Virginia, 0-0, this being the first Carolina victory over the ancient rival in ten years.

On another occasion, a song popular at mass meetings ("pep rallies," I believe they are now called) before the Virginia game, sung to the tune of "The Merry Widow Waltz," I believe, went as follows:

Carolina, Carolina, what's the score?
Thirty-five or forty-five, or maybe more.
We will play Virginia, we will win the game,
We will add new glory to our great fame.

But when Virginia won by a large score, the song was changed to:

Carolina, Carolina, what's the score?
Thirty-five or forty-five, or maybe more.
We have played Virginia, we have lost the game,
We have played the merry hell with our great fame.

I trust that the present student body at Chapel Hill has more respect for the faculty than did that of fifty years ago. Witness the following, sung to the tune of "William Rufus Rastus Brown," a popular minstrel song of the period:

Horace [Williams] , Tommy [Hume] , Charlie Lee [Raper] ,
What you goin' to do when you grade me?
If you read my paper and give me a five,
I'll stand it off as sure as I'm alive.
All I want from you is a four;
I don't want to fool with your stuff any more.
Horace, Tommy, Charlie Lee,
What you goin' to do when you grade me?

A second disrespectful song regarding the faculty turned on a popular laxative of the period known as Cascarettes:

I went down to Eubanks' store to buy some cigarettes;
There I found all the professors eating Cascarettes:
First, they worked B. Wheeler, then they worked B. Cain;
They worked the whole damn' faculty, 'ceptin' Frank McLean.

Frank McLean was a teacher of English who was reputed to be a strict grader.

In those days, gullible freshmen were taken on snipe hunts down behind the "Stiff House" (where the Medical School kept its cadavers). They were also sent to call on Dr. Thomas Hume, a preacher and an ardent prohibitionist, to ask the good doctor for a quart of "Cream of Kentucky." It was explained to them that Dr. Hume had a fine Jersey cow named Kentucky. "Cream of Kentucky" was at the time the name of a popular brand of bourbon whiskey -- it may be still for all I know.

In an oft-told anecdote, Dr. Hume was discomfited by the students. A neat, precise man, dressed in a cutaway coat and wearing a "stovepipe" hat, he was a classroom martinet. He was vastly annoyed by the tobacco-chewing habits of several of his students. The boys would masticate huge chews of tobacco and spit out of the side windows, or surreptitiously on the classroom floor. Protests and appeals to their gentility proving vain, one day Dr. Hume, having caught a boy in the second row squirting "ambeer" under the seat in front of him, with a flourish picked up his top hat, set it down in front of the unrepentant offender, and said, "If you must chew tobacco and spit in this room, spit into my hat." All the boys within did, copiously.

On another occasion, he came out first, when he went into his classroom, sat down at his desk, opened his classbook, and looked over it to see a big, sprawling boy's feet on the desk in front of his face. Laying down the book, he touched the boy's toes daintily, and said, "Put 'em down so I can see your face." The boy did, sheepishly. "Put 'em back up," he drawled; "I don't like the looks of it." [Editor's note: The same anecdote was told of Dr. James F. Royster, professor of English and dean of the graduate school at the time of his death, in 1930.]

Two other stories clustering about Dr. Hume relate to quips given and taken. Dr. Hume's classroom was the northwest corner on the main floor of Alumni

Building. An additional room opened from this classroom, that could be entered only through Dr. Hume's room. One day a new student was studying in this room when Dr. Hume's Shakespeare class came in. After half an hour he tried to leave the room by the window, making a loud noise. Dr. Hume stopped his lecture to ask what was the matter. He was told that a freshman was shut up in the other room and was asking if he could be let out. "No," shouted the Doctor. "Leave him there, and let us hope that some morsels of wisdom may reach him through the keyhole." . . . The other story was about a football player of massive dimensions who was making a disturbance in class. Dr. Hume threatened to take him by the seat of the pants and throw him out the window. When the student smiled, Dr. Hume asked indignantly, "You don't believe I can do it, do you?" The oaf replied, "Dr. Hume, you couldn't roll me out of this room in a wheelbarrow."

In the early years of this century, one of the most popular hanging-out places in Chapel Hill was the bookstore of "Doc" Adam Klutz. Doc Klutz was a flavorsome character in those days. He spent much of his time in the back of the store playing checkers with old man Seat (Seaton) Barbee; customers would have to look for their own articles to be purchased and carry them back to Doc for payment (an unintentional precursor of the self-serve plan in vogue today). Ernest was the colored boy who worked for Doc. At one time the store gave rebate tickets with purchases which would be redeemed in cash or goods at the end of the month if the student paid his bill on time. Doc would often forget to give these tickets with purchases (it was believed that he did so by design), and a song grew up to the tune of "Everybody Works but Father," which went so:

Everybody works but Adam.
He sits 'round all day,
Tearing up rebate checks
He ought to be giving away.
Ernest runs the business,
Doc chews cigar butts;
Everybody works at this store
But Adam Applejack Klutz.

Another story about Doc Klutz resulted from an adventure in conviviality with his student friends. Late one night he was awakened by a clamor at his door. "What you want this time of night?" growled the Doc. "Some bottles of black shoe polish, sir," replied a tipsy voice which the Doc recognized as coming from a boy who had sometimes tipped a bottle with him. "What in the world do you want with a bottle of shoe polish at 2 A.M.?" -- "For freshmen. You see, we've run out. Have a heart, Doc." -- "By Old Harry, I believe I'll go with you," called Doc, starting to pull on his breeches. . . . Next morning his wife found him in bed, sleeping late, his clothes only partly off, revealing face, neck, hands, and the visible portions of his torso black as an ace of spades.

An interesting item I recall from my "South Mountain Notebook" (possibly heard in Chapel Hill -- but no matter where) may be entitled "What the Bells Say." It goes, or went, forty-odd years ago, as follows:

What the Bells Say

What does the Catholic church bell say?
"We're saved; you're damned -- no use to pray."
What does the Episcopal church bell boast?
"Fine folks, fine folks, fine folks; no host."
What does the Presbyterian church bell brag?
"We're rich, we're rich; money in the bag."

What does the Methodist church bell boom?

"There's room for all; for all, there's room."

What does the Baptist church bell lip?

"Take a dip -- be saved; be saved -- take a dip."

While living in Jamaica, British West Indies, I heard the following story, which seems to be an analogue of the foregoing verses. One Sunday morning when the head bookkeeper on a large sugar estate came to the busha (manager), the following conversation took place.

"Busha, I'd like to get a horse to ride to church."

"What church are you going to?"

"The Church of England, Sir."

"Well, you can take the brown colt, she needs exercise. But be careful with her, for you know we plan to enter her in the Liguanea races this Fall."

The second bookkeeper came with a similar request.

"What church are you going to?" asked the busha.

"The Scotch Kirk, Sir."

"You can take the grey mare. She's a bit slow, but she'll get you there."

A third employe came with a request for a horse to ride to the Wesleyan Church. He was told he could take a donkey.

The last clerk put in his request.

"Well, what church do you want to go to?"

"The Bedwardite Baptist Church, Sir," replied the man, meekly.

"So? Then you can damn' well walk."

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I did not intend to write an essay when I started this letter. I only meant to say that Mrs. Washburn and I plan to attend the meeting of the Folklore Society in December (D. v., as the English would say): the longest trip I shall have made in two years.

TURTLE CREEK TO BUSRO: NOTES ON SHAKER BALLADS

By Daniel W. Patterson

[From Greensboro Dan went to Duke University. While still an undergraduate there, he became interested in old hymns and early American spirituals (in which the Duke Library has an excellent collection), and having had some music in his training, he made a serious study of them. By the time of his graduation from Duke and his entrance into the graduate school of the University of North Carolina, he had achieved a scholarly knowledge of his subject and had published an excellent collection, Forty Early American Spiritual Songs, Selected and Reproduced by Daniel Patterson (Greensboro, N. C., 1953). At Chapel Hill he promptly associated himself with the folklorists in the faculty, particularly the Editor of North Carolina Folklore, organized a little group of singers which gave occasional concerts, and assisted manfully with the Carolina Folk Festival. He has been of inestimable help to the Editor in noting tunes from tape-recordings, transcribing them, and arranging and copying music for publication (all of the tunes appearing in previous issues of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE having been of his arrangement). The following paper is a byproduct of Dan's thesis for the M.A. in English, on Shaker songs. He was awarded the degree last August, with a distinguished record. He will be in the graduate school this session, working toward the Ph.D. As man, scholar, teacher, and colleague, he should one day be a prize for some first-rate college or university English department.]

On February 17, 1786, Ezra Stiles set down in his diary a report he had heard about the Shakers. He was then president of Yale, and his informant was a clergyman acquainted with an apostate from Shakerism. This man told that during his four years in the sect he "often saw Angels in visible and beautiful Forms, and heard them sing most melodiously -- he asserts it bona fide -- and added that by touching a person he could make him turn round like a Top. He now accounts it all a Delusion of the Devil but persists in these assertions."¹ Such Pentecostal signs were common among the Shakers until well past their wild revivals of the 1840's.

Shaker song as a result often seems a sport on the Anglo-American folk-song stock. Wordless tunes, songs with wordless phrases that recur in formal patterns, and tunes with texts in unknown tongues are found in Shaker manuscripts. The conditions of composition were equally strange. Spontaneous or unconscious composition was frequent, and songs were at times even learned by ear or by sight in visions, or noted down from the singing of a medium possessed by a heavenly spirit or by one of the dead. Tunes of these songs are formed from the modes, meters, and phrase patterns of traditional British-American folk song. Among them may be found familiar melodic materials, usually freely re-worked. Their secular relatives are mostly dance and play-party tunes. Texts of the Pentecostal songs are generally of one-stanza length, and express the ideals of the Shakers in symbolism developed within the sect. Ballads are wholly absent from these songs.

Shakers songs are divided, though, roughly into two groups, those described above, which were the work of the more naive Shakers, and others produced by the intellectual leaders of the sect. Songs of the second class do not appear until about 1805, when worded songs began to be written in great numbers.

1. Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles, ed. Franklin B. Dexter (New York, 1901), III, 209.

They are associated with a trend toward formalism which began to develop among the Shaker leaders after the death of the prophetess in 1784, and which was to press originality out of Shaker song by 1870. In this group are doctrinary hymns, lyric hymns imitative of those of Watts and Wesley, and elegiac verse in the broadside tradition. There is also a handful of ballads, disappointingly small in view of the contact with narrative tradition shown by the tunes borrowed for the dull texts. The compilers of shape-note hymnals recorded a few of the traditional ballad texts, but the Shakers seemingly none at all.

My search has turned up only four ballads among the Shaker songs. (A few more will undoubtedly yet be found, for Shaker manuscripts are scattered and numerous.) Two of these four were printed in Shaker hymnals. One is "Will a man rob God?"² It was composed by Richard McNemar, who, with more interest in didacticism than in narration, tells how a "black-painted band" of "lucrative monsters" broke into a Shaker settlement one midnight demanding the money bag. McNemar, who had been sleeping in an attic, forgot his pacifist beliefs and hurled a chair down upon the robbers. It caused a rout, for which McNemar gives due credit to the Almighty. He sang his ballad the next morning in church.³ The other printed ballad, an anonymous one, is headed "An Allegorical Detail of the entrance of Mother's Gospel in the West, in the year 1805. This Poem is still entertaining to those who understand its sublime imagery."⁴ The sublime imagery takes the form of a happy voyage to Canaan, on which the passengers are troubled souls saved from the sectarian dangers of the Kentucky Revival by the timely arrival of Shaker missionaries with the doctrines of Ann Lee. A few stanzas will indicate the style:

- (5) With our New-light colors flying, we had not sailed far,
Till we spi'd upon our larboard a gallant man of war;
"Reef up your sails (her boatswain cries) you shall not
cross this sea,
Unless you've been elected from all eternity.
- (6) We found it was bold Calvin, & to the right we steer'd,
When just upon our starboard Arminius next appear'd;
We gave them each a broadside, but would not stand to fite,
And the wind being in our favor, we soon got out of sight.
- (7) 4 years we plow'd the ocean, and o'er the waves did ride
With mighty thunders roaring, and storms on ev'ry side;
Sometimes we soar'd to heaven, upon a tow'ring wave,
Then down we sink a low again, into the opening grave.
- (8) The marriners impatient to reach the happy ground --
And sick of these sad changes, still tossing up and down --
How oft the longing passengers look o'er the rolling seas,
Crying surely yonder's Canaan, I think I see the trees!

2. *Philos Harmoniae, A Selection of Hymns and Poems; for the Use of Believers* (Watervliet, Ohio, 1833), p. 170.

3. John P. MacLean, *A Sketch of the Life and Labors of Richard McNemar* (Franklin, Ohio, 1905), pp. 31-32.

4. *Philos Harmoniae*, pp. 136-137.

- (9) At length a blessed convoy, on board the Royal Ann,
Came forth to meet the New-light, & bring her safe to land,
From such intervening dangers, the king of Zion knew
We could never reach the harbor unless they brought us to.
- (10) About the first of April, this vessel we did spy,
And our good boatswain hail'd her, "Aho the ship ahoy!
To what empire do you belong, what is your captain's name?
Let us know where you go & likewise from whence you came.
- (11) Our captain is Emanuel, to Canaan we pertain,
& we're come to help you forward, across the rolling main,
We bad her kindly welcome, and Leeward we did steer . . .

Both of the unpublished ballads are ascribed to Issachar Bates, who is said to have been a fifer in the American Revolution and to have had a family of eleven children before he joined the Shaker sect. The first of his ballads, "On the first day of the first month in eighteen hundred five,"⁵ is concerned with the journey of the Shaker missionaries from New Lebanon, New York, to the Kentucky Revival in 1805. The second of Bates's ballads, because of its historical interest, is quoted below as it appears in a manuscript from the Shaker society at Enfield, Connecticut:⁶

$\frac{1}{2} = 91$

THE SIX-TEENTH DAY OF JAN-U - AR - Y, THRU STORMY RAINS,
THRU ICE AND SNOW, FROM TURTLE CREEK WE TOOK OUR
JOUR-NEY, TO SEE THE BRETH - REN AT BUS-TO. NEAR
SEV'N-TY MILES WE HAD TO TRAV - EL, BE - FORE WE LEFT
THE SET-TLE-MENT; A HOWL-ING WIL - DER-NESS BE-
FORE US, A THOU-SAND FUR- LONGS IN EX- TENT:

5. Library of Congress, Shakers, Ohio, Union Village, Ac 975, No. 345c.

6. Library of Congress, "A Record of Spiritual Songs . . . Compiled by Leading Singers and Lovers of Heavenly Devotion in the Church" (Enfield, Connecticut, 1845), pp. 281-284.

- (2) The way block'd up with floods of water;
The land with ice was overlaid;
On broken ice for miles we travel,
And thru the chilling waters wade.
On the third day, tho cold & stormy
It thunder'd, lighten'd, and it rain'd,
Till by a foaming branch of Locry
One day and night we were detain'd.
- (3) Now here we left the last plantation,
And pass'd the ground thus overflow'd,
Prepar'd to tread the extensive desert,
A new and unfrequented road:
Each furnish'd with his staff & napsack,
And some provision for the way,
We ventur'd on, without conceiving
What trials yet before us lay.
- (4) The heavy rains had loos'd the rivers,
And set the ice all in a float.
And tho we hop'd a raft would answer,
In place of a canoe or boat,
Yet bottom lands, for miles together,
We knew were in one overflow
With broken ice & floating timber,
That there we knew not how to go.
- (5) Now for a sudden change of weather
We pray'd upon our bended knees;
That violent cold might fill the ether,
And all these mighty waters freeze.
The weather chang'd, the freeze commenced,
And we desir'd it might not slack,
Until it form'd a solid passage,
Each sie of the Muskaketac.
- (6) This low flat river at length obstructed,
And mighty waters standing there,
Six miles at least, all like an ocean,
With ice too thin our weight to bear.
By various means we sought a passage;
But finding it could not be cross'd,
In patient hope we there encamped,
To wait the issue of the frost.
- (7) A while the country we explored,
In hopes to find a passage round;
And there a fox had kill'd a turkey,
The leg and breast of which we found.
These little fragments well dress'd and smoked,
Did furnish one delicious meal;
And for provision so unexpected,
How glad and thankful did we feel!

- (8) Two days and nights we there remained,
With hunger pinch'd, and freezing cold,
While the majestic current flowed
O'er all its banks so high & bold.
On the third morn we ventur'd forward,
However dang'rous it might seem;
Wet to the loins, and in a snow storm,
We built a raft, and cross'd the stream.
- (9) Six miles we trod the icy pavement,
Like roaring thunder cracking round;
And as the shades of night o'erspread us,
We safely reach'd the solid ground.
While frozen trees were loudly cracking,
And whistling winds severely blow,
Our most refreshing entertainment
Was a good fire and melted snow.
- (10) This unknown flood we safely passed;
Yet still retain'd our former dread,
As we suppos'd the Muskaketac
Was at least ten miles ahead;
Till the next morning, a nob appeared,
Which show'd how far we had got along.
And on its top with joy we shouted,
And labor'd one thanksgiving song.
- (11) These nob's are high, the air most piercing,
And the north wind severely blows.
We ran and stamp'd till quite exhausted,
With swelled feet and frozen toes:
So swell'd and blister'd, so pinch'd and bruised,
We had to walk in our stocking soles,
Till two days travel thru snags and bushes,
Had worn them into fifty holes.
- (12) Our bed was brush; and in the morning
We strip'd, and bath'd in the cold snow.
We dress'd, and kneel'd, and ate our morsel;
And when we had prepar'd to go,
Our little comforts seem'd so endearing,
Tho joints were stiff and bellies lank,
We own'd kind Heaven's safe protection,
And kindly there each other thank.
- (13) The walnut, oak, and chesnut timber,
On ev'ry side the forest lin'd;
And tho their fruit we much desired,
No nut or acorn could we find.
Thus over hills and creeks and vallies
We marched thru the desert land,
Till early on the fourteenth morning,
White river brought us to a stand.

- (14) With floating ice the current rolled,
 So that we knew not what to do,
 Till far beyond our expectation,
 We spied a house and good canoe.
 A friendly hand convey'd us over,
 With cold benum'd, with hunger faint;
 And the refreshment we there received,
 The strongest language cannot paint.
- (15) Now with renewed animation
 The hopeful journey we pursue,
 Till the next fork of the same river,
 On the next morning, came in view.
 There twenty furlongs of ice and water
 Were mingling in one great uproar;
 But being set across the current,
 We forc'd our passage to the shore.
- (16) Our greatest suff'rings now were over,
 And ev'ry danger left behind:
 Scarce thirty miles remain'd to travel,
 Where entertainment we could find.
 Our weary limbs renew'd their vigor,
 Until we reach'd the Busro soil;
 And the kind welcome we received,
 Made rich amends for all our toil.

The tune of this ballad, which will have been recognized as a dorian variant of that of the shape-note spiritual "Judgment,"⁷ is described as "learned of Eld. Benj. Youngs, when he was here with Eldress Molly & others, from South Union [Kentucky], in July, 1827." The text had reached Enfield earlier with the following explanatory letter, which was copied into the manuscript along with the ballad:

Lebanon, State of Ohio, April 10th, 1809.

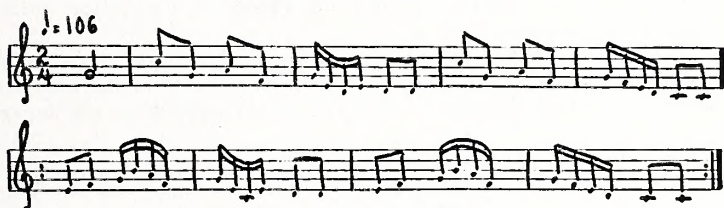
With my kind love to Elder Nathaniel and the Ministry with him, and all the faithful in his order, I send a little poem, composed on the journey of Benjamin [Youngs], Issachar [Bates] and Richard [McNemar], to the Wabash river in the Indiana territory, about 230 miles west of this place. For the better understanding of which, it is proper to observe, that the circumstances of the believers at Busro indispensably required a visit at that inclement season of the year. That in consequence of a remarkable flood, and the want of ferries in the wilderness, it was deemed wholly impracticable to go thru with horses; therefore the only alternative that remained, was to perform the journey on foot, and carry provision sufficient to subsist on, thru the uninhabited wilderness. They were conveyed with a couple of horses to Whitewater, about 35 miles; thence their way lay down the Ohio river; from which, the creeks that empty into it, had been so backed up and frozen over, and the water fallen from the ice, that they had to travel for miles on broken ice; some of those creeks they cross'd on broken ice; others, being open, they waded the water, which was excessively

7. George P. Jackson, Another Sheaf of White Spirituals (Gainesville, Fla., 1952), p. 147.

cold. Lockry was the last of these streams; where they were detained one day, in consequence of high water, from rain, which had fallen the day before. Here they left the inhabitants, and the back waters of Ohio, and steered thru the woods to a new road, which was cut out last summer, from Post Vincent, on the Wabash, and terminated on Locry, seven miles above the settlement; which road they followed, thru the rest of the wilderness. -- The brethren returned by the same route, thru many scenes of difficulty, especially in passing rivers, creeks, and overflowed lands; some of which they had to wade for miles; and particular parts of which were impassible, any other way than by poling themselves along upon old logs, which they found afloat. However, they arrived home in safety, March 29th, and are now in good health. And we are all much satisfied with their journey, and the good account we have received from the believers at Busro.

Joseph Allen.

To complete the tale of this wilderness journey, I have transcribed below the dance tune referred to in the tenth stanza of the ballad. A note with this song says that it was "given by inspiration to Br. Issachar," indicating that Bates composed unconsciously as well as consciously. The tune was learned at Enfield "of Richard MacNemar [sic] , when he was here from Union Village, in August, 1829;"⁸



8. "A Record of Spiritual Songs," p. 50.

GAR (GYAR) BROTH; GOWBRAL (GOWBRAWL)

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

One day, last Summer, I gave my wife a break from cooking Sunday dinner by taking her to the University's Lenoir Dining Hall. In the cafeteria line next to us was a middle-aged gentleman with whom I fell into conversation. He told me that he is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, is principal of a large consolidated school in Scotland County (Laurel Hill, to the best of my recollection), and was then planning to send his son to the University this Fall. (Later, he remarked casually that he is a member of the General Assembly from Scotland County; and I tried in vain to recall what, if anything in particular, he had had to do with the University's fate and my own during the 1955 session.) A lively and interesting talker, Mr. Roger Kiser told us at lunch about his life and hard times; about his school activities in Fall, Winter, and Spring; and about his trucking (both vegetable-and-melon-producing and delivering to Lenoir and other eating-places) in the Summer. (He had just brought up a load of produce for Lenoir Hall.) Suspecting that Mr. Kiser is already something of a folklorist (almost every keen observer of human life who thinks about what he sees, is), I asked him, after we had finished lunch, to go up to my office in Bingham Hall to see some gimmicks and trifles I have here. These produced a very gratifying response in Mr. Kiser, and I gave him a copy of North Carolina Folklore and a few other printed items to read in his truck and take along with him back to Scotland. Before he left, he asked me a question which is the subject of this little note.

"Did you ever," he asked, "hear the word gowbral or gowbrawl?--I don't exactly know how to spell it. It is used as a noun, usually in the expression 'mean as a gowbral (or gowbrawl).' Anyhow, it designates the nth degree of meanness."

"Where and how long have you heard it?"

"I've heard it all my life. It used to be common around Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and that general area. My father, who died last year at the age of 86, told me that he had known it all his life."

"Did he, or anybody else you know, ever try to account for it?"

"Yes. I think I remember somebody's telling me that it originated in a locality in southern Virginia, just across the line, in connection with a notorious tavern, either named Gow or run by a man of that name. The tavern was the scene of much drunkenness, brawls, and other disorders. So people in that locality described a man of unscrupulous conduct or violent temper and surly, fighting disposition, by the term 'mean as a Gow brawl.'"

I don't know how good a schoolman, truck-grower, and legislator Mr. Kiser is; but he is certainly a good folklorist, and, in particular, a plausible folk etymologist. (When we don't know about the origin of new or interesting words, we are all either folk etymologists ourselves or credulous accepters of folk etymology.)

There is some historical basis for believing that the word Mr. Kiser asked about is a survival of a Scotticism entered in Joseph Wright's English Dialect Dictionary as the word garboil (also spelled garbel and garbulle); defined as "A broil, commotion, uproar"; and exemplified in Chalmers' Mary Queen of Scots (1818) by the sentence "In all these garbules, I assure your honour, I never saw the queen merrier." North Carolina has many people of direct Scottish descent; in fact, some communities that were settled in the eighteenth century almost exclusively by Scots (mainly Highlanders who spoke Gaelic). It would not be unreasonable to expect that such a word as garboil would survive in popular speech. If so, its meaning could easily have been extended to such contexts as the one Mr. Kiser gave -- "mean as a garboil," which by a natural process of change could have become "mean as a gowbral (gowbrawl)."

But I suspect that Mr. Kiser heard imperfectly, or pronounces only approximately, a fairly common substantive: gar broth (or, with palatalization of the g observed in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina speech, gyar broth). The first word, of course, is from gar (or gyar), a fish of the carp family, rather bony and strong-smelling and -tasting, regarded by many fishermen as unfit for the table, but commonly eaten by Negroes and po' whites (I guess I was one when I ate gar caught in Scooba Chitto Creek or Big Black River, in Mississippi).

Inquiry among friends and acquaintances on the campus (my first rule for investigating local or regional words or expressions) brought several interested and interesting responses. Mrs. Cornelia A. Edwards, eighth grade teacher of English in the Sanford Junior High School, was my first informant. She knew the word, and, to be sure about its local history and usage, she consulted her father, at Sanford. "Mean as garbroth," she wrote, "refers to food or to people. The term is used by sailors and other people on the eastern shore of Virginia and by residents of the northeastern counties of North Carolina. Some Negroes expanded the simile into 'mean as gar broth mixed with tadpoles.'" Similarly, Miss Louise McG. Hall, Assistant Reference Librarian of the University Library, is familiar with "gyar broth, as in the expression 'strong as gyar broth,' referring to a sort of soup made from the gar fish. It is in common usage in Halifax, Edgecombe, and Sampson Counties." Miss Hall has heard her father use it frequently. It is always, she says, used in a derogatory sense, and may be used figuratively, referring to human character or conduct.

Both A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles (Craigie and Hulbert, University of Chicago, c. 1940) and A Dictionary of Americanisms (Mathews, University of Chicago, 1950) confirm Mrs. Edwards and Miss Hall. The two dictionaries concur in definitions and, for the most part, in examples. A Dictionary of Americanisms bases the expression on "gar. n. [f. garfish] : 1. Short for garfish 1765 J. Bartram in W. Stork Acct. E. Fla (1766) 10 2. In combs: (1) garbroth, S. broth or soup made of the garfish, also as mean as a garbroth, also attrib., Colloq." Both dictionaries cite, as the first recorded use of garbroth (1832), Paulding's Westward Ho! II. 100: "If I hadn't sooner eat garbroth with a real nigger, may I never see a tree." M. A. Owen's Voodoo Tales (1893), 32, is also quoted in exemplification of Miss Hall's palatalized-g pronunciation: "One time dey wuz er man dat wuz meaner'n gyarbroth."

Mrs. Edwards gave me the expression in its highest potential. She said that her father, who grew up in Stanly County, had heard the variant "as strong (or mean) as garbroth and ashes." That would be really something!

Let us hope that the next time the General Assembly meets, Mr. Kiser will not be "as mean to the University as garbroth and ashes"! And that his boy won't start a gowbrawl when he gets to Chapel Hill.

THE DECEMBER 1955 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The 1955 meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society will be held, according to custom, on the first Friday in December, which will be the second, at 2:30 P.M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel. Dr. C. C. Crittenden, Secretary of the Literary and Historical Association, with which the Folklore Society is happily affiliated, assures us that he will make every effort, for the next meeting, to avoid the hangover from a one-o'clock luncheon session of the Association which in the past has usually delayed the beginning of the Folklore Society meeting at 2:30.

The program for the public session has not been formulated. But the Secretary-Treasurer, who has traditionally been charged with responsibility for it, has been going up and down the earth with his tape-recorder, hunting out singers, story-tellers, and musicians, and he has found a slew of them, some old, some new. From all this talent, in addition to the old standbys, he is confident he can cook up something to everybody's taste. Nominations for the honor of appearing on the program are, as always, welcome; volunteers for the program, thrice welcome.

The active membership is invited to make suggestions, else the Secretary-Treasurer might put himself on. He is just 'rarin' to play your ears off with tape-recordings made last summer: (1) The story and demonstration (with ukelele accompaniment -- and how!) of the first public singing of "Sweet Adeline" to an audience at Damariscotta, Maine, fifty-odd years ago, by the Maine Yankee, Harold W. Cather, who sang the song for the first time (from a manuscript of it, before it was every printed or even bore its present title); (2) a gang of sportsmen in Kosciusko, Mississippi, who tell how they hunt crows, hawks, owls, turkeys, ducks, and deer, and dramatize their methods, with crow callers, hawk callers, owl callers, turkey callers, duck callers, and shotguns, larding all with stories of adventures by flood and swamp, and folklore about the game; (3) an interview, with narrative and song recital, with a young woman who was born, reared, and educated in Rumania, mastering the language and absorbing the folklore, but was descended from a German family that left the Reich in the 16th century to teach the Rumanians agriculture, liked the land, stayed and prospered, but kept themselves echt-Deutsch by refraining from inter-marrying with the Rumanians, and taught their children German and the beautiful deutsche Lieder, Sprichwörter, Rätsel, Märchen, u. s. w. -- all of which the Rumanian-German Fraulein tells, recites, or sings, in a very clear, sweet voice; (4) a recording by an obliging neighbor-lady of a lovely old Gaelic folksong, "Àn Coineachan (A Fairy Lullaby)," which the Editor first heard and recorded in the summer of 1954, from the singing of a girl summer student who had learned it at a girls' camp in North Carolina, but which he was not able to identify until he found it (in Gaelic and English, with music) in a book in the Harvard College Library last July; (5) recordings of fine folksongs by some of the star attendants and performers at a conference on folk music and the ballad which the Editor attended (as the guest of Harvard) on July 20-23; (6) some choice Yankee anecdotes in choice down-East Yankee speech, recorded by the Editor in Bremen Township, Maine, the week after the Harvard conference; and (7) much else, too varied and abundant to detail. You'd better head off the Editor and save yourselves!

On the subject of the Folklore Society, this paragraph will entreat you to respond promptly to notices of dues, which will be going out about November 1, with announcement of details of the program. With the journal on our hands, the Folklore Society is getting to be big business. We have 128 paid-up members to date, adults at \$2, students at \$1. The total dues might look like a lot of money for a college professor to spend. But each issue of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE costs around \$140, and we are putting out two this year. We should

aim for quarterly issue, and stop puzzling periodicals librarians about the periodicity of a journal with "Volume II, No. 1," on its masthead, and no other numbers for the year. Our little reserve, so painfully accumulated by the Secretary-Treasurer through the years since he took over from Professor Frank Brown, in 1943, is fast dwindling. So pay up, and give more if you can! The Treasurer's office is always open.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING DECEMBER MEETING

Since writing the preceding veiled threat, the Secretary-Treasurer (ex officio, program-making officer) has secured the promise of two important features for the annual meeting on Friday, December 2, 2:30 P.M.

Dr. Warner Wells, of Chapel Hill, translator of the best-seller Hiroshima Diary (U. N. C. Press, 1955), has consented to talk about "Japanese Folklore of the Hiroshima A-Bomb."

Betty Vaiden (Mrs. Charles S.) Williams, of Raleigh, has agreed to present a song recital of North Carolina traditional ballads.

These two top-liners will assure the 1955 program of distinguished interest. Details will be given in the usual form-letter announcement to members, to be sent out about November 15.

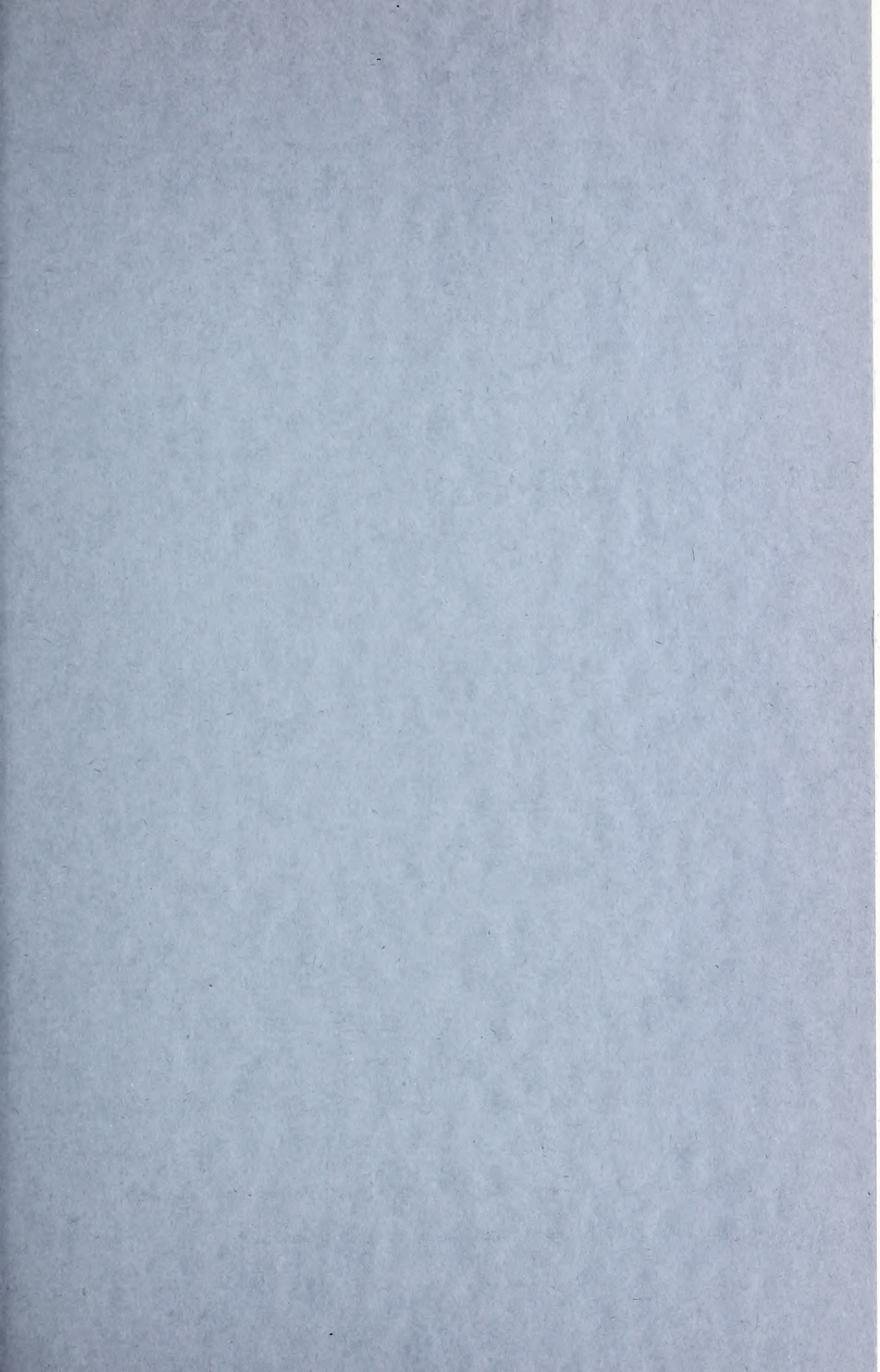
THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE

The Chicago Folklore Prize was established by the International Folklore Association and is awarded annually by the University of Chicago for an important contribution to the study of folklore. Students, candidates for higher degrees, and established scholars may compete for the Prize. The contribution may be a monograph, thesis, essay, article, or a collection of materials. No restriction is placed on the contestant's choice of topic or selection of material: the term "folklore" is here used in its broadest sense (e.g., American, European, etc. folklore; anthropological, literary, religious, etc. folklore).

It is permissible to submit material which has appeared in print, provided that such material be submitted within one year from the time of publication. The successful contestant who submits material in typed form and has this material published subsequently, is expected to send a copy of the printed monograph, etc., to the University of Chicago, for the library. Sufficient postage should be included if the contestant wishes to have his material returned. Monographs and collections, etc., must be submitted before April 15, 1956, to the Chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, The University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Illinois. The Chicago Folklore Prize is a cash award of about \$50.00. The recipient's name is published in the Convocation Statement in June.







DUPLICATE

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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Russell M. Grumman, Chapel Hill, President

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Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill, Secretary-Treasurer

The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

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Robert White Linker, Secretary-Treasurer

The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore. It sponsors the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, usually in the month of June.

NOTE ON "THE NORTH CAROLINA HILLS"

By D. K. Wilgus

[Mr. Wilgus is Editor of Kentucky Folklore.]

In The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (III, 477) is a single text entitled "The North Carolina Hills," for which the editors were able to discover no parallels. That the text may have relatives is suggested by a commercial recording released in 1929: "The Hills of Tennessee" by Byrd Moore, Columbia 15536-D. The recorded song is a variant of "Two Little Orphans" set to an unusual tune and provided with the chorus:

How I love the dear old hills,
How my heart with longing fills,
Many a charm in life for me,
Those hills of Tennessee.

It is probable that the tune was the vehicle which added this chorus to "Two Little Orphans." I have been unable to obtain copies of the following recordings, which may provide fuller texts: Sid Hampton, "Hills of Tennessee," Columbia 15583-D; Donaldson Trio, "Hills of Tennessee," Bluebird 5003. (It is perhaps only a coincidence that the Byrd Moore recording also includes a variant of the North Carolina ballad "Frankie Silvers.")

Western Kentucky State College
Bowling Green, Kentucky

THE TREATMENT OF SNAKE-BITE IN CHAPEL HILL IN THE 1930's

By Roy M. Brown

The small daughter of one of the janitors of the University was bitten by a snake. The father killed the snake, a small copperhead, and then brought the child from their home, twelve miles out in the country, to Chapel Hill in search of a doctor. It was late afternoon, and no doctor was in his office. A young man in one of the grocery stores, the son of a rather prominent citizen of the town and the county, told the father that an old man who worked at the store could cure snake-bites. The father went in search of the old man, who had gone home. The old man gathered herbs and made a tea with which he dosed the child. On the way home the janitor stopped at a filling station and incidentally told about the child's having been bitten by a snake. The filling station man suggested a "mad-stone," and informed the anxious father that Mr. F. in Chapel Hill had such a stone. The janitor turned back, found Mr. F., and the "mad-stone" was applied. The janitor said the stone "stuck" to the wound, an indication that it was "drawing out the poison." The next afternoon, however, the child's leg was still badly swollen. The father took her to Dr. Hayes at Hillsboro, who did whatever he could at that late hour, and soundly scolded the father about the "mad-stone."

The child recovered. The father was uncertain whether to credit the recovery to the old man and his herbs, to the "mad-stone," or to the physician. I believe he was more impressed by the "mad-stone."



TWO MOUNTAIN PORTRAITS

By Rebecca Cushman

[Born to a New England father and a Carolina mother, Miss Cushman has spent most of her life in her birth-place, Asheville, sojourning at times in Chapel Hill and Hillsboro. She received her formal education in public and private schools at Asheville and Raleigh and the Curry School in Boston, and taught a mountain school for one year. Most of her time, however, has been spent in observing, reading, and writing, in the latter activity as a special correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor. Her publications include "The Revival," Atlantic Monthly, September 1933, and Swing Your Mountain Gal, Sketches of Life in the Southern Highlands (New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1934). Swing Your Mountain Gal, in racy and supple blank verse, has many delightful sketches that anticipate the following prose account of Gus and Gladys.

[Jeanne Dunphey (Mrs. Fitzgerald) Hudson, who drew the sketch of Gus and Gladys, was born and grew up in New Jersey, attended art schools in Philadelphia and at Duke and Carolina, and worked as a professional illustrator in Philadelphia, New York, and Atlanta. She contributed five or six landscapes, portraits, and other canvases to the Students' Exhibit in Person Hall in June 1956. Mrs. Hudson is a Chapel Hill housewife, mother of two fine boys.]

The Mule and the Circus Rider

Something over twenty years ago--before the National Park took over--there was an old man living up in the Smokies whom we shall call Gus. Old Gus was what might have been called an itinerant worker--but individual style. Just he and the mule would come. He knew everybody, and when he picked your farm to work on there was nothing you could do about it. He and the mule would be there before you got up--or soon after--Gladys tied under a tree limb looking glossy and smug; for this mule knew her importance.

Old Gus always began by building up tremendous prestige for Gladys. "Don't spit or she'll kick," he'd say. Gus would work hard at any job you gave him to do, and for any number of hours, for he had prodigious strength. He would sleep on a cot in the barn or the tool house. But there was one condition. You had to respect the mule. She was his pride, his joy, his one possession of value. Indeed, she was his home. She was the thing that gave his life a feeling of continuity, security, dignity, freedom--the mule and his memory of "Mother." No conversation escaped that memory: "Mother said," "Mother did," "Mother used to . . ."

"Mother" had been the circus rider who on a white horse had jumped through the burning hoop. Later she had married a mountain man and gone to live 'way back in a wild and lonesome country. Their one child was a son. After her husband died the little circus rider and her boy lived alone together in the far-away cabin--this fierce and fearless girl who hadn't been afraid to leap through fire. She taught her child about the stars and the constellations, and how to tell time and the seasons by them. And she taught him how to save his money. She used to keep hers in a tin can buried under the rocks by the door step. When she dug it up once in so often--when the owl hooted too long--she would count it by the light of a candle while Gus stood outside the door with his gun. (And in the after years when Gus was alone, he, too, counted his money secretly, furtively, over and over, again and again, until they said the money was ready to drop to pieces.)

"Mother" used to say to him, "Ef you ever bring a gal here who sets on my porch in a rockin' cheer and rocks, I'll bust it over her head!" "Mother" was a hard worker. She didn't believe in a rocking chair, for it was, to her, the symbol of the shiftless woman. She had branded her son with the iron and fire of her own being, with her image alone, --and Gus had never married.

But when Gus rode his mule the circus inheritance shone through. His well-knit body was as upright as a major general's. His long, sandy mustache bristled out left and right like challenging sabers. His blue eyes flashed with a sort of wild, exultant joy. And, with his legs held stiffly out at a reckless forty-five degree angle on either side of Gladys' gleaming brown body, he looked ready to charge the elephant!

A Man of Honor

Monty Ridgewood always pares his finger nails with his pocket knife before he begins to test his guitar. He is going to sing a ballad for you. This is a leisurely and thoughtful operation--this fingernail paring--punctuated by friendly remarks.

"Yes," he's saying, "I'm a seventh son of a seventh son, and that gives me devil powers, but I've never used 'em. Some folks do, but I never have." He disposes of this consideration as quietly as a temperate man refusing a drink, an honest man refusing to steal, a friendly man refusing to be unkind; for Monty is all these things.

His nails being finished, our musician now takes a moment to launch into an illustration while he softly, slowly tunes the strings. "They was some folks that used to live around here," he is saying, "who had a cow they thought a heap of. And they was a neighbor that got mad at 'em, and she bewitched that cow so she couldn't give no milk. Well, the owner of the cow she set to work to take the spell off and to find out who it was that put the spell on. She got her seven nails an' she tuck one of 'em and wrote that woman's name in an oven pan, an' she made a cross mark right through it. Then she put all the nails in the pan and put it on the hot coals, and left it fur about an hour.

"Well, the next day that witch-woman, she tuck sick. She was bad off. She sent for the woman who owned the cow, and she told her what she'd done. Well, sir, quick as she confessed it the cow started givin' her milk again an' the woman she got well." (Pause) "They never had no more trouble with the cow."

You are recalling the belief in witches so prevalent in New England in those years of long ago; and you are becoming aware of how the shadow of these almost-forgotten days has lingered in these cut-off coves and valleys. But, be it said, it is an ever-lessening shadow and one seldom finds it now.

Monty has finished the tuning. He leans back with a happy smile and plucks a deep, rippling chord on the strings. His name isn't really Monty, but you may be one of those thousands of visitors to the World's Fair grounds at Chicago who stopped by the little log cabin from the Southern Highlands and heard him sing some of its ballads. This time he's going to sing:

Pretty Saro

Down in some lone valley in a far lonely place,
Where the wild birds do whistle and their notes do increase;
There's nothing that grieves me nor troubles my mind
Like leaving Pretty Saro, my darling, behind.

My love she won't have me, I well understand,
She wants some freeholder and I have no land;
I cannot maintain her with silver and gold
And all of the fine things that my love's house should hold.

O, I wish I were a poet, and could write a fine hand,
I'd write her a letter from this distant land;
I'd send it by the waters where the island o'erflow
That I think of Pretty Saro wherever I go.

I wish I were a dove and had wings and could fly,
It's to my love's dwelling this night I'd draw nigh.
I'd sit in her window all night long and cry
That for love of Pretty Saro I gladly would die.

TWO REVENANTS

By Charles F. Smith

[The Reverend Charles F. Smith is pastor of a large Baptist church in the suburbs of Durham. He grew up in Georgia, where he heard the following stories. Shortly he will remove to Swannanoa, where he will do human-relations work in the school there and continue his preaching.]

1. The White Pigeon

Mrs. Alma Jordan Joiner died at her home, near Dudley, Georgia, on June 14, 1926. As she was native of Washington County, her body was taken to Tennille, Georgia, some sixty miles away from her home, for burial.

When the family left the Joiner home for this journey, the house was closed. Every window in the room where she had died was closed and locked. The one fire-place in the room had been stopped up tightly for the Summer.

Yet, when the family returned from the funeral service, a snow-white pigeon was found fluttering about the room where Mrs. Joiner had passed away. The family released the bird, and it flew away.

The presence of the pigeon in the room was accepted by the family as a comforting sign, though they are not given to the acceptance of common superstitions, being college-educated and of high social standing in the community.

2. The Little White Dog

Many of the stories told to me by my grandfather when I was a little boy remain with me vividly. One was about an old gentleman of his acquaintance.

This old gentleman lived near my grandfather's house when the latter was a young man. He had as his constant companion a little white terrier. The old man died, and, soon after, so did the little dog.

A large number of people reported that while driving past the old man's house, late of an afternoon, they had seen a little white dog trot from the yard of the house and run slowly ahead of their buggies or surries. The dog never slackened his pace, and would never respond when called. Some distance from the house he would suddenly disappear and could not be seen again. This apparition occurred after both the old man and the dog were dead, and there were no other dogs about the house.

WITCHCRAFT IN CHAPEL HILL

Collected by Paul Green

[Mr. Green contributed "A Harnett Hag" to Vol. II, No. 1, and is sketched in that issue. Since then he has written a historical pageant, Wilderness Road, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Berea College, and has been awarded an honorary Litt. D. by the University of North Carolina.]

1. Hub and His Snake

Zonie, a Negro boy, and I were cleaning up Mrs. Lay's yard, and we had to go out to Sam Lloyd's in the country to get a little mowing machine. As we drove along we passed a run-down filling station kept by a Negro man. The Negro man was sitting on the bench leaning against the wall.

"Look a there at him," said Zonie. "His name is Jackson Long. Stingy--oh, my Lord! I owed him one cent once and 'cause I didn't get back on Monday morning to pay him he told all around in the neighborhood that Zonie Lippert couldn't nohow be trusted."

"You mean one cent, Zonie?"

"Mean one cent. But that's the way it is," he went on, as we drove up the road. "A man can save and scrimp and scrounge like that, and then bad luck comes and gits him. Last week he had twenty-five hundred dollars in his pocket and he went down to the 'Sociation meeting. Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Gracious," I said, "Why would he go around with that much money in his pocket?"

"He had sold off a piece of land to Mr. Dode Jones, and it being Saturday night he couldn't go to the bank in Carrboro'til Monday morning. And he didn't want to go to the 'Sociation and leave it in his ramshackly old filling station for fear somebody would take it. So he had it on him in his pocket. And what you reckon happened to him? Why, somebody spelled him while he was there and just got that money right away from him. And he ain't never going to see nary a brownie of it any more."

"What do you mean, 'spelled him'?" I queried.

"Just that, Mr. Green. Aw, the people works spells on you all through this country here round and about."

"Zonie, you don't believe that."

"Shore, I believe it. Take that house right over there we're passing. There was a fellow in there--lived there once but moved up North now. He had the worst spell a-tall. His name was Hub. I used to play with him. Him and me was about the same age. Well, sir, somebody had it in for him. Might have been a girl, for all I know. Anyhow they fed him some pizen out of a Co-Cola bottle, snake pizen it was, and it had a spell in it. And you know what? That boy had snakes all under his skin. You could see the pattern of 'em. I've looked at his arm many a time and there you could see the shape of the snakes in his skin."

"You mean you really saw the snakes?"

"Yessuh, I've seen 'em. And he got worse and worse. And his mammy and daddy and the neighbors met together and said there weren't no doubt about it at all--they had to take him to that root doctor up there beyond. Maybe you've heard of him."

"No. What is a root doctor, Zonie?"

"With all your knowledge, and you don't know that! Lord, Mr. Green. Well, some people calls 'em dust-doctors. Sometimes they have a root with a spell on it they can work strange things with. Then again some of 'em has dust out of the graveyard, from the grave of a man that's been hanged or burnt in the

electric chair. Well, that's what they are--call 'em root doctors or dust-doc-tors."

"How do they get their power, Zonie?"

"Well, sir, the best way to get it outn a black cat, one in which they ain't nary a speck of white. And take you a iron pot of hot scalding water and put that cat in there alive and jam a led on it. And then you hop up and stand on that led. And you stand there all the whilst the flesh is biling away from that cat's bones. It may jounce and jimmy under your flesh, but you just keep standing on it. Then when the bones is all fleshened away, you take 'em out and put 'em in a basket. And you go to the creek where there's plenty of swift-running water. You dash all them bones right spang into that swift-running water. And the bone that swims up the creek, that's your man. You grab it, and you keep that bone. From then on you got the power."

"I reckon so, if you think of a bone swimming up stream," I laughed.

"Yes sir, that's what I'm thinking of, 'cause some of 'em do. And that Mayben root doctor he had one them bones. With that bone he would go out in the woods. And any place he come nigh where there was a good root that bone would move in his pocket and cut up terrible. All he had to do was dig down there and get that root. Then he could cut a piece of it and put it in a handkerchief and sell it to you for two dollars and a half. And if you wanted a girl to come to you--with that root in your handkerchief she'd come. Or if a girl wanted a boy to come to her she could just touch the root she had and make her wish, and he'd have to come, too."

"It was a girl lived down there got one them things. Ugly she was and spraddle-teefied. And bless your soul, where she hadn't had a fellow looking at her before, now they just stood lined up in front of her house waiting to git in."

"As I was going to say--this Hub fellow, he got these snake spells on him. And the mother and the father and the neighbors said we got to take him to that root doctor at Mayben. Well, they went up there to see the root doctor and he said it'll cost you a hundred and eighty-seven dollars."

"That raily shocked 'em. They didn't have no hundred and eighty-seven dollars. They pled and they begged him to do something for their poor Hub anyhow, but the root doctor said--no pay, no taking the spell off, and it's cheap at that. So they come away with Hub back home. And Hub got worse and worse."

"One day there was a big heavy rain and Hub went out of the house into the gyarden with a couple of tow sacks. He loaded them tow sacks full of wet gyarden dirt and tuk one sack under one arm and one under the other and come into the house. And he emptied the dirt out on the kitchen floor. 'Look here, Mama,' he said, 'at the money we got. We got plenty of money, Mama. You take half and papa take half and I take half.' And he mixed his hands all down in that dirt, his face shining like he handling gold."

"'Shut yo' mouth, boy,' his Muh yelled out. 'You're plumb crazy as a bed bug. That ain't no money. That's plain old gyarden dirt.'"

"'It ain't gyarden dirt, it ain't,' he said. 'It's money, Mama, money--and you can pay the root doctor now at Mayben. And he'll get me well--get them snakes off'n me.' And with that word 'snakes' he begun to squeal and shout and hop up and down."

"His mammy was so outdone with him she tuk a handful of that dirt and swabbed it smack into his mouth. 'That's money for you!' she said. Well, that seemed to raily upset Hub, for he tore out of the room and run upstairs, yelling as loud as he could. And there the snakes went to work on him to a fare you well--so hard that he jumped spang out of the window onto the hard yard ground, and when he hit the ground he hit it running. There was an old bicycle he used to ride laying up against the house had two flat tires. He jumped straggle of that bicycle and tore off down the road trying to outrun them snakes. His mammy yelled for his pappy, and he come in from the field. He got his little old pick-up Ford, and

him and the mammy hopped in and started after Hub. Well, sir, they got that Ford pick-up where it was popping off, but that boy clean went away from there and left 'em behind--yessir, on that old bicycle with them two flat tires. And when he rounded the curve down there coming into Carrboro he was making such speed that bicycle threw him for a loop. End over end he went through the air and landed in the middle of a big grape vine out in somebody's field. And he got tangled up in the vine, and so his mammy and daddy ketched him.

"Then they sent him off to Goldsboro to that 'sylum place, him whimpering and a-crying not to go. People felt sorry for him, the mammy and the neighbors did, and they all got together and raised a hundred and eighty-seven dollars. And they tuk it up to that root doctor at Mayben and says--'Here, Mr. Doctor-man, is a hundred and eighty-seven dollars--get poor Hub back home again.' And the root doctor tuk the hundred and eighty-seven dollars and said--'Your boy is well.'

"And shore enough, he was. Down in Goldsboro they checked, and at the same minute that the root doctor said them words, Hub come to hisself in his natcherl mind.

"They went and got him and brung him home, and he had plenty of good sense from that day on. He weren't never bothered by snakes no more. Later on he moved up North. They say he's doing well up there--married and got a family. Yes sir, just the way the root doctor said, a hundred and eighty-seven dollars, and cheap at that."

2. The Bottle with Juice in It

Zonie and I were driving back to town after a visit to my farm out in Chatham County. We passed a little house set off in a field. Zonie pointed to it.

"You see that house, Mr. Green? There was a girl lived in that had a bad spell on her. I knowed her. Yes sir, she begun to waste away, and there was nothing they could do for her. Somebody, they couldn't tell who it was, had put a spell on her, wasting her away. She'd sit around the house and mope and say nothing, all drooped up like a sick pullet. And her mammy went off to see that root doctor at Mayben. He looked at her and said, 'It'll cost you a hundred and eighty-seven dollars for me to cyore your daughter, and cheap at that.' He'd always say - 'cheap at that.' The poor woman didn't have no hundred and eighty-seven dollars, and she come back home all discouraged like. And the girl kept wasting away. Just like in the case of Hub I told you about, people got together and from pity on her and at the church they took up a collection several Sundays, and the mammy washed and hoed and made a few dollars here and there. Finally they got it all together and went to see the root doctor at Mayben.

"'I'll have to come down and see what I can do,' he says. 'This here's a special case. How old is she?'

"And so he did, riding up in a Buick car with a fat yellow boy driving him. And he looked the premises over. Then he looked at the girl and had her to open her mouth, and he looked in the pa'm of her hands and felt her good. He shook his head mighty mournful-like. 'There ain't no doubt about it,' he said. 'She's got a bad spell on her.' Well sir, that root doctor had a little thing in his hand, a kind of wooden thing about the size of a yo-yo with a long needle sticking out of it. And he went round the house with his head bent over holding that thing out in front of him. And, all of a sudden, that needle says 'py-an-ng!' and it shot right out from that piece of wood and out of sight into the ground.

"'Bring a shovel,' the root doctor hollered. 'Here's where you dig.' And they dug, and down about two feet they found a little bottle lying on its side there with a cork loose in it. The root doctor took that bottle out and held it up in the light. It had just a little bit of juice in it.

"That's what was killing of her," he said. "Whilst this juice leaked out her life was oozing away. We got here just in time, for there's just about enough to last another day. Then she'd a-been gone from here to come no more." So he remmed the stopper in tight and put the bottle back in the hole right end up--"to rest there," he said, "till the judgement day." And they filled the dirt back in. And when they'd done that the girl shook herself, broke out all of a sudden in a happy smile and laughed.

"I feel better right now," she said. And so she got well and mended fast. Yes sir, say what you please, them root doctors got power, and if I ever get a spell on me I'm sure going to raise me up a hundred and eighty-seven dollars and pay one of 'em to save me."

3. Henry's Dream

Me and my wife were walking in a thick woods (Henry said). We were young again--just the way it used to be a long time ago--and I was a-lovin' her some and she was loving back at me. Finally I set down on a log and took her in my arms and we locked our necks together and we loved for a long time.

Purty soon she said, "Henry, I'm plumb perished for water. I got to go down to the spring yonder and get me a drink."

Right then I felt fear. You know what it is to feel fear, Mr. Green. It just comes all over you. So it come all over me there in that deep woods.

"Honey," I said, "I don't want you to go down to that there spring. Let's get away from here and go home. I feel oneasy."

"I got to have me some water," she said.

And even way back then she was kinda hard-headed--though she's much harder-headed now. And beg and tell her about how oneasy I felt as I would, she wouldn't listen.

I don't know what it was that made me have fear like that--just some sort of feeling. Anyhow, off she went down through the woods to the spring. Whose spring it was I don't know. It was just a spring there in them deep woods. Then I hurried after her. But she was faster than me. She always was. And when I come to the spring I saw her dipping up a gourd of water and raising it to her lips to drink. Pim-blank at that minute I saw him--the thing that had made me feel fear in the dark woods. He was a man and yet he weren't a man--a kind of a mixture of man and varmit--with hoofs. I didn't see him clear, maybe felt him more than I saw him. She looked up from her gourd of water and let out a scream and right that minute this man-varmit sprung on her and started gobbling at her shoulder. And then she was gone--just faded out, was gone.

I let out a loud yell and tore down the hill, and I run up to this varmit-man and begun to fight him. And then I would feel him gnawing at me, too. He was gonna devour both of us.

Lord, he was a thing--bigger'n a mule--black--his eyes like big firecoals, and his hairy arms reaching out in great bat wings and his tushes shining like a bodacious razor-back hog.

Now I have hearn tell that if you call the name of God in your trouble help is liable to come. So I squealed out as loud as I could, "Oh, Lord God, oh master in heaven, save me!" And no sooner had the words come out of my mouth than that man-varmint was gone--just gone the way you might say a bunch of smoke is gone when you wave it away with your hat, and there stood my wife again.

And she was a-crying, and I put my arms around her and told her not to worry, that the good lord God was looking after us.

"I don't want no water now," she said.

"That's good," I said. "Come on, we'll go home."

And with my arm around her I started up the hill. The woods were thick and there weren't no path. We kept a-going and kept a-going and I begun to be oneasy again--not like the other oneasiness--but a kind of a blue-Monday feeling.

Finally I said to her, "We're lost."

"We got to keep going through these dark woods," she said.

And so we did.

And the light seemed to kind of go out of the sky, and it was the same as if they was a 'clipse over the world--not ezzactly daydown darkness, but a kind of eclipse darkness. But we kept on pushing through the woods, and once more I put up a kind of a prayer. I tell you, the moster in heaven has got the power. Hardly had I finished the prayer when there right in front of us was a field and a fence and a little road leading by that fence on to a house that set over there from the side of the hill. We made our way straight to that house. There was a little boy, a little white boy, playing out in front of the house. How I knowed it I don't know--but he must be a servant to the man that owned the house.

"Can you tell me," I said, "how I can get back to Tear?"--that was the name of my neighborhood where I was born and where I was wanting to go.

"I can't tell you," said the little boy, "but my master can." And then his master come out from the door and who do you think it was? Nobody else but Mr. Everett Morgan. I had knowed him as a boy.

"Why, bless my soul!" he said, "if it ain't Henry Lee." He come right out of the house and shook hands with me. "And who is this?" he said.

"This is my wife," I said, "and we are lost."

"No, you ain't lost," he said, "because you found me. Well, Henry, I ain't seen you in a coon's age. My, how you have growed, and you're married, I see."

"Yes, sir. I'm married. Can you tell me how to get back to Tear?"

"I sure can," said Mr. Morgan. And then he pointed up the road--for all of a sudden there was a road leading up over the hill. "Just get into that road," he said, "and follow it and you'll come back to Tear and you'll be safe and sound."

"God bless you, Mr. Morgan," I said.

"And bless you too, Henry," he said. "I'm glad to see you."

And so we went on down that road and over the hill and safe home. I tell you sir, just remember when you're in trouble to call on the Lord God and He will provide you with a friend and that friend will show you the way home."

I wanted to ask Henry what he meant by "locking necks together," but I didn't.

QUILTS IN MOORE COUNTY

By Eleanor Driscoll

[Miss Driscoll, of Boston Massachusetts, is a graduate student in the School of Library Science and an assistant in Person Hall Art Gallery. She wrote this paper as a student in Folklore 185.]

The day is set, the ladies meet
And at the frame are seated.
In order placed, they work in haste
To get the quilts completed.
While their fingers fly
Their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors
By counting beaux, discussing clothes
Or talking of their neighbors.

--Anna Bache

This homely verse well expresses the simple pleasures of the old-fashioned quilting bee, pleasures both social and artistic as well as utilitarian.

Quilting is not simply an American folk art. Its origin may be traced back in history approximately two thousand years to the Middle East and India. It is believed that the Crusaders introduced the craft to Europe when they returned from their voyages to the East. The European women eagerly adopted the use of quilted materials for bed coverings and for clothing. Soon, accomplished needlewomen realized that quilting might be used not only for utilitarian purposes, but also, with the addition of appliquéd designs and elaborate motifs, for decorating their homes.

When our forefathers journeyed to the New World, the quilting frame was often found among the pitifully few household effects they were able to carry. Women recognized the need they would have for supplementing their meager supply of clothing and bedding, and hoped, perhaps, that through quilting they would have a means of brightening their frontier homes.

Quilting has been practiced in this country since pre-Revolutionary days and is still being done in many sections of the United States. The North Carolina Folklore Society was fortunate to have as a speaker at its December 2, 1955, meeting, Miss Flora McDonald, Home Agent for Moore County, who described the interest in quilts in Moore County, displaying beautiful examples of heirloom and recently-made quilts which are owned by current residents of the county.

As a result of Miss McDonald's address, I journeyed to Moore County to explore this rich treasure of quilts. It was impossible to see all of the quilts in a limited period of time; but with the assistance of Miss McDonald, I was able to visit the homes of several women who have representative quilts.

Probably the most energetic quilter of Moore County is Mrs. J. Price of High Falls. Mrs. Price, born in Indiana, has been making quilts since she was five years old. Some thirty-six years ago, she and her husband moved to North Carolina, settling in Moore County, where he is a Quaker minister and a teacher in the schools. Mrs. Price's interests are varied. First, she is herself a Quaker minister. In addition to quilting, she is engaged in breeding chinchillas, is a successful gardener, and has even tried her hand at raising parakeets.

As mentioned above, Mrs. Price started her first quilt when she was a little girl of five. It was a Four Patch quilt, one of the simple patterns on which young girls are usually started, and was made of scraps from her own dresses. In accordance with early custom, each girl in Mrs. Price's family made quilts for her hope chest. The great concern felt for a maiden who didn't have her

"pile of quilts" is expressed in the quatrain below:

At your quilting, maids, don't dally,
Quilt quick if you would marry,
A maid who is quiltless at twenty-one,
Never shall greet her bridal sun.¹

One of Mrs. Price's proudest possessions is a Lincoln quilt she made several years ago. This is a copy of a quilt seen by Mrs. Price at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, where it took second prize. The pattern was designed by Abraham Lincoln's mother and was given to the family of Abraham Enloe, a neighbor for whom Lincoln was named. From this original pattern, Mr. Enloe's daughter-in-law made a quilt which is still preserved.

Another interesting quilt owned by Mrs. Price is a Nine Patch quilt, made by Mrs. Price's grandmother. It is approximately one hundred years old, but the beautiful indigo blue is as fresh-looking as it was when it was made. The Nine Patch pattern has many variations. A diagram of the basic pattern is shown in illustration # 1.

The well-known Pine Tree pattern was used by Mrs. Price herself on a quilt she made some twenty-five years ago. This Pine Tree pattern was used in all of the original thirteen states. The pine tree emblem was also used on early money from the time of the establishment of our first mint, and appeared as well on an early flag. The Pine Tree shilling and flag are gone, but the Pine Tree quilt pattern, one version of which is shown in illustration # 2, still lives.

Star patterns are extremely popular in quilting, and Mrs. Price has used variations of it several times. Among her most attractive quilts is one done in the Blazing Star pattern, a colorful quilt with a white background, green edging, and predominant colors of red, pink, and apricot. Another quilt has been made in the Feathered Star design, which was constructed from pieces of materials in several shades of green. This quilt is especially enhanced by a double sawtooth border. A third star pattern owned by Mrs. Price is the Star of Bethlehem, a diagram of which is given in illustration # 3. This quilt was made thirty-five years ago by Mrs. Price's sister.

Another quilt made by Mrs. Price several years ago is in the Noonday Lily pattern. Loyal North Carolinians will be interested to know that this is also called the North Carolina Lily, an example of which is shown in illustration # 4.

Another ardent follower of quilting in Moore County is Mrs. W. O. Harrell of Carthage. She is very proud of a Star of Bethlehem quilt which was made by her grandmother some one hundred and twenty-five years ago, the predominant colors of which are brown and white. Quilting evidently runs in Mrs. Harrell's family because she has a beautiful example of the Sawtooth pattern which was given her by her mother. An interesting variation of the Sawtooth pattern is shown in illustration # 7. The colors of this intricate design are primarily dark blue, white, and orange. Another quilt made by Mrs. Harrell's mother is in the Basket of Tulips pattern in green, red, yellow, and white. An interesting feature of this quilt is the fine coin quilting which can be identified by looking on the reverse side.

Variations of the patterns involving flowers are found everywhere. Miss Bess Stuart of Carthage has a quilt done in a Basket pattern which is over seventy-five years old. This quilt was made by her mother. Miss Stuart also has a Basket of Tulips quilt which is very lovely. Some diagrams of the various flower patterns are shown in illustrations # 5 and # 6.

1. Marguerite Ickis, The Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting (New York: Graystone Press, 1949), p. 259.

Fig. 1

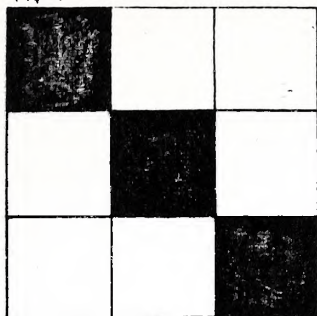


Fig. 2

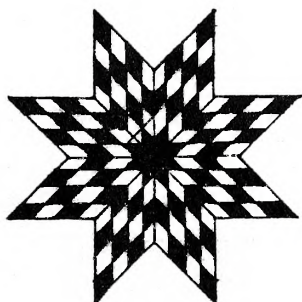
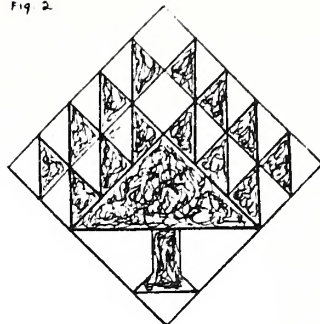


Fig. 3

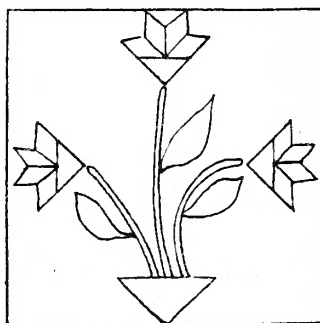


Fig. 4

Fig. 5



Fig. 6

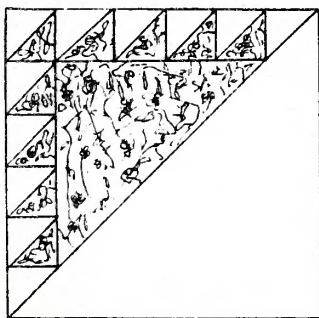
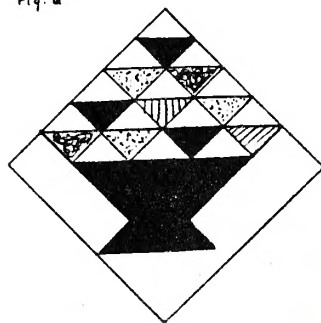


Fig. 7

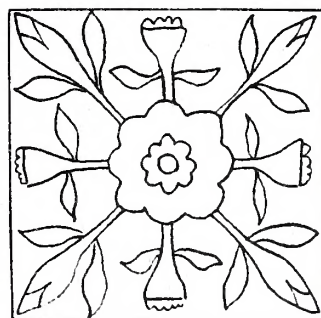


Fig. 8

Two other old quilts owned by Miss Stuart are unnamed. One very closely resembles the Rose of Sharon design, always a popular quilting pattern. Illustration # 8 is a diagram of this design. The reverse of this quilt shows a beautiful ivy-leaf quilting design. The second, done by Miss Stuart's aunt, Miss Mary McFall Stuart, over one hundred years ago, is an original pattern. It is a leaf design in green, white, red and pink.

A quilt made by Mrs. J. A. Denny of Route 2, Carthage, tells an interesting story. It was made by Mrs. Denny in the Flowers in a Pot design. The original source for this pattern was a quilt over eighty years old owned by her husband's grandfather. It was the custom in the foothill country of North Carolina for the women of the community to make quilts for the unmarried men, and the original quilt was made for this purpose. Mrs. Denny has copied the old design and is planning to make quilts for her sons, following the old custom.

An interesting and seldom-seen design is the Queen Victoria's Fan, owned by Mrs. J.B. McLeod, also of Route 2, Carthage. This quilt, done in red, green, white, and rose, was made over fifty years ago by Mrs. McLeod's mother.

The oldest quilt in Moore County was recently displayed in Pinehurst, North Carolina, in the Sandhill Women's Exchange. Made over two hundred years ago in the beautiful Washington's Plume design, it recalls the legend that Carthage was named by George Washington. As a young boy, Washington visited a cousin in what is now Carthage. When discussing the prospective visit with a young friend, Washington learned that the friend was going to Troy. Washington replied that he was going to Carthage and when asked how he would cross the Mediterranean Sea, replied, "It has a good ford." Upon arrival at his cousin's, young George suggested that the place be called Carthage, and so it is today.

It is easy to see from the examples given above that the sources for names of quilts are legion. There are names taken from the Bible, such as Rob Peter to Pay Paul, Joseph's Coat, and Jacob's Ladder. Flower names were common too, as witness California Rose, Feather Rose, Wreath of Garden Flowers, North Carolina Lily, Oriental Poppy, Basket of Sun-flowers. Famous people, such as George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, Dolly Madison, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, were also remembered by having patterns named for them. Another fertile area for quilt names was the various occupations, such as Carpenter's Square, Chimney Sweep, Farmer's Puzzle, and Rolling-Pin Wheel. Nature has provided us with the beautiful designs and the names of Blazing Star, Star of the West, Snow Crystals, Blue Birds, and Circling Swallows.

Today quilting is used not for bed-coverlets alone, but for skirts, jackets, robes, and many other articles. Women everywhere are reviving this craft of their grandmothers, who quilted from need rather than for pleasure.

From a craft which was once a necessity, quilting has progressed to become one of the folk arts. We read that

sometimes decorated only with designs of the quilting needle, sometimes richly appliqued with pieced patterns of vivid chintz and calico, or in crazy patchwork style, all quilts are the products of a definite art-craft that flourished at the fire-sides of yesterday, and is still flourishing today.²

WE'LL TELL 'EM

By Virginia Dober

[Miss Dober is a graduate student in the School of Library Science. She wrote this paper for Folklore 185.]

The "common man," Mr. John Q. Public, the milkman, the seamstress, the dirt farmer, the garbage man, the railroad conductor, the cowboy, the migrant worker, the hillbilly, the postman, the cabbie, and all of the masses who make up the churning, seething billions of humanity who haven't a college degree and more probably haven't finished the sixth grade--these to me are the folk. They are the salt of the earth. Without them the rich, the visionary, the revolutionary, and the professional would be hopelessly frustrated in a world where there was no one to exploit, to transmit ideals to, to arm, or intellectually to lord over. Of this group, the folk, I like to consider myself as one small cell that is a part of the organism.

My mother is from a group known to seven-eighths of the nation as "hill-billies," or "hilligan," or "poor mountain whites." These are the people who had the guts, when the wilderness meant hardship, privation, and possibly death, to go into the hollows, clear the hills with handmade tools, dig huge holes in the earth to bury the boulders in their fields, fight in all the wars the nation has ever had, and possibly see their children grow to manhood without ever wearing shoes because the land was too poor to permit their purchase. It is to this group who were pocketed in the Appalachians for two centuries that I feel I have the strongest ties. They are Americans, pure and unadulterated. They are proud, silent, and sometimes fierce and violent, but always independent. They are the people who say, "I have but my shack and garden but they are mine." In the 1750's my forefathers landed in Philadelphia and settled in western Pennsylvania. They were tired of the despots of the Palatinate and wanted to be free as well as to dream of freedom. After a decade in Pennsylvania they began to drift family by family into the German New River Settlement in Virginia. Here they settled into the ways of good farming and good Germania. As late as 1840 church services were still held in German, in the first church that was founded west of the Blue Ridge. To these people I can say, "I am one of you."

My father came with his family in steerage from Styria, Austria, to New York City in 1910. My grandmother, with her five children, none speaking English, boarded the train and arrived in Columbus, Ohio, where her husband was waiting for her, having first come and earned the money for their passage. Their lot was hard. Language barriers and the lack of education kept them down in a society that had unlicensed selfishness as its creed. It was the day of the sweat shop, and my father as a thirteen-year-old boy was put into a piano factory, where he used to cry at lunchtime as he stood on a chair and looked out the dirty windows. Life could be miserable for a boy even in the land of the free. Home conditions were crowded and unsatisfactory and even though he took his wages home he soon began to fend for himself and began staying in the barn loft of a kindly German doctor who soon took him under his wing, gave him a small wage, and let him accompany him on his calls and look after his horses. His love of horses pulled him to the blacksmith shop, where he began to while away his spare time watching the stout men shoe brewery horses, bakery horses, racers, milk horses, city horses, nags, and thoroughbreds. After shoeing millions of flies he was finally given small tasks, and so he began a work that was to provide him and his family with a living for thirty-three years. From the hey-day of horses to our mechanized age of today he held millions of tons of horse flesh on his back. It is to these people who have just begun to send down tap roots into America that I can say, "I too belong to you."

English was always spoken in our home, for both of my father's wives were American. My father was widowed when my brother and sisters were eight, nine, and ten. Soon after, he married my mother, who had gone to Columbus after having taught in the mountains of Buchanan and Tazewell Counties, Virginia, where she had to ride muleback five miles each way over the paths (no roads) to get the weekly mail. The public schools are perhaps the greatest homogenizing force in America. None of us in our family ever felt we were "outside," but always a part, and always American. I do not remember, nor do I believe there were, any problems that are usually connected with "first generation" children. Our homelife, as near as I can judge, was quite American, even though we were in the midst of an old German neighborhood. With all these various strains going into our environment, I feel that I am very fortunate, and I feel very much American, for I belong to the very old, the very new, and the assimilated whole.

If I consider myself one of the folk, what are my credentials other than birth? What oral traditions have been passed down to me, and are they still alive so that I might pass them on to my children and those of my kin? Have I forgotten? Have I forgotten almost all the German men I know saying, "The old woman and the broom belong at home," or my grandmother saying in German, "The sow who roots in the moist pots ends up eating mast," or my father saying, "It takes a good man to put his pants on standing up," or "Arbeit macht das Leben süß." Have I forgotten as a child hearing "For crying-out loud, " "You can tell a housewife by how early she puts out her wash," "Were you born in a barn?" (when one forgot to shut the door), "Shut your tatter trap," "Wouldn't that frost you?"¹, "Wouldn't that rot your socks?"², and "As hot as hell on the 4th of July." Or have I forgotten mountain people saying, "Ring a-round the moon, rain soon; Ring around the sun, rain none,"³, or "Count the number of stars in a circle a-round the moon in winter and that is the number of days until a snow,"⁴ or "The number of fogs in August; the number of snows in winter,"⁵ or, "Stripes around woolly worms mean a bad winter,"⁶ or "The man in the moon was put there for burning brush on Sunday."? No, I have not forgotten.

If I am one of the folk, do I know any superstitions? Do I believe in them subconsciously? How many things do I do or not do because of them? How many times have I made pillow cases on New Year's Day so that they will hold all the money I will make that year?⁸ Why does our family always eat some form of cabbage on New Year's Day?⁹ Is it a bad omen for it to rain on one's wedding day? Will dead snakes really crawl off at night? Why is it such a relief to see just a bit of sun at a funeral? Why did the colored janitor at school always say, as he swept under my feet, that I would be an old maid?¹⁰ When served pie, why did the girls at Vashti School, Thomasville, Georgia, always eat all but the tip, then not speak, and back out of the room holding the last bite on the fork? Did they really expect to see their future husbands that night? Why did an old mountain woman tell me that one of her biggest disappointments was that she was not able to name her son "John" after her father for it was bad luck to name for the

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- 1, 2. Beatrice Chambers, Lake Placid, New York.
 3. Grant L. Snider, Price's Fork, Va. (my grandfather, now deceased).
 4. G. W. King, Rt. 1, Shawsville, Va.
 5. Elizabeth P. Weikel, Shawsville, Va.
 6. Kenneth Sisson, Rt. 1, Shawsville, Va.
 7. Ed Sexton, Shawsville, Va.
 8. My mother, but it is an old German superstition.
 9. An old German custom to assure riches in the New Year.
 10. Bill Robinson, Shawsville, Va.

dead?¹¹ And why did my Aunt Pauline always tell me very seriously that I would travel far, for my teeth were far apart? Hundreds of years ago did Chaucer get that idea from the Austrians or did they get it from the "gat-toothed wife of Bath"? Do we believe these things? If we do, why? Who can explain it? Is it that deep fear within each human being, no matter how advanced or civilized, that we do not want to provoke the wrath of those powers we feel are superior to us? Are we still trying to appease them?

Perhaps the medicine man and the "yarb doctor" weren't as wrong as we like to think. Did man in the misty past learn to live so close to nature that she enabled him to cure through the medicaments that were at his disposal? Through the trial-and-error methods of hundreds of generations is it so strange that mold will cure infections or snake root relax the taut nerves? My maternal great-grandfather used regularly to collect his "yarbs" and kept them in store for the year's sicknesses, and he lived to be a very old man, as I shall tell you later. In his day in Montgomery County, Virginia, horse mint tea was the remedy for rheumatism,¹² boneset for breaks,¹³ sheep ball tea for the measles,¹⁴ and many more remedies that have been passed to me but that I have forgotten because it is easier for me to buy a box of 4-Way Cold Tablets. Many times I have seen my grandfather and great-uncles put a slice from a plug of tobacco on a cut they got while scything or cutting corn and my great-uncle Will swore the only way to clear up a head cold was to snuff water from a basin. Last winter I paid a specialist \$5 to do the same thing "to clear up my sinus." I have had an English-born father in up-state New York tell me that the only thing that saved his daughter's life as an infant when she had spinal meningitis was a plaster from hot cow manure. (This was recommended as a "last chance" by the doctor after he had given the child up.)¹⁵ It is a common practice among the Germans I know for them to drink warmed wine to bring out rashes, to eat fat meat in the winter for warmth, and to drink light wines in the spring to thin the blood. I can distinctly remember revolting as a child of six when I heard that my favorite adult, known to me as "Aunt Polly," a woman then over 75, recommended that a water bug be sewn into a bag and placed around my neck to ward off the whooping cough.¹⁶ I think I said that I didn't care if I got it and died; at any rate, fate almost claimed that bargain. People scoff at the removal of warts. All I know is that a very troublesome one was removed from my hand by rubbing it with half a potato, saying a formula, and secretly disposing of the potato. It might be poppycock, but it worked. Thanks, Bill.¹⁷ On the campus of a most illustrious southern university the hostess of a graduate woman's dormitory told me to carry a buckeye for rheumatic aches, and a woman from the Virginia mountains reluctantly told me that she can cure sprains by a secret formula that was passed on to her by an old man. (This power can be passed on only to one of the opposite sex.)¹⁸ My sister as a teen-ager wanted pierced ears, and "Aunt Polly" agreed to pierce them, but just before the crucial moment my sister backed down. The operation was performed by first thoroughly washing the hands and ears and then rubbing the lobe until numb. A piece of a sliced potato was then placed behind the ear, and the ear was pierced by a sterile needle that was threaded with a boiled silk thread. The thread was then tied, and the girl was to keep working the thread at

11. Mrs. Sarver, Spruce Run, Va.

12. 13. Ruth Long, Rt. 2, Newport, Va.

14. Mason Long, Rt. 2, Newport, Va. (my great-uncle)

15. Philip Chambers, Lake Placid, New York.

16. Mrs. Pauline Waldschmidt, Columbus, Ohio (now deceased).

17. William Zangmaster, Columbus, Ohio (now deceased).

18. Mrs. Molly Sisson, Shawsville, Va.

times so the hole would form.¹⁹ When I was visiting Carl Scott in Sulphur Well, Kentucky, he said that his father, then an old man, had a posthumous cure for the respiratory ailments of children. Old Mr. Scott was born after his father's death, and so he had this special "power." When his children would ask him if he believed he really did have it he would tell them, "If people believe I do and it gives them peace of mind, I shall breathe down the children's throats when they bring them to me." Once when I was examining an old ledger book from Giles County, Virginia, with the earliest date of 1811, I found this leechdom:²⁰ "One handful of nettles, one handful of Isph (hyssop?), one handful of sassafras, one handful of sage, one handful of moss off the North side of a Black walnut and that put in three quarts of sweet milk and steam it down to one pint take one half tablespoonful every morning in the decrease of the moon." The writer forgot to state what it was to cure, and so perhaps science has lost the clue to one more "miracle drug." I heard of one cure, or rather prevention, from a farmer in Ohio who practiced it, but I have been too "cultivated" to try. Every spring when the first leaves came on the poison ivy, he would take them with the dew still on them and rub them over his entire body. He said that only once did he ever have a few patches after using this practice.²¹

George Lyman Kittredge said that he was confident that over one half of the world's population still believe in witchcraft. Do you? Of course you don't; but are there any ghost stories passed down in your family? There are in mine. Why do we tell them if we don't believe they are true? Is it to scare the children as they sit around us on a heavy summer night waiting for a storm to break? Maybe, but at any rate there is one that is told about my great-grandfather I'd like to tell you.

My great-grandfather was a Civil War veteran, known to his neighbors as Mr. Pat. The hill area was a section of divided convictions, and everyone in the family says that he fought in the Confederate Army; but I have heard a few rumors and mumblings from those not in the family that he was in the War but on the "wrong side." I have never been able to clear that up. I do believe that he was a man of conviction, and I don't think that he was a coward, for he had too much of the blood from his grandsires who were famous Indian War and Revolutionary officers. At any rate, my great-grandfather helped build the railroads through the New River Valley and in his thirties acquired a fine valley farm and married a girl from another old, well-established family. They lived a quiet, respectable life and had two daughters and three sons. My grandfather was the eldest. When they were past middle age my great-grandmother died and was buried in the old family cemetery on a hill about 500 yards in front of the house. Now, my great-grandfather was a fine-looking man and wore a chest-length beard, but he was unable to run the affairs of the house, and so my grandfather took his family back to the old home place as his own farm was just adjacent to my great-grandfather's.

Toot was a little dog belonging to Grandpa (as he is known in the family), and was his constant companion. In fact, many thought Grandpa was in his dotage, the way he treated his canine friend. My Aunt Helen remembers going to the store many times for cheese for Toot, and she especially remembers the evenings when she and Grandpa and Toot used to sit on the front porch and talk. Often Grandpa would stop and say, "Who's that comin' down the hill? I can't see so good." Each time Aunt Helen would get scared and tell him that she didn't see anyone, but each time he honestly insisted that someone was coming and was dressed in white, but no one ever came to the house. This episode continued as long as my grandfather's family was living with him.

As I said, Grandpa was a good-looking man, and even though he was eighty

19. Waldschmidt.

20. The property of Mrs. Elizabeth P. Weikel, Shawsville, Virginia.

21. Clarence Whightsel, formerly of RFD, Pickerington, Ohio.

plus he became attracted to an extremely handsome woman in her middle twenties, named Rose, who was a scandal in the community, for she was divorced. To go on, much to the horror of the family, my Grandpa up and married this woman, dyed his beard, and so my grandfather took his family and moved out. She, according to reports and pictures, was likeable and pretty, but the wise old heads in the village said that she married him only for his money. When he had his will changed so that she would get the house and the best 20-acre field (the flat-test) they were certain. When his old strong-box chest with all the land patents, important papers, and money was stolen, they were positive. However, my Grandpa was not to be out-smarted; but I shall tell you about that later.

When the grandchildren would go to see Grandpa, Rose would always tell them of the ha'nted spinning wheel that stood in the big room. At night when everyone was in bed, the wheel would spin, and spin, and each time you would go to see who was there the room was always vacant. When the children would spend the night, they too would hear the wheel spin, and spend many a wide-eyed night. There were other strange occurrences, and the children always listened fearfully to Rose.

Grandpa sized up the situation and sent word over on Brush Mountain for an old "witch woman" to come and try her luck. Now this was even an odd occurrence in those days, for the folk had begun to lose faith in such. The old woman came with the express purpose of finding the thief, and so among other things she took an apple (my great-grandfather was noted for his great variety of apples) and peeled it in a circular fashion, and after various incantations nailed an oddly-cut paper retainer containing the peel over the hearth. She said that as the peeling died and withered so would the person who had caused the trouble. No one but my Grandpa believed it, but they all waited to see.

Within an amazingly short time, Rose, the apple of his eye, began to wither, and within a comparatively few weeks she too joined Grandpa's other wife on the hill. My Grandpa picked the spot but reserved the one between his first wife and mother for his own. Now, whether my Grandpa continued to see white figures coming from the burying-ground or not I do not know, but I do know that no longer did the spinning wheel hum at night. Some say that was because Rose was gone, but some say that it was because one of my great-uncles unearthed an old Indian grave.

My maternal grandmother came from one of the most lovely places I have ever seen. Today, you must laboriously climb up a wagon road in low gear for one mile until you reach the line fence. You pass through a school yard, a pasture field, a wood, and then you are there, but not without risking very probable danger to your oil pan. My great-grandfather Long chose this farm site during the Civil War (he had 'way too many children even to be expected to go), and he and his sons cleared of virgin forest about 250 acres on top of Spruce Run Mountain that is the only true "razor back" mountain I have ever seen. One can actually walk for miles with each foot on a different side. This place is the nearest bit of heaven I know. From the cleared fields you can see into three counties, and you can see the great chains of mountains spreading in a maze before your eyes. As the children grew up, my great-grandfather sold half of his farm to his eldest son Lloyd, who in turn sold it to the baby, my great-uncle Mason. The two farms are completely isolated from all the other neighbors, and the unmarried daughter, Veenie, who mothered the brood when my great-grandmother died in childbirth, daily visited my Uncle Mason and his family until the time of her death, some twenty years ago. She was built a small cabin apart from the old homeplace, which was then occupied by my great-uncle Philip. One day one of my Uncle Mason's family saw her approaching through the fields, but she never came to the house. The next day Aunt Vennie was asked why she didn't come in, and she said that she hadn't felt well and so hadn't come at all. When they told her that Ruth had seen her she became quite upset and took it as a sure sign of her approaching

death. They tried to calm her down. However, soon following this episode she did die.

My Uncle Frank²² (by marriage) tells of another death sign that seems incredible, but yet---. When a young man, he was clerking in the village store and was staying with the owner, who was a bachelor. Wade Helvey, the owner, was taken ill in bed, and he sent Uncle Frank into the storeroom to get some patent medicine. The store was the typical country store with a counter down each side, a pot-bellied stove in the middle, and chairs around the stove for the loafers. The living quarters are to the left of the storeroom, and to the right is a lane leading to the farm of another of my great-uncles, Uncle Jim Saddler, so nicknamed for his constant association with horses. Uncle Frank heard a horse in the lane and thought it to be Uncle Jim. The front door opened, and since Uncle Frank had only a lantern with him he couldn't see at first who it was. However, upon raising the lantern he could see only a black shapeless form come down one side of the aisle and go out on the other. Being a young man, he was scared. He hurried back to Wade and told him what he had seen, and the poor man got into such a condition that my uncle thought he really would die. Wade kept reiterating that before each death in his family the person always had a sign. To quiet him down, my Uncle Frank got my Uncle Jim to come and say that he had played a trick on Frank, and so they succeeded in getting him calm. (Note: Wade did not die for many years to come, a fact which raises the question, Did Uncles Frank and Jim outsmart the "thing" or are there really "things"?)

Is that all we tell when we sit on the porch waiting for a storm to break? No, if we are going to pass on all the lore of our particular sub-division of humanity we will tell them about such things and persons as Old Man Jewell. Old Man Jewell was a cricket-like man about five feet tall who weighed about 120. He had a lumber mill on the very head waters of the Roanoke River, and in the days when the river had to be forded nine times to get to the old Wilderness Road (now US Route 11) transportation presented quite a problem in the winter. One cold morning when he had a sled of lumber to take out he stopped at the first ford, undecided as to whether the ice was strong enough after the quick freeze. He laid down his reins, walked into the middle of the river, jumped up and down a couple of times, said "Yup," and drove across.²³

Or if the crowd's a little older, we might remember the story of a mountain farmer with a large family. When his wife's parents died, her younger sister came to live with them (and if we can trust the gossips, did most of the heavy house work). The girl was a soft, lovely thing, and soon there were two sets of his children running around his river farm. Folks say it broke his first wife's heart, but I've heard others allow that she (the sister-in-law) paid for his love in the hard work she did. When the father and both mothers died and the grown children gathered to settle the estate there was a movement underfoot to discredit the love children, but one of the elder daughters, who was outspoken, said, "They've got just as much right to things as we have. We're all Pa's youngin."²⁴

Or we might tell them about Zack Price, who ran a wagon transfer business and who was notorious for his illegible handwriting. One day he went fuming into the house and asked his daughter who in the world sent an order like that to him and expected him to read it. She looked at the letter and the envelope and said, "Why Pa, it's one of yours the mail carrier has returned."²⁵

If the children are around us once more and the moon is just right and the dew is on the grass and we can hear the bay of some fox hounds far off in the dis-

22. Frank Olinger, Rt. 1, Cambria, Va.

23. Bip Sisson, Shawsville, Va. (now deceased).

24. This story was told to me by daughters from children of both "families."

25. Olinger.

tance, then we might tell them the story of Grandpa's grandpa and the Indians. They've seen pictures of, and have played around the ruins, of the ancient log house many times; so it won't take them long to visualize the two-story dwelling with a large room and a small room both upstairs and down and with a big fireplace in the downstairs small room. Many nights when bands of Shawnee hunting parties were in the neighborhood they would knock on the door and then the family would uneasily go upstairs. The braves would sit around the fire of the big back log they had brought in and smoke and talk until before daybreak and then would steal out while the family was dozing, leaving a quarter of deer or other gift behind for the hospitality.²⁶

Or if it's a fall night when we're in a farm house and are crowded around the stove drinking cider or cracking walnuts, we might tell the story of the moonshiner and the revenueur. The United States Government was stumped for a long time, and it took a fire to smoke the truth out. An agent was sent into the mountains of Wythe with the intent of ferreting out the still of a known moonshiner. He even arranged to board in the man's house, but still he could not find one trace of any questionable actions. One day the man's house caught on fire and was destroyed and it was only then that the agent found the still in the tiny half basement where the house chimney had furnished the outlet for the smoke.²⁷

Or we might tell that wide-eyed lad beside us about the time Old Man Jack killed a rattlesnake in his back yard and after dark decided to cut off the rattles. You might then tell him how concerned he was the next morning when he found the dead snake in his yard with the rattles still on.²⁸

We won't tell them everything, though. We'll be passing a lot of it on when we work and in our daily living. The children might visit Mae Hypes and see her make biscuits by pouring all of the wet and dry ingredients into the flour barrel and then mixing the dough.²⁹ Or they might go up to Uncle Mason's when he is making molasses. Or they might hear that it's poisonous to eat fish and milk at the same meal.³⁰ They might ask why Grandpa Hansie calls milk toast "graveyard stew"³¹ or ask if fish is brainfood.³² If they go to Mrs. Haas' they might ask why she saves the chicken blood to fry for her husband,³³ or they might go to Uncle George's wine cellar and learn how to make wine,³⁴ or be glad when the elder blooms are out and are gathered to be fried in waffle dough to thin the blood.³⁵ If it's Christmas time they will learn to make the dozens of German Christmas cookies (Pfefferküsse, Springerlies, Wandering Jews, Lebküche, sugar cookies, etc. and, ah, sweetness), if they are girls, and learn to devour them if they are boys. If you're back in the city you will take them at Easter time to the little German bakery to buy the roll dough bunnies the size of the meat platter with a hand-painted egg in its belly. They might hear how to make the ten kinds of cider Aldie Bennington used to make when he was a boy in the Hocking Hills of Ohio: straight, raisin jack, peppermint, peach, etc.³⁶ And then just for

26. Family and community tradition.

27, 28. Ray Cornett, Rt. 2, Dublin, Va. (my uncle).

29. Mae Hypes, Rt. 2, Newport, Va.

30. Students in Alleghany District, Montgomery County, Va.

31. My father says it's the last thing they give you before the cemetery.

32. Margie Leary Pifer, Battle Creek, Michigan.

33. Mrs. Paul Haas, Columbus, Ohio. This is very probably a carry-over from the idea of eating animals to get their characteristics (Austrian family).

34. My great-uncle, George Dober, had one entire room of his basement lined with wine kegs. His wine was renowned for its excellence and as with most Austrians I know, I never saw him drink to excess.

35. Mrs. Barbara Dober, Columbus, Ohio (my grandmother).

36. Altie Bennington, RFD, Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

fun we might tell them how Aunt Helen picked the "spinach" that had volunteered from last year and how Uncle Frank said it was the best spinach he had eaten, only to find later in the season that they had been eating "pretty-by-nights."

They'll learn this and more. We can tell them about the last sewing bee we attended, and we might even start them on a top of their own. They'll hear of and see a butchering of all of the work and consequent pleasure that entails. We'll talk about horse-shoeing, and if we know the right places and people, they will see it. We'll also point out Uncle Mason's water system that has ice-cold water coming a quarter of a mile down the mountain in bored-out limbs for pipes; the hand-fashioned wooden gate hinges that operate on a socket principle; and the hollow-log watering troughs. If they're up at his place in the summer they will see him cradle wheat, barley, and oats, and if in the fall they can watch the men in the fields cut the corn by hand. Chances are Uncle Mason will chuckle and tell how his daddy, Montague, didn't receive his wages because he cut 30 shocks of corn in a day and the farmer thought \$3 was an outrageous wage to pay any one man. The next day he hired three men who earned approximately a dollar each.

We'll tell the boys about the team pulls and coon chases we used to go to as a child, and as an object lesson we might tell them of that gambling crowd of chicken-fighters in Ohio whose code is very strict. Careful pedigrees are kept of all the roosters, and if one ever turns yellow in a fight he is killed immediately and all men owning stock of the same blood are notified and theirs, rooster and hen, are destroyed. Yes, and we can tell them how to tell when the air is just right and how the moon has to be, to be able to do the best coon hunting.

Yes, we'll tell them these things, for we can't help doing so. They are deeply rooted in the warp and woof of our make-up. We'll tell them even if we don't believe them. We'll tell them even if we preface with "Did you know that your great-great-grandpa believed in witches; but we know better than that." Oh yes, we'll tell to instruct, to entertain, to scare, but perhaps the main reason we tell this lore is that deep within us is the compulsion to pass on what little we have gleaned from the nameless generations who have been before us.

A SHEAF OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKSONGS

Collected or Transcribed by Dan Patterson

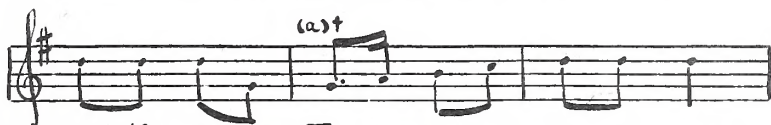
[The following ballads and songs were all noted or transcribed from tape or phonograph recordings or singing, as indicated in the respective headnotes. Mr. Patterson was sketched in NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, III, No. 2, p. 31. The latest news about him is that during the 1955-56 session of the University of North Carolina he was admitted to candidacy for the Ph. D. degree in English.]

WILLY WEAVER

[Collected by Virgil L. Sturgill (text and phonograph recording) from the singing of James S. Lane, Enka, Buncombe County, N. C. Tune transcribed by Mr. Patterson. The ballad does not appear in The Frank C. Brown Collection, but Mellinger E. Henry published a text, with music, from Varnell, Georgia, in his Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands (New York: J. J. Augustin, 1938), pp. 304-305, with references to Henry W. Shoemaker's Pennsylvania Minstrelsy, 2nd Edition, and Alfred Williams' Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames.]



MAM-MY, MAM-MY, NOW I'M MAR-RIED, SIN-GLE LIFE I



WISH I'D TAR-RIED, FOR THE WOM-EN THEY DO SWEAR



THAT THE BRIT-CHES THEY DO WEAR.



WHO IS THERE, WHO IS HERE

† SOMETIMES SUNG AS EQUAL EIGHTH NOTES.

1. "Mammy, Mammy, now I'm married,
Single life I wish I'd tarried,
For the women they do swear
That the britches they do wear."

2. "Son, oh Son, oh what's the matter?
Does she lie and does she tatter?
Does she to the tavern go,
'Long with Willy Weaver, O?"
3. "She don't lie and she don't tatter.
She don't sigh and she don't flatter,
But she does to the tavern go,
'Long with Willy Weaver, O."
4. He run home all in a wonder,
Beat on the door just like thunder.
"Who is there, who is here,
Staying all night with my dear?"
5. Into the hall he did enter.
Into the hall he did vent're.
Searched the walls and chambers round --
Nobody there to be found.
6. Up the chimney he was a-gazing.
Up the chimney he was amazing.
Thar he spied the wretched soul,
A-setting astraddle of the pot-rack pole.
7. He built on a roaring fury.
She cried out, "Oh my deary,
Bring him down and spare his life,
For he has a lawful wife!"
8. Up he re'ched and down he fetched him.
Like a raccoon dog he sheck him.
Beat his back and belly red--
Now poor Willy Weaver's dead.

UNCLE ANANIAS' FUNERAL SONG

[The text of this song, with an account of its spontaneous, improvised, communal composition, was published, without music, in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, III, 576-578, as from Mrs. Jacques Busbee, communicated to Dr. Frank C. Brown in 1907 and 1915. In the winter of 1956, the Editor of North Carolina Folklore made a tape recording of Mrs. Busbee's singing of it in her home at Jugtown. Mr. Patterson transcribed the tune from the tape.]

FREELY

AN-A-NIAS WAS A-LAY-IN IN HIS BED, AN-A-NIAS WAS

LAY-IN IN HIS BED, AN-A-NIAS HE WAS LAY-IN'

IN HIS BED WHEN THE KNOCKING CAME AT THE DOOR.

† CHORUS REPEATS "IN HIS BED," ETC., WHILE THE LEADER HOLDS THIS NOTE.

(a) (b)

2. Ananias he say, "Who dat?" [Thrice]
An' de Lord he say, "Hit's me."
3. De Lord say, "Whar yo' 'ligion?" [Thrice]
Ananias say, "S'arch me."
4. "Look in de bureau.
Look hin' de washstand,
Pull down de bed-clothes,
An' see what you can fin'."
5. De Lord say, "Lay down yo' rheumatism," [Thrice]
An' come along wid me."
6. Ananias he say, "Yes, Lord," [Thrice]
I'll go along wid you."

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

[Collected (text and tune) from the singing of Mrs. Lula Atwater Womble, of Raleigh, who learned the song in Orange County in the 1870's. This is generally regarded as being the oldest native American ballad still in oral tradition, going back to an incident in western Massachusetts, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Different texts of it appear in The Frank C. Brown Collection, without music, II, 489-492.



ONE MON-DAY MORN-ING I DID GO DOWN IN THE FIELD THE



HAY TO MOW. I SCARCE HAD MOWED HALF O'ER THE FIELD



WHEN A GREAT BIG BLACK SNAKE BIT ME ON THE HEEL. SING



HUM-BLE BUM-BLE SKID-EE-I BUM-BLE MO-ZUM LINK-UM TOO. SING



HUM-BLE BUM-BLE SKID-EE-I BUM-BLE MO-ZUM LINK-UM TOO.

1. One Monday morning I did go
Down in the field the hay to mow.
I scarce had mowed half o'er the field
When a great big blacksnake bit me on the heel.
Chorus: Sing humble bumble skid-ee-i bumble
Mozum linkum too.
Sing humble bumble skid-ee-i bumble
Mozum linkum too.
2. "O Father dear, lay down that stick.
Go to the house and go there quick,
And tell sweet Muh to come and see
Where the great big blacksnake has bit me."
Chorus: Sing humble bumble skid-ee-i bumble
Mozum linkum too.
Sing humble bumble skid-ee-i bumble
Mozum linkum too.

GROUND HOG

[As learned by Mr. Patterson in 1950 from Robert Nelson, Arden, N. C.; tune and text noted by Mr. Patterson. Five different texts of the song, with an extensive note, but without music, appear in The Frank C. Brown Collection, III, 253-255.]



GRAB THE GUN AND WHIS-TLE UP THE DOG,



HEAD-ING TO THE HILLS FOR TO GET A GROUND HOG.



GROUND HOG!

(a) SONG ONLY AFTER STANZAS 1, 3,
5 AND 6.

1. Grab the gun and whistle up the dog,
Heading to the hills for to get a ground hog.
Ground hog!
2. Up on the hill, behind a log,
Finger on the trigger and my eye on the hog.
3. The gun went boom, the hog went zip,
And I grabbed that hog with all my grip.
Ground hog!
4. Took him home, put him on to bile.
Good God A-mighty, you could smell it fer a mile!
5. Here comes Sal with a snicker and a grin,
Ground hog gravy all over her chin.
Ground hog!
6. I skinned him out and tanned his hide,
Made the best shoe strings that ever was tied.
Ground hog!

I HAVE A LITTLE ROOSTER

[Learned by Mr. Patterson in 1953 from C. C. Brooks of Miller's Creek, N. C., a student in the University of North Carolina. Transcribed by Mr. Patterson. Compare "Barnyard Song," Frank C. Brown Collection, III, 172-'73.]



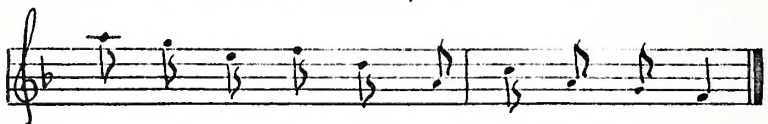
I HAVE A LIT-TLE ROOST-ER, MY ROOST-ER LOVES ME, I



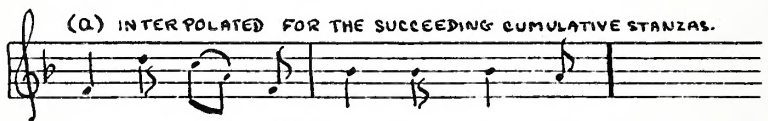
CHER-ISH MY ROOST-ER ON A GREEN BAY TREE, MY



LIT-TLE ROOST-ER GOES, "COCK-Y-DOO DE-



DOO-DLE DE-DOO-DLE DE-DOO-DLE DE-DOO



LIT-TLE DOG GOES BOW-WOW-WOW, MY

1. I have a little rooster, my rooster loves me,
I cherish my rooster on a green bay tree,
My little rooster goes, "Cocky-doo
de-doodle de-doole de-doodle de-doo."
2. I have a little dog, my dog loves me,
I cherish my dog on a green bay tree,
My little dog goes, "Bow-wow-wow."
My little rooster goes, "Cocky-doo
de-doodle de-doodle de-doodle de-doo."

(As many other stanzas may be added as the singer has memory enough to sing.)

I'M A LITTLE SAILOR BOY COME FROM THE SEA

[Collected and transcribed by Mr. Patterson from the same informant noted above. This is a variant of the old English song usually known as "The Keys of Canterbury" or "Paper of Pins."]



I'M A LIT-TLE SAIL-OR BOY COME FROM THE SEA



COME TO SEE IF YOU'LL MAR-RY ME, IF YOU WILL MAR-RY



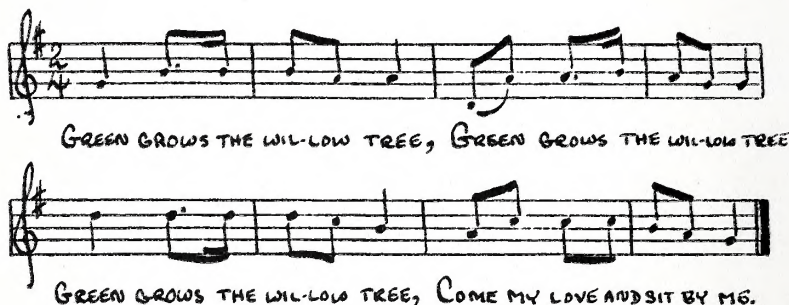
MAR-RY, MAR-RY, IF YOU WILL MAR-RY ME.

1. I'm a little sailor boy come from the sea,
Come to see if you'll marry me,
If you will marry, marry, marry,
If you will marry me.
2. You're a little sailor boy come from the sea,
Come to see if I'll marry thee,
But I'll not marry, marry, marry,
But I'll not marry thee.
3. I'll give to you a paper of pins,
And that's the way our love begins,
If you will marry, etc.
4. I'll not accept the paper of pins,
If that's the way our love begins,
And I'll not marry, etc.
5. I'll give to you a dress of red,
Trimmed around in golden thread,
If you will marry, etc.
6. [Reply]
7. I'll give to you a dress of green,
That you may dress just like some queen,
If you will marry, etc.
8. [Reply]

9. I'll give to you a little poodle dog,
To go with you when you go abroad,
If you will marry, etc.
10. [Reply]
11. I'll give to you the key to my heart,
That we may wed and never part,
If you will marry, etc.
12. [Reply]
13. I'll give to you the key to my chest,
That you may have money at your request.
If you will marry, etc.
14. [Reply--of acceptance]
15. Uh-oh boys, don't you see,
She wants my money, but she don't want me,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry,
And I'll not marry her.

GREEN GROWS THE WILLOW TREE

[Collected and transcribed by Mr. Patterson, with the note: "Traditional in the family of D. G. Watkins, Blanche, N. C. This song accompanied a game which was played as follows: Two chairs were set side by side facing in opposite directions. In one sat the person who was 'It.' All the other players joined hands in a ring around the chair and danced a twisting dance as they sang the first stanza. At the conclusion of the stanza the 'It' chose a partner from the dancers, who thereupon sat in the vacated chair. The dancers began circling again, singing the second stanza, at the end of which the 'It' kissed his partner and rejoined the dancers in the circle. The first stanza was then sung again, and the song was repeated as long as was desirable." Thus the song is played a good deal like "Hog Drovers (Swine Herders)," for which see A. P. Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi 296.]



1. Green grows the willow tree,
Green grows the willow tree,
Green grows the willow tree,
Come my love and sit by me.
2. On the bank the rushes grow,
On the bank the rushes grow,
On the bank the rushes grow,
Kiss your love and let her go.

THE "LOST" BALLAD OF GEORGE COLLINS

By Virgil L. Sturgill

[Mr. Sturgill is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of the University of Kentucky. He is psychometrist in the Veterans' Hospital at Oteen, near Asheville, North Carolina. A regular attendant of the Carolina Folk Festival, he has a large repertory of folksongs which he learned in Kentucky and later in the mountain region of North Carolina.]

This is the story of a "long-lost" ballad that hasn't been lost at all. This, too, is the story of how the "lost" ballad of George Collins (or "Tom Collins" if you prefer) was found; how one version of it, at least, has been recorded for posterity here in the folk-song treasure trove of Western North Carolina.

My special interest in this ballad stems from an article by John Parris entitled "Long-Lost Ballad Is Found." It was published in the Asheville Citizen-Times June 15, 1955, and was one in a series of articles by Mr. Parris on folk-songs and related subjects under the general heading "Roaming the Mountains." I had heard of the famous old English ballad of "Lady Alice" and its American counterparts, but never had I heard of "Tom Collins--him of the demijohn, the fiddle, and the rifle." Mr. Parris' tale of this mountain desperado was--and is--most arresting:

"Somebody wrote a ballad about Tom, I said, although there are some who say it was about George Coggins, another mountaineer. I can't find anybody who knows the words of the song which I had heard so long ago and forgotten.

"But I know the story. How Tom ambushed his enemies one day, wiped off the leader of the opposing faction and got a bullet in his lungs as final payment. Tom went to a neighbor's house and drank his fill of corn. Then he went home and died--for legend has it that Tom Collins lived in the Smokies when this was still wilderness."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Parris is unable to recall the "Tom Collins" ballad, though this is easily understandable. I, too, have been tormented for years by the "ghosts" of more than one ballad inherited from my youth in the hills of Kentucky. Many of these old songs of the long ago are fragmentary, and the passing of the years has not helped in my recalling them either in whole or in part. But even these fragments hold a fascination for both the scholar and the singer of folk-songs, who enjoys nothing better than occasionally "unearthing" one of these rare "finds." Too often these searchers are compelled to settle for versions that are second-best, or for nothing at all that is new or original. Luckily, in the case of the "Collins-Coggins-Scroggins complex," this quest has been rewarded by a happy compromise. It is the "George Collins" version submitted by James S. Lane of Enka, Buncombe County, North Carolina.

Mr. Lane, who was "born and raised" in Western North Carolina, states that he learned the ballad from various members of his family "who have been singing it for as long as I can remember." His version goes as follows:



GEORGE COL-LINS RODE HOME ONE SAT-UR-DAY NIGHT AND



TAK-EN SICK AND DIED; AND HIS OWN TRUE LOVE IN THE



NEXT DOOR-YARD WAS SEW-ING HER SILKS SO FINE.

1. George Collins rode home one Saturday night
And taken sick and died,
And his own true love in the next door yard
Was sewing her silks so fine.
2. When she heard that her lover George Collins
was dead,
She laid her silks aside.
She bent her head on her lily-white knee.
She wept, she mourned, she cried.
3. "Mary, O Mary, get up from there,
Why are you crying so?
There's many a young man a-standing round
For to see you weep and mourn."
4. "Mother, O Mother, I know there are t'other
Young men for to see me weep,
But I've followed George Collins all through life,
And I'll follow him to his grave.
5. "God pity the dove who mourns for love
And flies from pine to pine;
Be ye as true to your own true love
As I have been to mine."

There you have it--words and music--in the clear, strong voice of a man who, despite his youth, is definitely in the true folk tradition. This version--shorter than most of the more than two-score I have studied--possesses three ingredients common to them all. A man comes home (whether it be on "a Saturday night," a Wednesday night, or any other night, is immaterial); his sweetheart (regardless of whatever name the unknown minstrel has given her, whether "sewing her silks so fine" or "mending her midnight quoil"), soon learns of her lover's death, is suddenly "taken sick and dies," and is buried beside him. The "mourning dove" theme rounds out the lachrymose narrative and lends the necessary funereal tone designed to gratify the most maudlin of the sentimentalists.

With all due respect to the "George Collins" and the "lost" "Tom Collins" versions, neither has anything new to offer. There is not an indigenous stanza in either of them. The general pattern (expressed in the former and implied in the latter) is identical with most versions, whether very old or of later vintage. In every instance they all stem from the "Lady Alice" versions sung by the peasantry of England centuries ago and in America from as early as 1806.

Two other North Carolina versions employ the names of "Giles Collins" and "George Coggins" as hero of the tale. The name of "Giles Collins" is also used in a South Carolina version found in Reed Smith's South Carolina Ballads, page 143. Unlike the "Mary" in the Lane ballad, the South Carolina heroine is called "Marrie." In each instance, the girl's mother is distressed "to see her crying so," and mildly reprimands the young lady for paying no heed to the "many young men who are standin' round" and who might make for her a better husband than the somewhat indefinable "George Collins," the rum-soaked mountain desperado, "Tom Collins," or any other name that may be given to the object of her undying affection.

No less than twenty-five versions of the ballad are known to be in print. They help to bridge the gap but do not fully explain how a noble English lady's story of frustrated love should be reinacted in the life of a simple mountain girl in far-off America, and how each of them followed her man to the grave. The elements are there, however, and they have been, down through the centuries. Perhaps the tradition can be best stated in the words of another mountain woman who learned the song from her mother (who, in turn, learned it from her mother)-- "on back into the old country and across the sea."

Yes, like old soldiers who never die, good folk songs don't die either. They persist, as in his instance, --down to the present day. But whether you choose to designate this as the ballad of "George Collins," "Tom Collins," "Giles Collins," "George Coggins," "John Collins," "Johnny Collins," "Young Collins," or "Giles Scroggins," it adds up to the same thing, --an interesting tale interestingly phrased and sung. We are grateful to John Parris and to James S. Lane for arousing our interest in this "lost" ballad of "George Collins," which was actually never lost at all.

Asheville, North Carolina
January 1, 1956

A FOLK SAYING OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

By S. S. Brown

[Mr. Brown was sketched in North Carolina Folklore, III No. 2, p.

I am sure that the old mountaineers of Western North Carolina remember the old saying that was so often used in arguments, "You don't know your ass from a hole in the ground." But I doubt very much if there are many who know how this saying originated. So I am giving it here as told to me.

A man had a jackass that he let run loose in the pasture with the other stock. The only way he could catch the jack was to go into the pasture before daylight, slip up, and jump on him. So one morning before daylight he went out to the pasture to hunt for his jackass. He saw a dark-looking spot that he thought was his jackass; so he slipped up as close as he dared and jumped----when to his consternation he landed in a big hole in the ground; therefore he did not know his ass from a hole in the ground.



DECEMBER 1955 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-fourth annual meeting at The Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh on December 2, 1955. The program included a paper by Dr. Warner Wells, of the U. N. C. Medical School, translator and editor of Hiroshima Diary (Chapel Hill: U. N. C. Press, 1955), on "Folklore of the Hiroshima A-Bomb"; an exhibit of rare old quilts from Moore County and a talk about them by Miss Flora McDonald, Home Agent of Moore County (see Miss Eleanor Driscoll's paper and illustrations in this Number of North Carolina Folklore); and "A Garland of North Carolina Folksongs," by Mrs. Betty Vaiden Williams of Raleigh. Officers elected for 1956 are R. M. Grumman, President; Mrs. O. Max Gardner and R. M. Walser, Vice Presidents; and A. P. Hudson, Secretary-Treasurer. During 1955 the paid-up membership increased about 20% over the preceding year. Two issues of North Carolina Folklore, vol. III (July and December), appeared, attracting favorable notice of other folklore publications. (Many of the great libraries of the country are now subscribers.) Officers and members of the Society participated in the ninth annual Folklore Festival at Chapel Hill in April.



NINTH ANNUAL CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

The Ninth Annual Carolina Folk Festival was held this year on April 5-6 in Memorial Hall of the University of North Carolina campus. The date and the site constituted a change from the plan of former Festivals, which had been held in Kenan Stadium on three successive evenings during the second week of June. As usual, the Festival was sponsored by the University Folklore Council and conducted by Bascom Lamar Lunsford of South Turkey Creek, near Asheville.

The more restricted setting made for better control of the program and, on the whole, perhaps for better execution. With one or two exceptions, however, the ingredients were typical: string band performances in the hillbilly manner; banjo, guitar, fiddle, and other instrumental solos, and various combinations, in which George Pegram (favorite individual performer) and Red Parham played conspicuous and well-applauded parts; folksinging, both good and bad, some of the really good singers not giving out their best and most genuine songs; square dancing, some of it, especially that of Mrs. Willis Wynn's teen-agers' handling of true old English and early-American examples and that of the Occoneechee Boy Scouts' Indian tribal dances, being very good; a few exotic numbers, like the Brahmin and Tamil folksongs of Miss Lakhsme and Dr. Vasantini of India; and the specialties, such as the appearance of Lamar Stringfield, who played (albeit badly) a guitar version of "Cripple Creek," the basis of his Pulitzer Prize-winning suite, *In the Southern Mountains*. A few good singers of previous Festivals appeared, among them Miss Eunice Arnold of Raleigh, whose selections were better than usual, and Joan Moser of Swannanoa, whose style is also pure and sweet. A few new singers showed up, among these John Parker of Chapel Hill, whose ballads with guitar accompaniment were well received. Chick Martin (banjoist) and little Dickie Wright (clog-dancer) were vociferously applauded. Major Jack Smith, playing his bagpipes for the Scottish Highlanders Dance Team from Fayetteville, was a popular innovation.

Unquestionably, the most finished and beautiful feature of the 1956 program was the singing and dancing of the Israeli Troupe, brought to Chapel Hill by The Hillel Foundation and contributed to the Festival. The contents and style of the songs and dances were as authentic as the execution. The audience saw and heard some of the most ancient folklore in the world, purveyed by people who understood and felt it. The Israeli singers and dancers may be professionals, but they displayed a freshness and a simplicity of attack that are implicitly possible for the effective handling of all folklore, and they did not feel it necessary to mow and grimace and contort themselves and "whoop it up to get it across." Their performance had the grave and stately dignity of the ancient rituals in which many of their songs and dances were originally set, or the naturalness and spontaneity of the desert and the pastoral landscape. They used the simplest instruments--no "lectric guit-tars" or other gadgets. Their costumes were plain and native. A pity that our young "folk" performers probably did not learn anything from them!

Again, in 1956, in spite of indoor accommodations and good publicity, the audiences were disappointingly small. University students and Chapel Hill residents attended only sparsely.

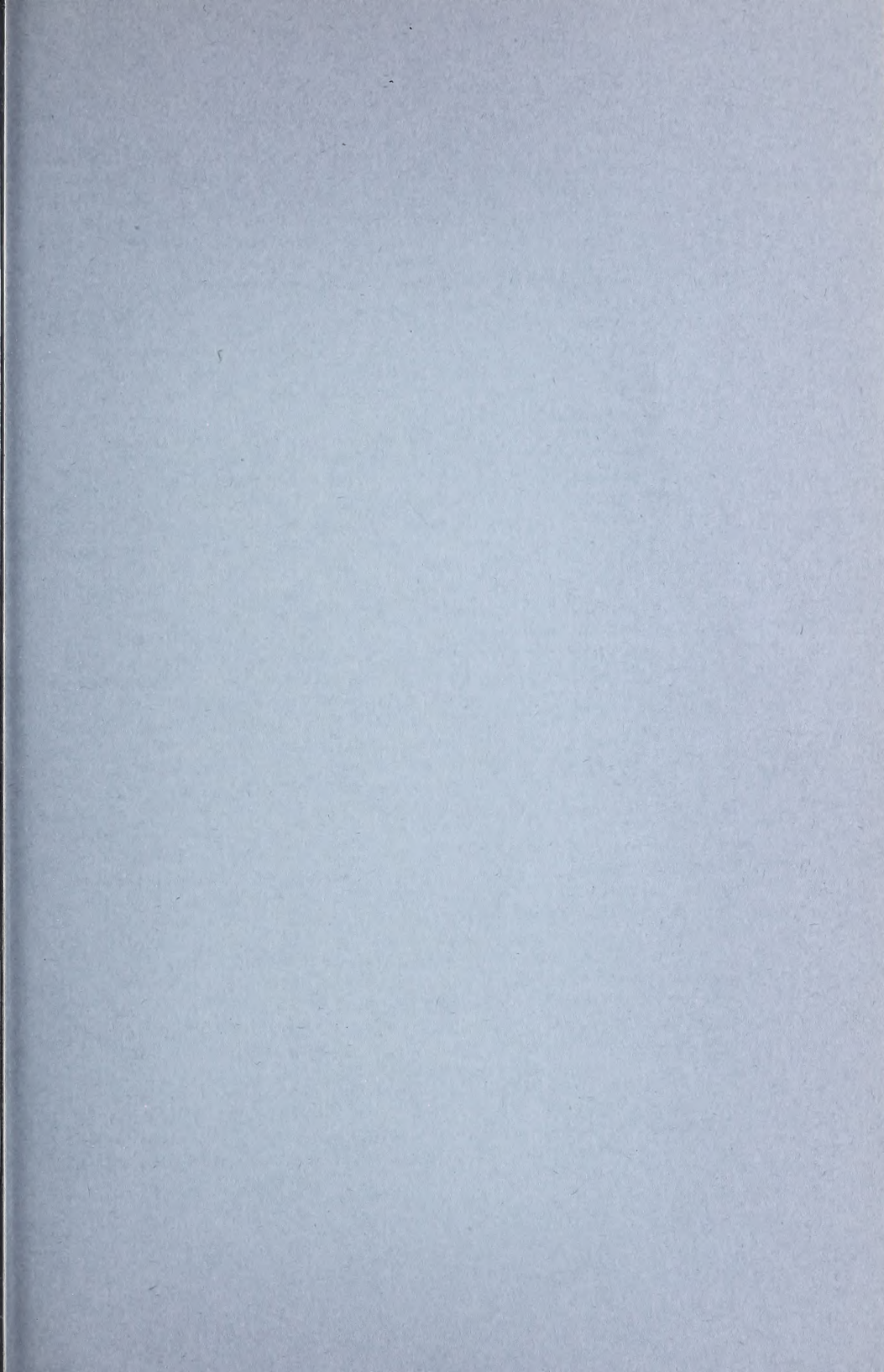
It is beginning to be self-evident that the Festival, in order to have large audience appeal, must broaden its base and improve its quality. There is a sameness in the elements, a monotony of style, and a degree of cheapness and vulgarity (in the older sense of the word) which deter people from wishing to attend more than once--indeed, a good many cultivated people, who might become interested, from coming at all. As it has been patterned, it is not much more than an apparently spontaneous (but really synthetic) big frolic or jamboree, on the order of "The Old Barn Dance"--amusing when first seen, but likely to become stereo-

typed and to pall; liable, too, to become a bad imitation of cheap radio and television shows by professionals who learn their stuff from other professionals, two or three times removed from the real folk.

The program needs broadening, to include folk arts and crafts, and more varieties of representational folklore. The music should be improved by the inclusion of a few good North Carolina compositions (of which there are several) based on folk themes, well played, not by professionals (though if they want to play and are North Carolinians all the better) but by trained amateurs. The Festival should utilize more and more the considerable body of published folklore material which scholars, musicians, and artists of the state who know what folklore is have been gathering all these years. After all, Chapel Hill is the seat of a distinguished university which has done notable things in folklore. The general level of taste in entertainment should be higher and better informed than that of a state or county-fair crowd, and the raw material for popular entertainment should be of better quality. Folklore is an art (hence festivals), as well as a science (professors) and materials.

The programs need more order and direction. There is none better than Mr. Lunsford for getting together a crowd of several hundred North Carolinians who know the folklore of their state and their particular localities in its concrete and current forms. Mr. Lunsford knows more folklore in its native habitat than anybody else in the state. His own taste is instinctively good. But Mr. Lunsford is such a director of folk festivals as N. B. Forrest and U. S. Grant were soldiers. Forrest and Grant were not "book" soldiers. About all they knew of the art of winning battles was to round up a lot of stout, tough, fighting boys, turn them loose, and let them slug it out, without spoiling sport by a mess of tactics and orders. And they won battles in their day. But the trouble with such generals is that times change; wars can't any longer be won that way. Neither can good successful festivals be run that way in a sophisticated community like Chapel Hill. People get bored with whoopee if it lasts too long or they see and hear it too many times; some people just don't like it at all. It is with a folk festival as with a Spanish bull fight. A corrida de toros is not a crowd of undisciplined boys and bulls turned loose in a bull ring to fight it out, like Forrest's and Grant's soldiers. It is a stately and ritualistic drama of courage and skill between well-trained boys and well-trained bulls. The antagonists and protagonists are always the same, and the general pattern is the same; but, bulls and boys being what they are, though the acts are ordered, things never happen exactly the same way. There are tense and tragic moments, but tension and tragedy are calculated and channeled, and all the participants--toreros, attendants, audience, even the bulls--know what is expected of them and how they are to do it, and they usually do it. The result is a work of art constructed out of simple, elemental, native materials. When it follows the pattern on a high line, it is drama, and people feel that they know why it is drama. When it diverges from the line, or follows it on a low level, it is comedy, not senseless buffoonery. So, what the Folk Festival needs is for Mr. Lunsford to pick his performers a little more carefully and to work out an ordered program on a level high enough and in a spirit fresh enough to draw men and women and children from chimney nooks and television sets.

Something like the Dogwood Festivals of the 1930's may be the answer to the problem of what to do with The Carolina Folk Festival. (For an account of The Dogwood Festival, see my article in a bulletin soon to be issued by the Extension Division of the University for the North Carolina Federated Music Clubs.)



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

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Russell M. Grumman, Chapel Hill, President

Mrs. O. Max Gardner, Shelby, 1 Vice President

R. M. Walser, Raleigh, 2 Vice President

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill, Secretary-Treasurer

The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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Russell Grumman, Chairman

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Vice Chairman and Archivist

Robert White Linker, Secretary-Treasurer

The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore. It sponsors the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill, usually in the month of June.

THE DECEMBER 1956 MEETING

The program of the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Folklore Society, in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, on Friday afternoon, December 7, 2:30, promises to be even more varied and interesting than usual. Besides the quality of authoritativeness, it will have real amusement value.

Two numbers will illustrate the folk arts. Mr. Herbert Shellans, a graduate student in anthropology and folklore and an experienced entertainer with folksongs accompanied by his guitar, will sing a number of British and American folksongs. Sra. Rose Lily Soller, a physical-education teacher in the Dagupan City High School, Panginiman, a suburb of Manila, Philippine Islands, who is studying dramatic art and English on a Rockefeller Foundation scholarship, will present Filipino native dances and songs in Tagalog and Spanish. She will be assisted in one number, a beautiful candle dance, by Dr. Eduardo Ortiz, a member of the Lincoln Hospital (Durham) staff, and she will appear in native costume.

Mr. Donald MacDonald, a member of the staff of the Charlotte News, will talk about Scottish Jacobite songs and will sing a number of the most attractive examples. Like most Scots, including Sir Walter Scott, who kept a portrait of Claverhouse ("Bonny Dundee") over his writing-desk at Abbotsford, Mr. MacDonald has a nostalgic sentiment for the Pretender, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and other Scots who resented the forced abdication of James II after the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the accession of the Hanoverians. It will be remembered that Flora MacDonald, who came to North Carolina about the time of the American Revolution, was a Jacobite. Whatever the merits or demerits of the Stuarts, they and their cause inspired some of the finest Scots songs, and Mr. MacDonald, who will appear in the Clan MacDonald tartan and Celtic jacket, with Balmoral bonnet and crest and Bonnie Prince Charlie shoes with silver buckles, knows his Jacobite songs.

Another aspect of North Carolina folk culture and history will be discussed by Dr. Norman Eliason, whose recent book, Tarheel Speech, now being enthusiastically hailed by the reviewers, will provide plenty of lively topics. Dr. Eliason talks in the same lively style in which he writes.

Your Secretary-Treasurer, who, according to custom of long standing, has planned the program, sincerely hopes that there will be a good turnout of the membership of the Folklore Society to hear this rich and spicy program. Every member is cordially invited not only to attend in person but to bring along friends, and to be prepared to hear the entire program, which will begin at 2:30 and should end in plenty of time for everybody to get comfortably home.

We need to do more recruiting. The Secretary-Treasurer has made the most of his limited opportunities to add to the membership. This Fall he sent out about fifty special invitations to eligible people not members, inviting them to join the Society. The response has been gratifying, and he welcomes the new members. What he does, other members of the Society can do, many of them even better. We ought to have a membership of at least 400. Recently the Secretary-Treasurer (and Editor of North Carolina Folklore) received a letter from his opposite number in the Green Mountain Folklore Society (with its headquarters in Burlington, Vermont), in which the writer stated: "Our society is now about eight years old. We started with 10 members and now

(continued on page 4)

SOME DURHAM WORMS

By Bertram Colgrave

[Mr. Colgrave was Visiting Professor of English at the University of North Carolina during the Spring Semester of 1956, teaching courses in Old English and the backgrounds of early English literature, and delivering a series of public lectures on early English civilization, to large and appreciative Chapel Hill audiences. He also lectured in several other universities of the East and the South.

[The recipient of degrees from Birmingham, Cambridge, and Durham Universities in England; Lecturer and later Reader at Durham University, and External Examiner for Cambridge University; Fellow in the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Historical Society-- Mr. Colgrave is one of the most distinguished English medievalists. His extensive list of publications contains several authoritative works on English saints' lives and legends. He is Chief Editor of the series Early English Manuscripts in Facsimile. Withal, he is a delightful raconteur and lecturer, companion and conversationalist. Coming to the States evidently with their minds predisposed favorably to America and Americans, he and Mrs. Colgrave enjoyed themselves and gave pleasure to hundreds of people in North Carolina and neighboring states, and left with the lively affection of all.

["Some Durham Worms" was written specially for North Carolina Folklore ("worms" being the old word for dragon), and embodies Mr. Colgrave's recollection of traditional stories still current in Durham, England. It is a pleasant published counterpart to a delightful lecture on English saints' miracles which Mr. Colgrave permitted the Editor to record before the Colgraves sailed for England.]

In the county of Durham, situated in the North of England, a number of ancient stories still survive, several of which are concerned with "worms" or dragons. There are very few parts of the world in which the memory of these dragons does not survive. It may be that to some extent they are folk memories of bygone days when occasional prehistoric monsters were still to be found, at any rate in the form of monstrous skeletons. But, be that as it may, these monsters still play their part in the folklore of many a shire. Of these, two from County Durham are amongst the best known.

Only a few days ago, the new Bishop of Durham was enthroned and installed in the cathedral here. Until the beginning of the last century the Bishop of Durham was not only a great spiritual dignitary but also a great landlord, owning much land in the diocese by right of his position. Now, it happened that the Lords of a place called Sockburn in the south of the diocese held their land under the bishop, and every time when the newly appointed prelate was making his first journey to the great cathedral at Durham, he was met in the middle of the River Tees, which divided his diocese from that of York, by the Lord of Sockburn, who belonged to the ancient family of Conyers. He presented the bishop with an ancient sword or falchion, saying these words: "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent which destroyed man, woman, and child: in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." The bishop then took

the falchion into his hand, and returning it immediately, wished the Lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor.

The falchion is still to be seen in the old Monks' Dormitory at Durham Cathedral, where it is preserved among other relics of Durham's past history.

But perhaps the most famous of all Durham's worms is the Lambton Worm. The story goes that in the 14th century the young heir of Lambton (the family who now bear the title of Earls of Durham) led a careless profane life and even ventured to fish in the river Wear (on which Durham stands) on the Sabbath Day. He would make matters still worse by cursing loudly when the fish did not bite. One day when he had been more profane over his ill-success than usual, he felt something tugging at his line. By the violence of the tugs he was sure that he had caught a great fish. So judge of his disgust when he pulled out a loathsome-looking worm, which he promptly threw into a neighbouring well. (A well, known as the Worm Well, was until recent years still pointed out to visitors. It has now disappeared.)

The worm remained unheeded for a time in the well, till it grew so big that it outgrew its dwelling place. It then made its way by day to the river, where it lay coiled round a rock in midstream. By night it crawled to a neighbouring hill. Eventually it grew so big that it could encircle the hill three times. Worm Hill is still the name of a local eminence, and sure enough there are depressions circling the hill which the natives assert to be the traces of the worm but which are in reality ancient earthworks. It is of course possible that this worm story may have arisen as an explanation of these earthworks.

The monster now became the terror of the whole countryside. It sucked the cows' milk, worried the cattle, devoured the lands, and laid waste the whole district. Meanwhile, the cause of all the trouble, the Lambton heir, had repented of his evil life and gone abroad to the Holy Land, to fight against the Saracens. His father, who was left behind, still lived in the old castle; but things got so bad that he and his servants were practically living in a state of siege. The only way in which they could get any respite was to take the milk of nine cows, pour it into a trough, and leave it for the dragon. He would drink the milk and then without doing any further harm, would go back and curl himself round his favourite hill.

But the worm did not have it all his own way. Many a gallant knight lost his life in attempting to slay it, for it had the marvellous power of re-uniting itself after having been cut in pieces. So the monster remained master of the situation for seven long years, until at last the Lambton heir returned from the wars. As soon as he learnt of the terrible state of affairs he went to consult the local wise woman as to what he should do. She at first reviled him for his wickedness in bringing all the evil on his country; but when she found he was truly repentant, she gave him instructions as to how he might cope with the monster. She bade him take his best suit of armour, stud it thickly with sharpened spearheads and, thus armed, stand in the middle of the river near the monster's day-time haunt. But she warned him that, before going out to fight, he must take a vow to slay the first living thing that met him on his way home if he returned as victor. If he failed to fulfil this vow, then no Lord of Lambton would die in his bed for nine generations.

So the heir went boldly to the river and took up his position on the rock, unsheathing his trusty sword. In due course the worm came to the attack and

received a shrewd blow on the head from the knight's sword. At once it flung its tail round the knight and attempted to crush him in its coils. But the closer the monster pressed, the more it cut itself on the sharp spearheads. Its strength was at last so diminished that the knight was able to cut it in two. The severed half was immediately borne away by the swift current, and the worm, unable to re-unite itself, was speedily destroyed.

Meanwhile, old Lord Lambton was awaiting anxiously the issue of the fight in the castle. When the victory was won his son blew a blast on his bugle and the father, thinking of nothing but his son's safety, rushed out to greet him as he returned. It was impossible for the son to slay his own father, and so, though the monster was destroyed, the curse lay upon the house of Lambton, and for nine generations no Lord of Lambton died in his bed. Whether this series of events actually happened is hard to prove, for the date of the story is vague, but it is well known that several of the Lambtons died in battle, and when in 1761, Henry Lambton, member of Parliament, died in his carriage crossing the new Lambton Bridge which led into the Castle, the local people declared that the curse had worked itself out. One or two ballads have been written about the story, all of them modern; but the most popular one, which was written some time last century, is in the local dialect and is still sung wherever people from North East England gather together. I hope that I may be able to send you a copy of it for publication in this journal at some future time.

(continued from page 1)

have something over 500 in good standing." Surely, Vermonters are not more numerous, patriotic, and prosperous than Tarheels. Our goal ought not to be 400, but much above that number. There was a time when the membership roster of the North Carolina Folklore Society tallied with the Social and Political and Educational Register of North Carolina. Though we have worthy representatives of all these groups, we don't have enough.

We have a live Society and a journal which has attracted national attention and is being subscribed to by the chief libraries of the country. Let's support both by building a broader base of membership. It's easy for old members to get new members -- largely a matter of mentioning the Society to friends, inviting them to attend a meeting, and showing them a copy of North Carolina Folklore.

A TARHEEL AT A MISSISSIPPI HOUSE PARTY

By T. P. Windley

[For being able to publish the following letter, the Editor is indebted to four persons: The Reverend James P. Dees, Rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Statesville; Dr. John B. Bonner, of Aurora; and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. (Binks) Guilford, of Aurora. It was the Reverend Mr. Dees who first directed attention to the existence of the letter, Dr. Bonner who asked Mr. Guilford to find it and let the Editor see it, and Mrs. Guilford who helped find it. Mr. Guilford gives the following account of it (quoted in part).

"[I believe it was written about 1850-60 to my grandfather (Dr. William Vines Bonner), who during the Civil War was personal physician to General Robert E. Lee. I am not sure where the wedding mentioned in the letter took place, but the Windleys and the Bonners were living in the general area of present-day Bath, North Carolina."

[It seems clear from the letter itself that the wedding was not in Bath, but near Jackson, Mississippi, where and when the writer says he was clerk in a store. There is nothing extraordinary in that fact, for many North Carolinians in the early half of the nineteenth century were attracted by the reputed rich lands and the boom days in Mississippi to seek their fortunes there. One of them, Shocco Jones, cut a wide swath in the deep South during the 1830's. For details, see my Humor of the Old Deep South (New York: Macmillan, 1936).

[Besides the perennially attractive topic of a wedding and a house party that must have been a house party indeed, the letter touches upon a number of other matters interesting to the folklorist: "Lasses Dragging," "old Joe Sweeney," "Saddle Bag house," "little pigee and Picayune Butler," "Kunkle's Minstrels," the mysterious expression "to have [or not have] the piles," and the Wellerism in the postscript.]

Jackson Miss Feby 26

Dear Bill

Having Nothing to do to night, I thought I would pen these few lines for your perusal; not that I think they will particularly interest you but merely to while away the time, there being no person in the Store except Myself Henry left for New York three weeks ago and Robert (the other clerk) has gone to a Lasses Dragging which by the by is getting to be quite fashionable here they cannot start anything else here every boddy has joined the church or nearly so there are not more than half a Doz. young ladies in Jackson that does not belong to the church it is preaching preaching all the time I am completely tired of it Myself the Methodist have worn out their bell & had to get a new one they ring it So Much? there has not been a dancing party in town in a Coons age no amusement at all except now & then a Negro Show comes along old Joe Sweeney was here a few weeks ago & Staid one week & Kunkles Minstrels have been performing every night this week except tonight they left for Vicksburg this Morning they I think are a little of the best negro performers I ever Saw. I dont Know what we (that is those of us who are not in the Church) shall do? I Suppose though we must join it out and take the chances for Something new to turn up.

I had Some fun about a month ago I went to a wedding in the county about

8 miles from town & you better believe I Kissed some pretty Girls rich too Some of them have the piles the worst Sort they got me to singing Comic Songs & I sung every thing I knew from Little Pige to Picayune Butler we Sat up fiddled danced & played until four oclock & then went to bed. The House was one of the Saddle Bag houses as they are called that is two log Houses built about twelve feet apart & covered over making a passage & a long up staire & shed to the back the whole length of the House the old folks Slept in the shed & all the young ones up Stairs the Ladies in one end & the young men in the other. The Ladies all retired first, & I noticed when I was undressing with several others they kept a mighty twittering among themselves but as I was a little Hoxz as the Indians say (which means tite) I paid no attention to them but in the morning I got up very soon with the intention of coming to Jackson & happened to look at the partition & found it only to be Kentucky Bagging used to Bale up Cotton just about as thick as the old Drag netts we used to Haul for mullets in the Still Point I peeped through and Holy Mother of Moses A sight smit my eyes I never Saw before about two doz of prettyest Girls you ever Saw were all Locked in the arms of Morpheus Snoring away as though they were on the Bridal Couch at the St Nicholas Hotel New York! I cleared My throat pretty Loud which awoke some of them up & Soon they were all awake & such covering up faces you never Saw I could hold in no longer I Laughed out one of the Loudest Kind of Yaw Yaws which awoke all the young men & they all went to see the Lovely Sight Some with their pants off & Some were with their Shirts off I don't think I ever had more fun in My life. I didn't Leave until ten oclock & then you better believe I came to town in quadruple time.

Well Bill I am pretty much out Henry can tell you the News as He is going to Carolina from New York Suppose you come out with him I would like very much to See your Phiz as Cas Oden used Say How does Hitton [or Hilton] get along & Roebuck is he practicing Medicine yet & Tomkins what has become of his paper I hear nothing from it tell him it wont pay to work on them old sand hills tell him to pull up Stakes & come out & make Cotton the Planters here average 10 bags to the hand after making enough corn to Support themselves which is worth 35 to 50 \$ per bag! Bill you better come out here & look you out a nice rich wife I am Sitting up to one Gal whose Mamma makes enough cotton to make a fort around the big Savannah the old Mans field & Jake Pauls House & all you oughten to See her she is some [?] on a Bear fight & no mistake I courted one Gal Since I have been here & she said she rather be excused & I like a fool excused her but have learnt a lesson from her Sure and no mistake I told her I was only fooling with her no how I didn't want her she said the grapes were Sour I told her she was just as much mistaken as if she had burnt her shirt I spoke unthoughtedly you Know by thunder she gave me particular H-ll but we have made it up since & are now as thick as ever she was not much afflicted with the piles & I didn't care what I Said to her & in fact I dont care what I say to none of them I treat them politely of course?

Well Bill you must answer this very Soon & tell me all the News this Leaves us all well

My Respects to Mr & Mrs Bonner & Charles & all inquiring friends

As Ever Your Friend

T. P. Windley

Excuse haste and a bad pen
As the pig said when he left the Sty

Raleigh

NOTES ON "A TARHEEL AT A MISSISSIPPI HOUSE PARTY"

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

The letter from a North Carolinian, T. P. Windley, to his friend in Bath, North Carolina, is such a delightful commentary upon doings in the deep South during the 1850's that I wish to add a few notes elucidating some of the allusions. T. P. Windley was evidently a keen observer and had a vivacious, though rather careless, style (he was writing to a friend, of course, and could dispense with punctuation, capitalization, and a few other niceties of epistolary form); so his letter comes out of the milieu of a hundred years ago, and some of the things he mentions are no longer as familiar to us as they were to his friend Bill.

"Lasses Dragging": Not included in Matthews' Dictionary of Americanisms, Craigie and Hulbert's Dictionary of American English, Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, N. E. Eliason's Tarheel Speech, or any of the dictionaries of slang.

A student at the University of North Carolina, Miss Nola Jean Hatten, of Pascagoula, Mississippi, explains that in southern Mississippi, where she has attended "lasses draggings," the term means an informal party, usually of young folk a get-together, at a mill where Louisiana (blue ribbon) sugar cane is being ground into juice and the juice evaporated into syrup. The young people drink the cane juice, sing, dance, and otherwise make merry. In my boyhood in central Mississippi, I often attended such parties on my father's and other farms, though I do not recall ever having heard them referred to as "lasses draggings." I do recall that sometimes liveliness was added to the occasion if the cane juice had been allowed to ferment into "cane beer," something like cider. And hogs, fed on the fermented "skimmings," showed all the common antic effects of mild intoxication. Perhaps the term "dragging" originated from the process of evaporating the cane juice. The juice is poured into a shallow evaporator resting over a furnace. The evaporator, or pan, is divided into some twelve or fifteen sections, connecting with each other in openings at alternate ends. The juice is started in the section at the furnace-door end and is gradually pushed or dragged by strainer-like paddles and skimmers around through the sections up to the smokestack end, where, when it is cooked to the proper consistency or density, the molasses is drawn off. Thus, the festival "lasses dragging" may get its operative word from the work of making sugar-cane syrup.

"Old Joe Sweeney": At first I identified "old Joe Sweeney" with General J. E. B. Stuart's banjoist minstrel of that name, who accompanied Jeb on all his campaigns, sometimes twanging the boys into battle, sometimes playing for square dances in the Virginia countryside, when the cavalymen would knock off from fighting long enough to visit a mansion, such as Milton describes,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes --

or perhaps a dozen -- and the boys would enjoy an impromptu dance.

But, unfortunately for romantic note-making, the Joe Sweeney of our Tarheel's letter was not Jeb's Joe, though he is almost as interesting. According to Carl Wittke's Tambo and Bones (Durham, N. C.: Duke University

Press, 1930): "Joe Sweeney, whose real name was Joel Walker Sweeney (1813-1860), was one of the earliest banjo performers, and before the middle of the last century, he was traveling through the South, with his two brothers, as minstrel performers. Later on, he played with various circuses" (pp. 217-218). This must have been our Tarheel's Joe, and his reference dates the letter some time before 1860, when Joel Walker Sweeney died.

"Kunkle's Minstrels": According to Dr. Wittke, cited above, Kunkel's Nightingales played in Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, in 1853. From the Tarheel's allusion, there is little doubt that Kunkel's Nightingales toured the South, as did most minstrel companies, following the steamboat routes along the Ohio and the Mississippi and their tributaries. With our Tarheel's praise of Kunkel's troupe the newspapers of the time, quoted by Dr. Wittke, agreed.

"Saddle Bag House": This type of domestic architecture, common in the deep South, got its name from a feature sometimes called "the dog trot" (from the fact that the pack of hounds usually found on Southern farms and plantations ran through this unscreened hallway at all hours of the day and the night). The home of one of my maternal great-grandfathers, Hastings de Journet Palmer, built in Attala County, Mississippi, in the 1840's, and still standing, was constructed on this plan, out of whipsawed heart-pine timbers mortised at the corners and pegged, weatherboarded on the outside and plastered on the inside, and covered with hand-riven cypress shingles. This house is about sixty-five miles north of Jackson, where T. P. Windley attended the house party. (See my Humor of the Old Deep South, New York, 1936, pp. 60-61.)

"Little Pige and Picayune Butler": Of the two "comic songs" which Windley writes that he sang at the wedding party, the first was probably one of that title with seven stanzas, beginning "Old Mr. Brown he had a pig" (in other versions, "There was an old woman and she had a little pig"), and cited in Arthur Kyle Davis's Folk-Songs of Virginia, A Descriptive Index and Classification (Durham: Duke University Press, 1949), pp. 192-193. It is not in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. The second song has an interesting history, related by Dr. Wittke (op. cit., pp. 17-18) in connection with his account of George Nichols, a clown for Purdy Brown's Theatre and Circus of the South and West. "It has been claimed that Nichols sang 'Jim Crow,' the song that 'Daddy' Rice made famous, years before Rice made his debut on the minstrel stage. Nichols had played clown parts, and is said to have sung the song first in white face, then in Negro make-up. The idea he got from a French darky banjo player, known throughout the Mississippi Valley as Picayune Butler, a peripatetic performer who passed the hat and sang 'Picayune Butler Is Going Away.'" Years later, when Windley read about the notorious General Ben Butler, military commandant of Union occupation forces in New Orleans during the Civil War -- "Beast" Butler as he was otherwise called -- our Tarheel must have chuckled to note that the detested Yankee was called Picayune Butler, after the old song -- and a very appropriate epithet.

"To have [or not have] the Piles": In the context of our Tarheel's account of his amorous adventures, the phrase must refer to the sexual proclivities or responsiveness of the girls of whom he writes. I have not been able to find it in any dictionary of Americanisms or of slang, not even in Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Brok's The American Thesaurus of Slang (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1942), which is unusually full and explicit on the subject of sexual slang.

"As the pig said when he left the sty": This type of humorous or comic expression is an example of a Wellerism, so called from the fondness of Samuel Weller, in Dickens's Pickwick Papers (1836) for it. But it is much older than Dickens, it being clearly recognized in Italian literature in the seventeenth century;* and it is still popular, as in the familiar "Every man to his taste," said the farmer as he kissed the cow."

T. P. Windley should have lived into the 1950's. He would have made a good member of the North Carolina Folklore Society. For his unwitting but far from witless contribution to this number of North Carolina Folklore, he is posthumously awarded an honorary membership in the North Carolina Society.

* See Charles Speroni, The Italian Wellerism to the End of the Seventeenth Century, Folklore Studies: I (Berkeley and Los Angeles: The University of California Press, 1953).

THE WIDOW PEEBLES IS WILLIN'

[The following letter is published by courtesy of The Southern Historical Collection of the University of North Carolina. It is conjecturally dated 1864. The envelope containing it bears this address and a notation:

Richmond Va	paid 10	Summerfield N C
2 regemet N. C.		Sept 19th [1864]
in care of the captain to		[on end of envelope,
Daniel Turner		perpendicular to the
		address]

19th September

Deare sir iseate my self to rite you sir that
i am well and truly hope when these few lines
cums to hand they may find you well and
doing well and go throu the war and cum hom
e safe to my hand safe and then you will
be mine if you are wilin inever wanted to
see anybody as bad as idoyou i had rather
sea you than to eate when i am hungry idont
no whether you ever think of ne ornot when
i am asleape iam dreaming about you whe i
am a wake i sea no peas the world is wide
the sea is deape in your arms i long
to sleape the rose is red the vilent is blue
shugar is swete but not like you iwant
you to send me your liknes so ican hav it
ot sea if icant sea you this from the
widow Peebles to

Daniel turner

fail not to rite to me
when this you sea remember me
tho fare a part we be

A BROACH OF THREAD

By Louise Pender

[This original ballad was composed by Miss Pender while she was a student in English 167 (The Ballad) during the 1956 summer session of the University of North Carolina. Miss Pender gives the following account of herself and of the ballad.]

I was born in Hertford County in 1916 and lived there until 1927, when my family moved to Burlington, N. C., where we live now.

After graduation from Burlington High School in 1933, I worked in a hosiery mill for two years. Upon being asked by a teacher, who had been employed to work with the young people in our church, why I was not in college, I had no answer, since I had given no thought to pursuing a higher education. The question caused me to think seriously, however, and I investigated the possibility of going to school. It was during the depression--or rather immediately afterward--and I needed financial help. Campbell College offered that help, and I made plans to enter the fall term of 1935-36 within two days prior to school's opening. I had to borrow a trunk and draw from the Christmas Savings bank my small amount of money. It was raining the day I arrived, and I would gladly have returned home with my father. Fortunately, I did not succumb to my weakness, and two years later I received the Associate in Arts diploma.

I entered Elon College in the fall of 1937, where I stayed for one semester. Owing to the fact that money was a problem again--rather, the lack of it--I dropped out of school to work again in the hosiery mill. By the fall of 1938, I had saved enough money to return to Elon, where I remained for the year and the summer term. I completed the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree, but did not receive my diploma until the spring of 1940.

In the meantime, I entered The Carver School of Missions and Social Work, Louisville, Kentucky for graduate study, and I was graduated from this institution in May 1941 with the Master of Religious Education degree.

My first position upon graduation was in Washington, D. C., where I worked in a Children's Home for two years as a counselor. I was asked to return to Campbell College after this experience to teach eighth grade, supervise a dormitory with 30 girls, and to teach physical education for the college girls. This job lasted one year, and I thought my teaching experience had come to an end. The enormous responsibility of all these things made me feel that I had better try to do something else. So I took a position as Youth Director in a Baptist Church for two years. Following this, I went to Oxford Orphanage and worked as counselor for 30 boys, supervised the girls' athletic program, and taught school for seven years. These activities were not simultaneous, however. I enjoyed the teaching very much. Feeling the need to change from the sheltered environment, I took a position with the Durham County Welfare Department, where I worked for nine months. Then, with the fall coming, the call of the classroom was again challenging to me, and I was successful in getting a teaching position in Angier High School in Harnett County. I have been here for three years, and my plans are to return there for the next year. I teach English and serve as guidance worker.

The following story appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer June 10, 1956, under the name of Manly Wade Wellman. The incident happened in rural Lenoir County some hundred and six years ago.

This befell the Tilghmans of that region, and indeed might come under the heading of family business and therefore private, had it not seriously occupied the attention of a grand jury at the County Seat, a Superior court in Craven County, and eventually the distinguished Supreme Court Justices of the State. Turn back the clock, therefore, to July of 1850, and see what manner of men, women, and children the Tilghmans were at that time and place.

A quarrelsome set, evidently. Two little girls, cousins, were disputing over nothing more important than a spool of cotton thread--a "broach," it was called in 1850. Such a spool comes at a dime today, and may have cost a penny so long ago. But the children argued loudly and angrily, and the adults got into the controversy, notably Joseph L. Tilghman, a prosperous and hot-tempered blacksmith, who also owned a farm and slaves, and his nephew John, son of Joseph's brother Wilson. Others of the family connection listened, with interest that grew serious as John and his Uncle Joseph grew hotter and hotter under their homesewn collars.

"I'll kill you," announced Uncle Joseph at last, and he was the sort of man who was apt to do that, or anything else he said. But John Tilghman, a big youngster, was of the same blood and the same temperament.

"Don't do it sneakingly," he rejoined. "Take your double-barrel gun and I'll take my rifle, and we'll have a fair fight."

"I'm not ready now," Joseph told him. Then, perhaps lest he sound weak as well as unready: "I'll kill you if you don't let me alone."

John didn't want to drop it, however. "I'll tell grandfather about those notes you hold against him," he threatened. "You know you got the money for nothing from grandfather."

It is hard to establish today just what John meant, or how bad a tale he could carry to the head of the Tilghman family. Some record exists of the notes mentioned. Apparently Joseph Tilghman had bought, from a neighbor by the resounding name of John C. Washington, \$500 worth of notes his father had signed. Anyway, John walked out of his uncle's house with that threat crackling in the air behind him.

On August 4, a Sunday, Joseph Tilghman's wife Susan--she seems to have been a mild woman, though married into a highly excitable family--remarked to her husband that young John was prepared to swear in court that Grandpa's notes were illegally held by Uncle Joseph.

This would suggest that Joseph Tilghman, unlike that other blacksmith immortalized by the poet Longfellow, could not say flatly that he owed not any man. However, he conformed to the Longfellow qualifications in that he looked the whole world in the face; also in that the muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands.

"He will have to swear soon if he does," he commented on the report

of his nephew's intention, "for I intend to kill him before Saturday night."

Saturday night came and went without bloodshed among the Tilghmans, and was followed by Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday, August 15, Joseph Tilghman picked up a sack of corn and strode off to feed his hogs, 400 yards from home. Later, relatives and neighbors heard the sound of a shot. And Joseph came staggering back, bleeding profusely from wounds in the head.

"I shall leave you a widow before tomorrow morning," he predicted to his wife, and collapsed. She tried to dress his wounds--a gash and a terrifying round hole. "Save me if you can," he mumbled.

A neighbor heard this, then ran to fetch Dr. Woodley from Kinston. The doctor found that Joseph Tilghman's skull was fractured, and that a bullet had pierced his forehead above the right eye. A brother arrived, Wilson Tilghman, father of John. He said that John was badly wounded and charged that his uncle had attacked him with a knife.

"Not so, Wilson," muttered Joseph. "John met me in the road and told me he had come on purpose to kill me."

So saying, he lapsed into delirium, then into a dying coma. Dr. Woodley left the house of death, and followed another messenger to the nearby home of Council Wooten.

Upon the Wooten porch lay John Tilghman, his right hand stabbed through, with a severed nerve and artery. He was weak from loss of blood, but revived after the doctor dressed his hurt, and said that he had been attacked by his uncle and had defended himself by shooting him, then clubbing him with the gun barrel. But a grand jury at Kinston charged him with murder. In nearby Craven County, he went to trial before Judge John W. Willis, who later, as governor, would assist North Carolina out of the Union into the Confederacy.

John's plea of self-defence was not believed. His Uncle Joseph, the State pointed out, knew he was dying when he said that John had been the aggressor. The jury found John guilty, and later the Supreme Court affirmed this verdict. John eventually was hanged. And which of the little girls finally established her claim to the spool of cotton thread is a mystery today.

Using the story as a basis, I have tried to compose a ballad, which I have called "A Broach of Thread," in common-measure meter. I have tried to employ some of the ballad techniques in this ballad. These are: (1) commonplaces, (2) incremental repetition, (3) questions and answers, (4) telling the story impersonally, and (5) letting the story unfold dramatically.

This is my first attempt to do creative work of this type.

I am indebted to Mr. Bill Brady, a classmate in English 167: British Ballads and American Folksongs, for arranging the music for the ballad.

TWO LIT-TLE GIRLS FROM LE-NOIR COUN-TY HAD FOUND A BROACH OF THREAD. THEN

ONE SAID THAT IT BE- LONGED TO HER; THE O-THER THE SAME WORDS SAID.

** Flatted notes to be used for last verse only.*

CHORUS

A BROACH OF THREAD WAS THE THREAD OF FATE, THE TILGH-MAN GIRLS THEY FOUND IT,

TWO TILGH-MANS DIED IN BLOOD-Y HATE BE-FORE THE GIRLS — UN-WOUND IT.

Two little girls in Lenoir County
Had found a broach of thread.
Then one said that it belonged to her;
The other the same words said.

Chorus

A broach of thread was the thread of fate;
The Tilghman girls they found it.
Two Tilghmans died in bloody hate
Before the girls unwound it.

They argued all day long one Monday,
And again the next day too.
They argued loudly and angrily,
They swore till their faces were blue.

The Tilghmans were a quarrelsome set;
They brawled at anything.
Their tempers were sharp as a razor blade,
And, man, they'd soon fight as sing.

Joe Tilghman was a mighty man,
A farmer and blacksmith strong.
He had a nephew young and quick
'Lowed no one'd do him wrong.

The Tilghmans would argue at anything,
They were a quarrelsome set.
Joe Tilghman said he'd kill Johnnie boy,
And John remembered the threat.

Johnny said in a right loud voice to Joe,
"Don't do it underhand;
Get your double-barrel gun and I'll get one;
I'm bounden to fight like a man.

"Just remember the notes you owe Grandpa,
Don't ever forget the same;
I'll tell him how you got those notes;
Who from, I'll give the name. "

On August 4 Joe's good wife, Sue,
Said to Joe, her great husband,
"Young John will swear in the big courthouse
That you got them notes underhand. "

"He'll have to swear soon if he hopes to live,
For by Saturday night he'll be dead. "
But Saturday night rolled 'round again
And still there was no blood shed.

Now Thursday as to the hog pens he went,
A morning both bright and fair;
Joe could not rest his mind from the fear
Of John's black threat and dare.

Joe looked to the east, he looked to the west;
Not a soul at all did he see.
A shot was heard by the neighbors around,
Loud it rang in that county.

Joe staggered back across the field,
Blood rushing from wounds in the head,
Said, "You'll be a widow by tomorrow morn,
For by that time I'll be dead."

Sue tried to dress the wounds in his head,
But no luck at all had she.
"Save me, save, if you can," he said;
He wanted from death to be free.

Joe's brother came in to the house just then
Saying John was wounded too.
"Why did you jump on my boy, Joe,
When he's so much younger'n you?"

"I didn't jump on my own brother's son;
We met by the side of the road.
He 'lowed he'd come for just one thing;
And with that he emptied his load."

Joe Tilghman then passed away into death,
And the doctor left by the door.
He went to find the young boy John,
Who was lying on Wooten's floor.

"Why did you shoot your own uncle, John,
Down yonder by the tree?"
"I didn't shoot my uncle Joe
'Til he'd first jumped on me."

John was taken to the grand jury,
He was forced to take a stand;
He was taken next to the Supreme Court,
The highest court of the land.

Young John was hanged on th' high gallows tree
By his neck until he died.
None ever knew whose broach it was,
And none would tell who'd lied.

Chorus

A broach of thread was the thread of fate;
The Tilghman girls they found it.
Two Tilghmans died in bloody hate
Before the girls unwound it.

HOME REMEDIES

Collected by Flora McDonald, Moore County Home Demonstration Agent

[At the December 1955 meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society Miss McDonald gave a delightful illustrated talk on home-made quilts in Moore County. See Miss Eleanor Driscoll's article in our July 1956 issue.]

Poke Root: Boil it and bathe in water to cure the itch.

Wild Cherry bark tea to cure sore throat.

Blackberry wine for dysentery or flux.

Sheep tea for breaking out measles and hives. (Goat balls will not do.)

Catnip tea for colic and for soothing the nerves.

Molasses and sulphur to purify the blood in spring.

Calamus root for colic and cramps.

Maypop for babies and colic -- as a sedative.

Yellow root for fever blisters - the yellow blossom kind; looks like parsnips.

Pepper grass tea for cramps.

Lion's tongue tea for rheumatism.

Purge grass as a laxative.

Soot on a cut to stop bleeding.

Sassafras root for high blood pressure.

Peach tree bark tea for children's sick stomach.

Make red pepper tea, strong (use 1/2 cup and fill up with sweet milk), for vomiting.

Wound from rusty nail: Drive nail in tree to keep out soreness.

Raw apple scraped and eaten sure cure for dysentery.

Beat up fire coals in water - drink infusion for dysentery.

China berry balls eaten for fits.

For wound from nail in foot, burn wool and let it smoke into the wound.

Teaspoon sugar and drop of kerosene or turpentine for cough.

Onion and sugar chopped together as a syrup for cough.

Mustard leaves scalded for plaster to prevent pneumonia.

Burnt alum to be used as white powder to mop out baby's mouth for thrash.

Cinders in whiskey for cough.

Blood purifier: Wild cherry tree bark boiled in water to thick syrup for tonic.

Use 3 teaspoons a day.

Cough syrup: Honey, vinegar, and batter mixed.

Lump of lard the size of walnut

1 teaspoon camphor

1 teaspoon turpentine

1 teaspoon kerosene - mixed and heated on flannel for croup

White peeling of eggshell will draw rising boil to a head.

Garlic beaten up for rising boil and for pneumonia - White potato the same.

Fat meat will bring rising to head.

Ear-ache: Coal of fire put in a cup and covered with sugar. Put a funnel over the cup and let the smoke go in the ear. Be sure that the sugar doesn't catch fire.

Whooping cough: Broom sage roots, honey, alum, and onion.

Cramp: Pan of water under the bed at night.

Headache: Put feet in bucket of hot water.

Cough syrup: Cherry bark, alum, and honey.

Alder tag tea in the spring for a tonic. Sweeten to taste.

Tar water for Spring tonic.

Chew inside bark of a blackjack tree for diarrhea.

Bleed for strong blood in the spring. A vein was cut in the elbow. The knives were put together like our measuring spoons: the big knife for the horses, and the little ones for people.

Fodder tea for measles.

St. John's plant for fever.

Sumac tea made from the red velvety berries with sugar added, for cough.

Jersusalem oak seed made into candy like syrup for worms.

Queen's Delight tea made from roots with whiskey for neuralgia (sun pain).

All bitter medicine is a tonic.

Prickly-sage root tea and whiskey three times a day for rheumatism.

White ash root tea with whiskey good for rheumatism.

Grandma's Salve for boils and sores or other skin ailments, made as follows:

Two roasted eggs (eggs rolled in wet cloths and cooked in ashes).

After done use only yolks of eggs.

Take a piece of beeswax the size of the egg yellows; sweet gum or still resin the same size; piece of mutton tallow (fresh suet) the same size.

Put all in a frying pan on a slow fire. Mash eggs with fork and stir until all is heated through. Strain through a cloth into little jars.

HOW OCRACOCK GOT ITS NAME

By Elizabeth Scott (Mrs. Sam A.) Cooper

[Born in Atlanta, Georgia, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Scott, of Raleigh and Atlanta, and a granddaughter of the founder of Agnes Scott College, Mrs. Cooper was educated in the Raleigh Public Schools, at Flora Macdonald College, and at Elon College, taking her B.A. from Elon (as did four other members of her family). She is the wife of Mr. Sam A. Cooper, teacher of agriculture in the Alamance County Schools for the past twenty-five years, and is a primary teacher herself, at Saxapahaw. The Coopers live in the old home place of her husband's family. Mrs. Cooper says that she has been writing since her girlhood, and has published in the Raleigh Times and in school and college periodicals.

[Her account of the origin of the name Ocracoke (technically, a place legend) was based on traditions she heard during long sojourns on the island. It agrees with the one in the North Carolina Writer's Program How They Began (New York: Harian Publications, 1941), which glosses "Ocracoke" as follows:

["Hyde Co.; sett. in 17th century; according to a legend, in 1718, the pirate Blackbeard, pursued by Lt. Robert Maynard of the Royal Navy, and becalmed, believing that the wind would rise if the cock crew, shook his fist and shouted: 'Oh, crow, cock!' However, a map of 1676 shows an Okok, and a map of 1709 indicates the place as Occacock."]

[But the folk do not get their history or their etymology from books and maps. Neither did Mrs. Cooper. And the folklorist is just as much interested in legend and folk etymology as in history and scientific etymology.

[Mrs. Cooper composed the ballad to meet one of the requirements of English 167 (British and American Folksongs), taken during the 1956 summer session at the University of North Carolina.]

Springtime has come to the Island.
It's as green as it can be,
But the voice of the ocean is quiet
In "The Graveyard of the Sea."

An almost uncanny stillness
Has settled upon the deep,
And a pall of grey mist is hovering
Where the ghost boats lie asleep.

The oldtimers called it "the graveyard,"
And ye sailors of ships, beware!
The shallow shoals have filled their holds
With those who have foundered there!

These mortuaries are undisturbed
By any human claims,
But the mermaids play as mermaids may,
And they know them all by names.

They often bedeck their tresses
With gold from the days of yore,
And they live in an ancient galleon
That lies on the ocean's floor.

Blackbeard, the chief of robbers,
As wicked as pirates go,
Has brought his crew of black devils
To the waters of Pamlico.

This ruthless band of cut-throats,
Killers by night and day,
Followed the course of the sailing ships
As a carrion follows its prey.

They fought, they slashed, and murdered,
They wallowed in blood and gore!
They took the loot they had captured
And buried it on the shore.

Here on this peaceful island,
Green with the live-oak trees,
Where the spicy smell of the myrtle
Is carried upon the breeze;

Into this lovely Eden, where
The sea-oats grow in the sands,
They dug a hole for their treasures
With the dried blood still on their hands.

It happened according to legend
That Blackbeard had had a sea fight,
And because of the perilous shallows
He dared not come inland at night.

He dropped his anchor off the Island,
And he knew his pursuer was near.
He cursed his trembling henchmen
And he pleaded with Chanticleer:

"O crow, cock!" he called in the darkness,
And a gale with fiendish glee
Picked up the weird sea chanty
And hurled it into the sea.

"O crow, cock," said the ripples.
"O crow, cock," said the waves.
The same cried the corpses of the sailors
As they turned in their watery graves.

The moon was shrouded securely
With a coverlet over her head,
While Orion with belt and broad sword
Had long ago gone to bed.

The night was black and evil,
And out of the shadows weird
A huge black form like a phantom ship
Slid along the side of Blackbeard.

There followed a gory sea battle,
Without honor or code or creed;
The only rules that they followed
Were the love of gold and greed.

With one mighty stroke of the cutlass
They cut off Blackbeard's head,
And seizing this coveted trophy
Away in the darkness they fled.

But the body of Pirate Blackbeard
Managed to keep afloat,
And with no eyes for a compass to guide him,
Swam seven times around his boat.

And there in the cold grey morning
Death for Blackbeard came;
He sank in the channel waters
And was never seen again.

Back on the lonely seashore
Brave men had heard the call.
"O crow, cock" had a meaning,
And it has pleased them all.

"This is the name we shall call it;
'O crow, cock' it shall be."
But time and usage have changed it
To Ocracoke in the sea.

And still the ocean is restless,
And the tides run wide and high,
While the wild waves reach far up the beach
In the place where the ghost ships lie.

A NORTH CAROLINA VERSE EPISTLE OF THE 1850's

By James McCanless

[The following is a copy of a rimed letter written by James McCanless, a prominent farmer of Watauga County, North Carolina, to his brother, David McCanless, who was at the time Clerk of the Court in Yancey County. It was copied from the original manuscript in 1947 by Mr. Albert S. McLean, of Asheville, North Carolina.

[Mr. McLean, a postal employee in Asheville, is of Scottish descent and has interested himself in the Scots of North Carolina, in the pioneer days of North Carolina, and in other topics of historical interest. Last August at Brevard, he presented an extremely interesting paper on the adventures of two young North Carolinians in the Revolutionary War. He is at present assisting the Editor in applying a questionnaire prepared by The Scottish Survey of Edinburgh University to North Carolinians of Scottish descent, for the purpose of determining what, if any, vestiges of Scottish speech and culture persist in North Carolina.

[It will be noticed that the McCanless letter uses a score or more of Scotticisms: "cram your creel" (i. e., stomach or "bread basket"), "wains" for weans, children), "gear" (for possessions, goods), "deil may care" (for deil -- i. e., devil), "deil a bit" (for deil a bit), "canny care" (prudent, thrifty), "geb . . . an han" (perhaps tongue or mouth and hand), etc. Also unmistakable is the influence of the poems of Robert Burns, which have been popular in North Carolina for a hundred and fifty years. (It is said that a relative of another Scots poet, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, a friend of Burns, settled in Hillsboro, North Carolina. The editor would be interested in information about him).]

Dear Friend the Clerk my favorite brother
We used to dote upon each other
I'll ner forget you while I am breathing
But you behave like any heathen

Since you sat scribbling for the Court
You've lost your taste for friends or sport
Does no kind thoughts run in your head
But cram your Creel and go to bed

These twenty years I've been your debtor
For your blunt hindmost careless letter
A poor wee thing wrote in December
As long ago as I remember

I paid you visits two you know
Some ten or fifteen years ago
And Peet a guest that I did bring
Would grace a visit to a king

Here I'll suspend deserved abuses
And listen for your lame excuses
Perhaps your pleas may be so strong
T'will prove your Lordship not far rong

I hope you'e well my brother Dave
Nancy and all the wains ye have
I would like to know how you are doing
And what so closely your persuing

The passing strangers often tell
Your all in health and doing well
But I wish to greet you great and small
And Nancy first among you all

O Nancy queen of woman kind
Far hast thou left thy sex behind
And Dave you'll ner get such another
She served as farmer kook and Mother

In past days of your wild oats age
When trips was cheap to go by stage
But these old tales we'll here Excuse
And lay them up for primer times

My blessing on your modest face
Loth would I be to fend your grace
But to knit at things we've heard and seen
Should be no honour among the kin

Now brother dear you please me well
Your reaped from Bacchus cursed spell
I am told youv quit the staggering clan
And at the Court become a man

Ye please the people as a clerk
Your stumpy quill makes no rong mark
And faith I'm right well pleased to hear
Your gathering fast in worldly gear

I'll now wind up my jeers and jolts
And tell you something of our folks
Their health at presents very good
No sickness in the neighborhood

Some time ago the mumps was here
And stormly threatened family gear
Some dit its veto just escape
But sadly twisted out of shape

And now dear brother I will venture
To tell you how we passed the winter
We spent it mostly in the house
And feeding horses hogs and cows

When November's hoary wing was spread
The golden days of autumn fled
All nature frowned in Chilling form
The clouds was foul with winter storm

Then blinding snow in torrents fell
The frozen earth received it well
The lowing herds and squealing race
Each in his language wailed his case

Each member of the feathered throng
Who greet the spring with merry song
Now silent sits in shivering form
To bide the savage winter storm

The streams forbore their rippling sound
In icy fetters safely bound
In fields and flood and man and beast
The peels of nature almost ceased

When Boreas gave his bellows blast
Our snow clad fields in heaps were cast
Herled stacks and fences and poor cows
And kicked the roof from many a house

Then winter's noisy car drove past
And strewed the yearling hides broad cast
Left fowls without their feet and legs
Which makes us scrimp and scarce of eggs

Of times I'll say hit just a word
Dear knows their scanty scrimp and hard
We've been growing worse from year to year
Till moneys missed the market clear

The Legislature done no good
They would tax potatoes if they could
The Revenue Law for to increase
For from that bon they draw their fees

Much time and talk you know was spent
On Railroads and the President
We lost them both and deel may care
We had both time and talk to spare

If I had time I could relate
Much of our country church and state
Knownothings and their views express
And point out those who know much less

Perhaps the news has reached your court
Our last year crops was thin and short
And surely will take canny care
To make it reach the crop this year

Thus cares without and fears within
Makes human life a checkered scene
On fancy's pinions bound in haste
Ere We'r aware our days is passed

Now three sevre winters I have seen
And saw the fields as often green
Still entertained by prospects flowers
And heedless passed youths golden hours

Times wheels don't wait for wind or tide
On which I've had a pleasant ride
And deel a bit would I complain
To take the same trip over again

Now dont let wealth constrain your step
Nor small misfortune twist your lip
A gentle race will win your share
And all beyond is idle care

So now geer up and come and see us
I long to see your practised arm
Draw skillful sweeps across the thorn

Yer famous as a music man
Both with your geb and with your han
And sweetly does the Conger sing
When ye lay the stick out over the string

It gives to youth such monkey pranks
And vigor lends wornout shanks
Turns frowning wrath to pleasant smile
And sorrow into joy a while

Some long faced lads with groans complain
That violins are all profain
Now scanty views I think they've taken
Their deepest stordy's been fat bacon

Now should you run for Clerk again
I hope you'd never run in vain
But show the boys you are no gump
Nor no sheep shank upon a stump

And if your beat don't weep and wail
And hang your ears and tuck your tail
But calmly to your fortune bow
And like Cincinatus take your plow

May powers above preserve your health
Increase your comforts and your wealth
To hoary age your sight not fail
Nor stomach for your beef and cale

May your sons of wisdom have their share
Your daughters virtuous and fair
And blessings till you need no more
May fill your basket and your store

Now present with you I have felt
And much too long on this I've dwelt
I've been your friend and still remain
Your ever loving Brother James

With the greatest Respect your ever loving brother and sister

[Signed] James and Salina McCanless

AN ELEGY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

By Grace Greenlee Bowman

[The following little elegy was contributed to North Carolina Folklore by Mr. Albert S. McLean, concerning whom see the headnote to "A North Carolina Verse Epistle of the 1850's." Mr. McLean gives the following information about it.

["Captain John Bowman, of Burke County, North Carolina, was killed in the battle of Ramseur's Mill, in Lincoln County, N. C. Prior to his death, he had been a successful and prominent merchant, and at the time of his death he was sheriff of Burke County.

["The elegy was found among the Burke records now in the Department of Archives and History in Raleigh, among some papers entitled "Bonds belonging to the estate of -----, sold July 16, 1781." (The blank was to be filled by the name 'John Bowman Esqr. ') One of the pages in a ledger included in the papers contained the following poem, thought to have been written by his widow, Grace (Greenlee) Bowman. 'Polly,' referred to in the admonition at the end, was Mary (Polly) Bowman, a daughter of Captain John Bowman and Grace (Greenlee) Bowman, who married William Allison Tate. "]

Like the Sun Rising in the Morn
He went away left me forlorn
and saw the tears I shed
My boding heart did then foretell
That fatal Evening heard the knell
that my dear John had Bled
Tears that must ever fall
For Ah no lights the past Recall
No cries awoke the dead

Weep not Polly for I will be
a mother and father unto thee oh

TARHEEL PLACE NAMES

By Herbert Shellans

[A graduate of Brooklyn College (B.A., 1954), Mr. Shellans, after his discharge from the Army (1954-56), came South to study anthropology and folklore. While he was in the Army, he sang for his comrades and appeared on ballad and folksong programs over WFIL-TV (Philadelphia). Since coming to North Carolina last summer, he has appeared on several public programs, has been collecting folksongs with a tape-recorder in the Blue Ridge Mountains, has been appointed a graduate assistant to the Editor, and has been made Chairman of Folk Music, Junior Division, of the North Carolina Federation of Music Clubs. He and his wife, Harriet, who is also a musician (much better educated in that art, he says, than he is), are living in Chapel Hill, and Mrs. Shellans commutes on schooldays to teach music in the Mebane School. The Editor is indebted to both for helping with the music of North Carolina Folklore.]

Local legends and place-names constitute a part of what is called popular history. Although they usually contain more fancy than fact, they possess a charm that seems to appeal to all.

The following article is a sampling of what North Carolina has to offer in the way of local lore and legend.

Barbecue.

Following Highway no. 27 out of Lillington in Harnett County, one soon comes to old Barbecue Church (1757). The church acquired its name from nearby Barbecue Creek.

Mr. Leon McDonald of Olivia informed me that he grew up with the tradition that Cornwallis' troops barbecued an ox on that stream enroute from their costly victory at Guilford Court House to Wilmington. He also mentioned that he has since seen the wafer-sealed royal grant, dated 1769, which conveyed 75 acres (on one of which the church stands) and called for boundaries on Barbecue Creek.

Another account is advanced by the Cape Fear historian, Malcolm Fowler of Lillington. Neill MacNeill, Scottish sailor of the 1740's, on a trip inland saw the early morning mist rising from the spring-fed creek and was reminded of steam rising from the barbecue sands of India. He remarked, "It looks like Barbecue."

Barbecue High School had purchased an expensive stage curtain elaborately monogrammed "BHS." But soon hot-dog and barbecue stands began to spring up on the new highways. So, to avoid association with these aromatic establishments and save the monogrammed curtain, Barbecue High School became Benhaven High School.

Bat Cave.

Bat Cave, a small rural community in Henderson County, is some fifteen miles from Hendersonville, and is situated on both sides of Broad River. According to Mrs. Sadie S. Patton, its name comes from a large, dark cavern on the mountainside which is, or once was, infested with large

colonies of bats. Fairly recent explorations have, however, disproved this theory. Visitors who have penetrated the interior of the cave, describe it as a dark, wet opening in the mountain, with little, if any, sign of bats.

It is believed that during the Civil War, this community, as well as other places in the Rocky Broad Gorge, served as a hiding place for outliers, renegades, and bushwhackers. Some believe that there was an "underground railroad" through this section, where runaway Negroes were assisted in their escape to points farther south, but no conclusive evidence has been found to substantiate this rumor. These popular beliefs have been the foundation for many old tales about Bat Cave and adjoining regions.

Old Trap.

Old Trap, a town in the southern portion of Camden County, is one of our State's earliest communities. It is bounded principally by the Pasquotank River, and to a lesser degree by the Albemarle Sound.

The following approximate chronological listing of the town's names was given me by Mr. J. F. Pugh, a resident of Old Trap.

1660-1695	Akehurst Ridge
1695-1725	Raymond's Neck (name survives in Raymond's Creek)
1725-1770	Down River
1770-1880	The Trap
1880-1956	Old Trap

In early days the principal exports of the settlers in this region were forest products, pork, and tobacco. They imported manufactured products from various places, and received sugar, rum, and molasses from the West Indies. The farmers took their grains for processing to a windmill on a small bluff along the river. Where the roads from the windmill and the bay (where most of the imports were unloaded) intersect, there stood a grogshop or tavern. On their way to the mill the farmers would often stop for a toddy or dram, and they tarried. It is no wonder, then, that the womenfolk began to call the location "the trap." Later, when the dispensary was no longer in operation, the place became known as "the old trap."

Spill Corn.

The oldest residents of the Spill Corn area in Madison County do not remember a time when the community and creek were known by any name other than Spill Corn.

School Superintendant William W. Peek informed me that a ford through the creek existed near the old school building, and that this ford had very steep banks on both sides of the creek. According to legend, the early settlers used this ford in carrying corn (on horseback) to the mill, and the steep banks of the ford sometimes caused the sacks of corn to spill off the horse's back.

And Spill Corn got its name.

Topsail.

There is an island just off the Atlantic Coast and Pender County. Sometime around 1700, when sail-boats still constituted the major means of water travel, look-outs were stationed on this island to watch for incoming ships (legend says pirate ships). The first part of the ship to show on the horizon

was the top-mast or top-sail (pronounced topsul, with the accent on the first syllable). The look-out would give the cry "topsail!"

The island was named Topsail Island. The adjoining part of the mainland plus the island became known as Topsail Township.

Mr. William T. Batchelor, Principal of Topsail High School, is my major informant.

Comfort.

Comfort, an unincorporated village in Jones County, has about 300 residents. Although I have been unable to trace the origin of its name, I offer an anecdote related to me by Mr. John D. Larkins, Jr., of Trenton.

This area was a crossroads during the operation of the Goldsboro Lumber Company, which ran a railroad through the upper section of the County. This railroad no longer exists. When the proposal was made in recent years to pave the road through the village, the road had already fallen into such a state of disrepair that the townsfolk whimsically referred to the village as Misery instead of Comfort.

Snakebite.

When I first encountered the name Snakebite Township I quickly, but mistakenly, assumed that the name had come about because someone there was once bitten by a snake. The story told, however, is certainly worthy of front page-headlines. They would read, "Man Bites Snake!"

I am especially indebted to Mr. Roy Parker, Jr., of Windsor, N. C., for my material concerning Snakebite Township. I refer particularly to his article "Snakebite Gets Named" which appeared in the November 1, 1956, issue of the newspaper Bertie Ledger-Advance.

Snakebite Township is situated along the Windsor-Lewiston highway in Bertie County.

Mr. Jim Speight, a native of Snakebite Township, relates the following tale of how the area acquired its interesting and unusual name.

During the old days preceding the Civil War, the men of the various townships assembled for their annual militia drill. Such occasions were called "muster days." This was a happy and spirited event for the many lonely men from quiet and secluded farms. So spirited, in fact, that the old militia court-martial records contain numerous cases of these citizen-soldiers being prosecuted for their overzealous and riotous actions. It was upon just such a day that Snakebite was named.

During the course of one of these festive gatherings the supply of whiskey became exhausted. All were dismayed, but one soldier much more than the others. His desire for more whiskey was so strong that he finally vowed to "bite the head off a snake" if he could get just another drop more.

This prospect was far too delightful for his fun-seeking companions to ignore. They quickly took up a collection and purchased the whiskey. Then, in even quicker fashion, they fetched a snake from nearby Cashie Swamp.

Our thirsty man-at-arms abided by his oath He bit the head off the snake.

Maggie.

I am grateful to Mr. H. C. Wilburn, who was kind enough to send me an informative newspaper clipping. This article, by Mrs. C. L. Bradley for the Waynesville Mountaineer, has been my chief source of information concerning the town of Maggie.

The first Post Office at Maggie (Haywood County) was established in 1903 by "Uncle Jack" Setzer, who just recently celebrated his 89th birthday. The Post Office was built into one room of his home, and it was named after one of his daughters, who is now Maggie Setzer Plyant.

The town has a new Post Office now, but the original one is on display at the Maggie Country Store. This store is a colorful establishment, and might strike one as belonging more to a bygone era than to our present age. Still found here are articles such as red suspenders, sunbonnets, the proverbial cracker barrel near the pot-bellied stove, the hams and slabs of salt pork hanging nearby, the coffee grinder, rock candy, and sassafras.

Sometime near the establishment of the first Maggie Post Office there seems to have been a sort of rash of post offices in this area of the State bearing the names of girls. Besides Maggie there were Nellie, Addie, and Beta. Some other North Carolina towns whose names seem to pay tribute to members of the fairer sex are Bertha, Florence, Lizzie, Maribel, Ruth, and Stella.

Glen Raven.

John Q. Grant established and owned the first mill at Glen Raven in Alamance County. When he was granted a freight depot, and soon after that, a post office, he had to name the community. He liked Glendale but could not use that name because another such post office existed in the State.

According to local legend, he was very fond of hunting crows, and so decided to use Glen from the first name he liked, and Raven for the second. Generations have passed, but still alive in the name Glen Raven is the tale of how much an earlier settler enjoyed shooting crows.

My thanks go to Mr. J. D. Lawrie, Principal of Glen Raven School, for supplying me with much of the foregoing material.

Happy Plains.

Taylorville is a town in Alexander County and is situated at the base of the foot hills of the Brushy Mountains. Even though it is not in the mountains themselves, the land is very rolling, and mountains are in sight. Clear level land is not available in large tracts.

Happy Plains School is located on one of the few level spots. In this locality there is actually a plain. Before the school was located here it was an open meadow, and level enough for a large athletic field. The people gathered here for picnics, baseball, and any other activity that meant fun. In other words, they had a happy time on this spot. When it became time to name the school later built here, it seemed very natural to call it Happy Plains.

This account is as it was related by the older residents of the community to Mr. H. G. Rose, Principal of the Happy Plains School.

Toast.

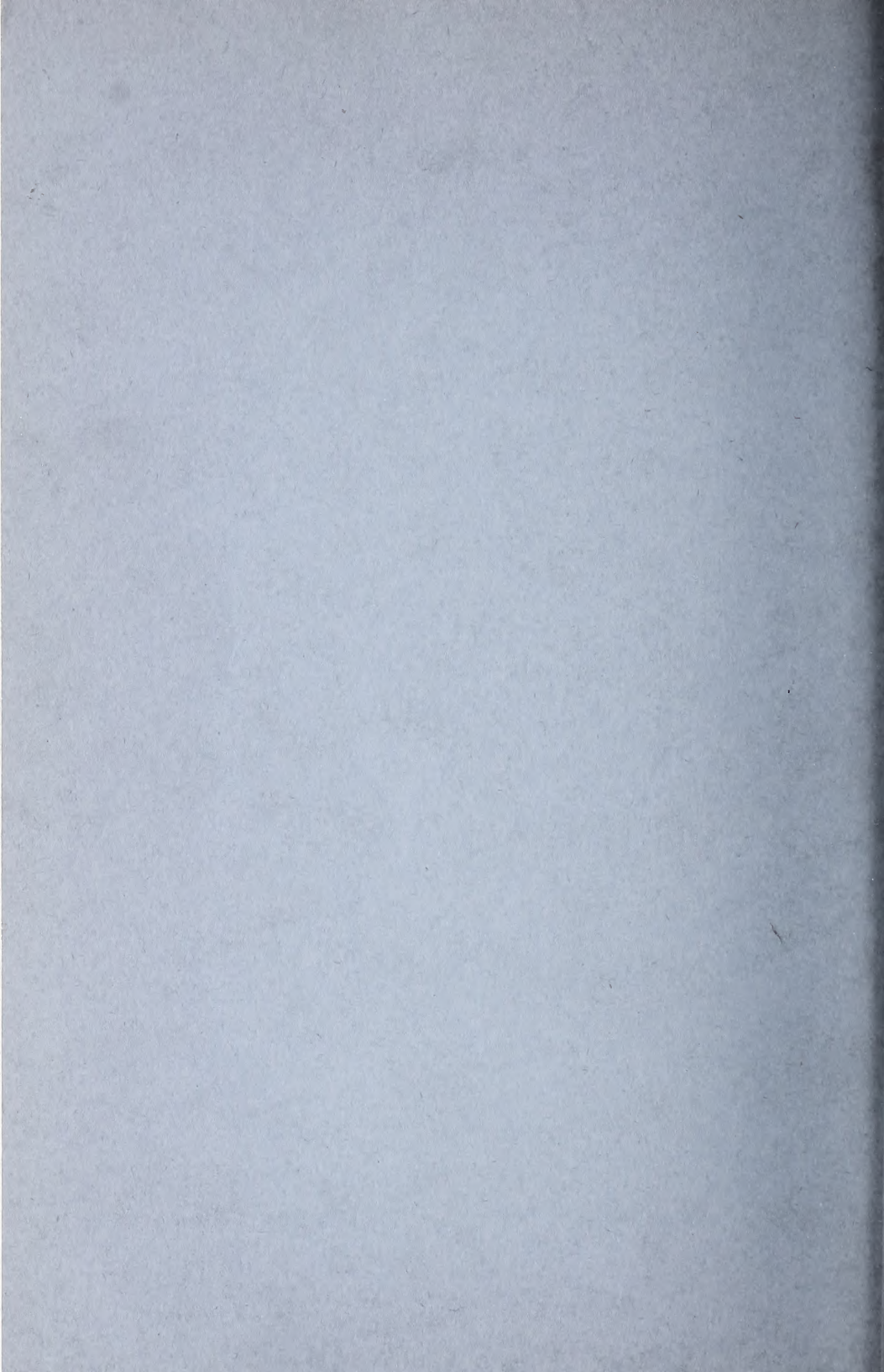
Miss Margaret B. Jackson, who has lived near the town of Toast for forty years, has always heard the following story.

A government man was once sent there to investigate the establishing of a post office. This agent, however, was at a loss for a suitable name. One morning at breakfast he was wondering about an appropriate name while nibbling his toast. "Toast!" he exclaimed; "toast, that would be a good name for this new post office." And so it came to be.

It would be difficult to verify this story, but as my informant stated, "I guess it's no more improbable than many other government doings."

Our Tarheel towns and their names offer living proof for the statement once made by Francis Bacon:

"Name, though it seem but a superficial and outward matter,
yet it carrieth much impression and enchantment."



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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THE ENCHANTED LAKE

By Edward G. McGavran, M. D.

[Dr. McGavran is Dean of the School of Public Health of the University of North Carolina. A graduate of Butler University and the Harvard University School of Medicine, he came to Chapel Hill in 1947 after a notable career as a public health administrator, and his leadership of the School of Public Health at Chapel Hill has made it one of the outstanding institutions of its kind in the world. Born at Pachmari, in the Central Provinces of India, to a missionary family that had been sending representatives to the mission field since the middle of the last century, he learned to speak Hindustani and absorbed a great deal of Indian folklore and the traditions of his family. "The Enchanted Lake" is one of the stories contained in a collection of family traditions that he wrote down for his children.]

The location of the mission centers was one of the difficult jobs that father had to take on after the famine of 1897. It meant traveling all over Central Provinces, by bullock cart usually, mile upon mile. Sometimes it was in territories where white men had seldom if ever been before. Usually two or three missionaries would go together while investigating a location.

It was on one of these trips that father found the Enchanted Lake. Central Provinces are dotted with lakes, artificial ones usually, called talaws. These talaws catch the water in the rainy season, and in the dry season they may be used to irrigate the rice fields. Sometimes the talaw is not used for irrigation at all but forms the place of worship for the neighboring village. The temple is built upon its banks. The surface of the temple is covered with intricate carvings. And outside the temple proper are altars and idols before which offerings and sacrifices are laid. Then also steps lead down to the lake, and here the people come and bathe, and get their drinking water, and wash their clothes. Here, also, the animals may come and drink and wash. It is really quite a community center even if not very sanitary. These lakes also have lots of wild ducks upon them, and because it is impossible to buy meat it is necessary to shoot the too-plentiful game.

So it was that in that remote corner of Central Provinces father and two of his fellow missionaries decided to have duck for supper. Coming upon a beautiful talaw, they shot at some ducks which flew up. The ducks fell in the water some fifty yards from shore and, as no good sportsman shoots game without going after it, they decided that someone would have to swim. It was father's turn; so he started to get ready. As he did so, the villagers came over to where they were standing and said: "Sahib, you cannot go into this lake. It is enchanted. There is a great devil that lives in the bottom of this lake, and if any living thing gets into the water the devil grabs him and pulls him under and he never comes up." Father inquired about alligators, snakes, and all other possible sources for such a legend. "No, Sahib; no one has ever seen this devil." But they were sure a devil lived in the bottom of the lake.

Well, father thought he would take a chance. It was probably just a superstition. By this time, quite a crowd had gathered and they begged him not to go. "The British will blame us for your death," they said. Father assured them that they had witnesses who would vouch that he was warned and was going against their wishes. They still implored. "Sahib, it was only a year ago that a man came here upon an elephant. He took the elephant in to drink. Both the elephant and the man were pulled under and never came up." You can't drown

an elephant; so father felt more than ever that this was all a tall tale, and so he told the villagers he would give the devil a chance. He was going to get the ducks:

Father was not a very good swimmer; so he threw a broken piece of plank that lay near at hand into the water and, lying on top of it, paddled out. He had gone less than fifteen yards from the shore when he suddenly found his arms and legs firmly grasped. If he had not been supported by the board he would have gone down without even time to call out. However, as it was, he had time to think and to see what had grasped both arms and legs so firmly. It was a fine-tentacled green weed that grew within six inches of the surface of the water. This weed seemed to contract as it wrapped itself about anything that came near it. So it seemed that the villagers' superstition was not so silly after all and was well grounded upon the facts. However, by staying on the plank he could gradually work his arms and legs free from the mass of weeds, and by keeping his arms and legs at the surface of the water he could prevent getting caught again. Well, he had said he would get the ducks; so he went on out and got them.

On his way back he brought a sample of the weed to show the villagers what was the real cause of people's being drowned in the lake. It didn't do any good. They had seen a miracle with their own eyes. You couldn't kid them. "Weeds! No! It was a great magic." And they were not to be robbed of the wonder.

There is a sequel to this event; but it did not happen until twenty-some years after. Father never more than mentioned the incident to us. I heard the full report on a hunting trip from one of his associates on that adventure. We were not far from where we thought that particular lake was. So we decided to see if we could find it. It wasn't hard because the Enchanted Lake was well known in these parts. The temple was still the center of community life. Some of the idols and altars had sacrifices and offerings before and on them. One altar, with no apparent idol, had an unusual amount of offerings and attention. We asked the priest what god or goddess this altar sacrifice was in honor of. His reply was brief. "That is to a white god who was here twenty years ago and who went into the Enchanted Lake and came out alive."

THAT WORD "TAR HEEL" AGAIN

By Richard Walser

[A native of Lexington, North Carolina, Mr. Walser is a graduate of the University of North Carolina (B. A. and M. A.), and has been for several years a professor of English at North Carolina State College. He has been one of the leaders in the improvement of English instruction in the high schools and colleges of North Carolina. Meanwhile, he has been a popular lecturer and writer on North Carolina literature, history, and folklore. His publications include North Carolina Poetry (1941, rev. 1951), North Carolina in the Short Story (1948), and Inglis Fletcher of Bandon Plantation (1952). His latest books are The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe (1953) and North Carolina Drama (1956). Mr. Walser was vice president of the North Carolina Folklore Society in 1956.]

The legends revolving around the origin of the word "Tar Heel" are so numerous that the situation can be categorized only as one of confusion. The two most frequently cited yarns come from explanations in Clark's North Carolina Regiments (1901) and in Creecy's Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History (1901).

Both versions were written down long after the occurrences of the events on which they were supposedly based. They are similar, too, in that they refer to Civil War times when, presumably, the North Carolina soldiers were so noted for not retreating from advanced positions that they gained a reputation of having tar on their heels, incapacitating their flight in the heat of battle.

These versions do not take into account historical evidence that a North Carolinian was called a "Tar-Burner" as early as 1775, a "Tarboiler" in 1845; that the state was known as "the Turpentine state" in 1850, the "Tar and Turpentine State" in 1856. All these nicknames came, of course, from the state's fame as a source of naval stores. (Reference: my feature article, "How Did We Get To Be Tar Heels?" Raleigh News and Observer, January 24, 1954.)

Even so, the word "Tar Heel" itself seems indeed to have begun in the years of the Civil War. No earlier use of the term has been located. A recent discovery, never before cited as far as I know, pushes back the printed story thirty-five years. In August, 1866, a Charlotte monthly magazine, The Land We Love, published an article titled "The Haversack." In it are several war anecdotes provided by "the gallant Colonel R. of S. C." Here are two unedited paragraphs (p. 293):

The sallies of genuine wit, in repartees between the soldiers of different commands, were an enlivening feature of camp life,

The following occurred December, 1864, when Hoke's division was sent out on a reconnoissance [sic] upon the Darby Town road. Kirkland's N. C. brigade (of as true metal as men are made of) was passing us to take position on our left, and greeted us with "Rice-birds," "Sand-lappers!" "Hagood's foot cavalry!" etc. One of our men cried out, "Go it, tar-heels!" This title the North-Carolina troops were justly proud of, it having been given them at the battle of Manassas, where a general remarked, "That regiment of North-Carolinians must have tar on their heels to make them

stick as they do." To this retort of "Go it, tar-heels!" one of Kirkland's men replied: "Yes, we are tar-heels, and tar sticks"; and "Yes," shouted back another of the South-Carolina rice-birds, "when the fire gets hot, the tar runs."

By the time the variations of this story got to Clark and Creecy, the last clause had been omitted. It seems highly likely that, at first, "Tar Heels" was a term of derision, but that the North Carolina soldiers appropriated it and translated it through usage into words of pride.

The spelling in the foregoing excerpt is odd: a hyphen and no capital letters. Nowadays the three most reliable college dictionaries spell it Tarheel, with no secondary spelling provided for. But in Tarheelia itself, the custom is for two words, Tar Heel, both capitalized. Of seven leading morning newspapers in North Carolina, only in Durham do we find any concurrence with the lexicographers. The editors in Wilmington, Raleigh, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Charlotte, and Asheville pay no attention to the dictionary-makers in New York, Massachussetts, and Ohio.

JUGTOWN

By Cherry Parker

"I was born," writes Mrs. Parker, "in southern Kentucky, close to the habitat of the Bell Witch, and I've never lost my interest in the ghost and witch tales which lulled me while I was rocked in a handmade 'Shaker' chair during my early childhood. I am a registered nurse, and will get my degree in Public Health from the University of North Carolina in July. My husband Fred is also in school, and we have two young children, to whom we do not tell ghost stories—at least, not yet. I'm interested in writing; most of my articles have appeared in trade and professional journals and farm and teen-age magazines."

[For parts of her article Mrs. Parker has permission to reprint from her "Let's Go to Jugtown," which appeared in the magazine Upward, May 23, 1954.]

Jugtown, as we know it today, was started in 1917 by Jacques Busbee, an artist from a famous old North Carolina family. In the early days (in fact, dating from the beginnings of English Carolina), most potters had made jugs for distilleries. When prohibition was enacted, much of the North Carolina pottery making stopped. A few old potters kept at their trade, making pickle jars, churns, crocks, and dirt-pie dishes. In fact, you might credit the starting of Jugtown to a dirt pie dish!

Before 1916 Jacques Busbee's chief occupation was portrait painting. Though he longed to contribute something to North Carolina culture as his forebears had, it seemed that most of his portraits were of people out of the state. Around 1916, his wife Juliana R. Busbee was asked to do some flower arrangements at the Lexington County Fair. She asked some women at the fair to bring vases and dishes for her arrangements. An orange dirt-pie dish was brought. When her husband saw it, he knew that because of its color and form, a new field of art lay in that pie dish. He decided that if he could get some descendants of the old potters and give them art training, this would revive an industry that was functional and different. He located at the present site, between Robbins and Seagrove, North Carolina, and his pottery made an immediate hit in New York and New England. Without asking for it, Jugtown began to get publicity in magazines and newspapers, and people started coming to see it. This encouraged potters all over the state of North Carolina.

The Busbees found that people who had settled in this territory were really direct descendants of the earliest settlers of the section. They knew many old hymns and ballads, which Mr. Busbee collected. Ballads were learned from transient peach-orchard workers, and ancient hymns were discovered at arbor meetings. One ballad heard in a peach orchard was about the pre-Revolutionary period — it told of the Seven Years War.

Many folk had classical names like Orpheus, Jason, Cleo, Artemisia, Phryne, and Clyte. Most were craftsmen. They had made beautiful furniture, their own guns, shoes. They were weavers and blacksmiths, and they raised their own food. They lived by the early craftsman's code, "Built Upon Honor." Mr. Busbee took this as his code for making Jugtown pottery.

Jugtown's most famous potter has been Ben Owen, who started turning the kick-wheel there in 1923. A real craftsman, who loves his work, Mr. Owen is the fifth generation of a family of potters, and he has exhibited pottery making both at Columbia University and the University of North Carolina.

Both red and gray clays, found nearby in Moore and Randolph Counties, are used for the pottery making.

Jugtown has attempted to keep the ware-making in the tradition of the settlement. No modern machinery is used. The clay is mixed with water, and the clay mixer is pulled by a mule. The potter turns the kick-wheel with his foot, and the pottery is fired in an old-fashioned kiln, heated with wood.

When you visit Jugtown, when you see the potter in the rustic shop, shaping a jug or a dish as if by magic, you can almost believe you are back in the world of 150 years ago when the ware was loaded on covered wagons to be peddled or bartered for goods not to be found locally; it is easy to imagine you might be living in a time when jug headstones were used in the local burying-grounds, and earthen churns and clay medicine jars were the order of the day.

At least that's how it affects me.

Jugtown makes me want to go back into time and meet someone called Orpheus, who has a sister named Phryne, who will sing me a ballad about the Seven Years War - while I sit in front of an open fire and eat cobbler out of a dirt-pie dish!

OLD JOE SHUFFLE

[From an old MS. copy given the Editor by Mrs. Juliana Busbee of Jugtown in 1956. According to Mrs. Busbee, "Old Joe Shuffle" was Josiah Wedgwood Sheffield, one of the potters of the neighborhood. She did not know who composed this crude ballad about him. She remembered only that she and her husband, Jacques Busbee, heard the ballad and got a copy of it.]

Old Joe Shuffle he walked with a limp,
Old man Shuffle he walked with a stick.
Old man Shuffle he didn't walk much,
For he limped, and he kicked at a wheel.

Old Joe Shuffle he kicked a kick-wheel,
Old man Shuffle turned pots on a wheel.
Old man Shuffle he kicked out a jug
And drank from it all he could hold,

Old man Shuffle he loved his corn likker,
Old man Shuffle he made his corn likker.
Old man Shuffle he sold his corn likker.
He slept right smart in the Moore County jail.

Old Joe Shuffle he died at the wheel,
Old Joe Shuffle warn't turning a jug.
He didn't die turning a jug.
He thought he saw snakes, but they warn't nothing but drakes.

Old Joe Shuffle he died at the wheel,
Old Joe Shuffle warn't turning a jug.
He struck at the snakes and killed his own drakes,
And his heart stopped beating right there.

AT THE END OF A QUEST

By Rebecca Cushman

[The author of "Gus and Gladys," in the July 1956 number of North Carolina Folklore, Miss Cushman was sketched there. Spending part of her time in Hillsboro and part in Asheville, she has been working on a book of which "At the End of a Quest" is a sample.]

One afternoon, back in the years before the Santeetla Dam had engulfed some of the modest beauty spots hidden in the Great Smokies, I was sitting in a home-made chair in the small general store of a tiny mountain settlement forty miles from a railroad.

The store stood close by the side of a broad, clear, swift-running creek. It was the most beautiful creek I have ever seen - secure then, and joyous between its banks of tall, dense, deep-green rhododendron. We of the small group chatting in the store had been hearing snatches of some kind of a tale that was being told out on the porch. And, catching also glimpses of the countenance of the teller of this distant yarn, I said to a neighbor standing by - for I felt sure he knew everybody in the country-side - "That man is a teller of tall tales. I know it by the expression on his face."

My friend said that I was indeed right, and that he would bring him in to our cracker-barrel session which had been going on beside the counter. The man acknowledged the introduction with dignity, but his face at once became impassive; a sort of long, know-nothing-whatever expression that I was afraid we could not penetrate. I saw he was on his guard, but I made a try.

"Don't you know some good stories you could tell us?"

"No ma'm," he said with the utmost solemnity; "I can't think of any."

"But you might let us in on that one I just heard you telling out on the porch!"

"Oh," he said, "I was tellin' 'em about a feller from one of the public work camps that was comin' to see a girl that was livin' at my house. We was a-teasin' her a little, an' one of the boys that was there chimed in and says, yes, he was a fine feller. He said he knowed him well. Said he's been on the chain gang with him fur four months when the feller was up fur slappin' his wife with a hand-saw."

The ice was cracked, at least! And then he said: "But I do know a man in Graham County that can tell some good tales. He said one time they was a lot of blackbirds that got in his corn field. They settled in a gully. He says he got his gun, an' shot down that gully, an' he killed nine hundred an' ninety-nine. Then somebody says to him, 'Well, why don't you make it a thousand while you're a-tellin' it!' But the man says, 'Law! You knowed I wouldn't tell a lie fur jest one little blackbird!'"

The next week I went over the line into Graham County. The rain was coming down in torrents, and the mud grew deeper and more splashy as we eased the car through a shallow creek, and then slowly along over the unpaved road with its many deep ruts.

At last we came to our destination. I got out of the car, went over to the little picket gate, and lifted the latch. The path inside led to a two-story house, somewhat run-down to be sure; but it was a home that could easily have been in a town instead of in practically a wilderness. And this, in a remote and sparsely settled mountain county of great distances, was the kind of surprise not often found.

Standing and sitting on the floor of the rather large porch was a collection of small children who seemed overcome with shyness at my approach. I addressed myself to a seven-year-old who was sitting flat, legs out, and spine pressed firmly against the frame of the front door. He was a very elf of a child with large blue-gray eyes, sweeping black lashes, clear-cut features, and that something additional which marks such men-children as leaders. This was evident even before we talked. The very shape of his head, with its mop of wavy brown hair and its proud bearing, bespoke strength.

"Does Mr. McGill live here?" I asked.

"Yes." said the boy.

"Is he your granddaddy?"

"Yes."

"Is he at home?"

"No." said the child. He was dealing out the information with a conscious reserve.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No." And then something began to loosen his tongue. "He went off this mornin', an' he didn't say whur he was a-goin'. Ef he got snake-bit we wouldn't know whur to look fur him!" Anxiety for Granddaddy had won!

It was a vivid little soul who sat so firmly before me that day. I came away feeling much the poorer for not having had the chance to know him better; as well as not having had the opportunity to meet his grandgather at all. Yet it was all so typical of this thing we call the mountain picture. It is illusive, for in the midst of poverty it is rich in the things that cannot be bought with money. You go looking for a tall tale and you come back remembering a little boy clad in faded overalls; a little boy who looks like a child prince in a fairy story. And you keep wondering what that priceless hidden gift, so apparent in face and bearing, will bring forth for the future - poet or statesman?

Yes, it is hard to separate the folk tale from the larger mountain picture, for it is all a part of the spontaneous vitality, the charm, the promise, that spring from the deep and varied roots of its yesterdays.

NORTH CAROLINA INTELLIGENCE

O. H. Smith

[The following is from Early Indiana Trials and Sketches, Reminiscences of Hon. O. H. Smith, Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., Printers, 1958, p. 105. It was contributed by Mr. Glenn Tucker, a former newspaper correspondent and advertising man, who lives at Flat Rock, North Carolina, where he grows apples, and between spraying, pruning, and picking, reads and writes history. Mr. Tucker's Tecumseh: Vision of Glory won, in 1956, the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Award and the Mayflower Cup. It was while he was doing research for his Poltroons and Patriots, a two-volume history of the War of 1812, that he discovered "North Carolina Intelligence." A native of Indiana and a graduate of DePauw University and Columbia University, after extensive newspaper work Mr. Tucker moved to North Carolina, and has been an active member of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association and the Western North Carolina Historical Association.]

There arose a personal debate during the session, between Judge Dorsey, of Maryland, and Samuel P. Carson, of North Carolina, which became highly interesting to the House, as it was carried on with the utmost good humor on both sides. It is evident, however, that Judge Dorsey had decidedly the advantage of his North Carolina competitor. The debate ultimately turned upon the comparative intelligence of the constituents of these gentlemen. Mr. Carson had charged the people of the eastern shore of Maryland with ignorance of the history of the country, owing to their inability to read or write, and closed with a most ludicrous account of the subserviency of the Marylanders to the supposed great men of the country. The good humor of the House seemed to be on the side of North Carolina, when Judge Dorsey rose to reply, his face covered with fun. John Leeds Kerr, afterwards United States Senator, whispered in my ear, "Dorsey can say funny things." I give a sketch of his speech from recollection.

"The gentleman says my constituents are ignorant and illiterate; I will not retort upon those who sent him here, but relate a few facts and leave the House to judge between us. Dates are important. The late war was declared in 1812, and the British army ingloriously burned the capitol in 1814, to the lasting disgrace of that nation. The whole story was immediately published in the National Intelligencer, and copied into every paper in the United States. The war was over and peace restored by the treaty of Ghent.

"Just ten years after the burning of the Capitol, my business took me into the gentleman's district. I was approaching the principal town, when I heard the sound of a fife and drum emerging from a yellow-pine woods near the town, where they were making tar and turpentine. I saw before me the waving plume and marching, with quick step, of a regiment of men, the stars and stripes borne aloft, with the motto 'North Carolina now and forever,' in large letters. I rode directly to the principal hotel, kept by a landlord that evidently lived well, and knew how to entertain his guests if he was pleased with their standing.

"The moment I was seated on the porch he addressed me. 'Have you heard the news?' 'What news?' 'Why, the British have burned the Capitol and our army is moving forward as you see to meet the enemy.' 'When did you get the news?' 'We got it last

night about seven o'clock. That you may understand how this happened--just before the last war we held a great public meeting to give information to the people. It was found that there was but one man in the county that could read. He was elected county reader. We had no newspaper. We then voted to take the National Intelligencer, and that every Saturday afternoon the paper should be publicly read, beginning at the first page and reading it regularly through, advertisements and all; since then our reader has kept constantly at it every Saturday afternoon. Last night he read the burning of the Capitol by the British. We at once flew to arms. The old Revolutionary spirit is completely aroused.'

"Dinner was announced and I took my seat at the head of the table, when out sprang my landlord and in a moment announced that the President of the United States was approaching in a coach and four with out-riders, and sure enough up drove the coach with four splendid grays, and out-riders in full livery. The distinguished personage stepped from the coach, and was bowed into the parlor by my landlord, hat in hand. Curiosity led me to place one ear at the opening. The landlord bowing to the floor--'The President of the United States, I presume.' 'Not exactly.' 'The Secretary of State?' 'Not exactly.' 'The Secretary of War?' 'Not exactly.' 'The Secretary of the Navy?' 'Not exactly.' 'The Governor of North Carolina?' 'Not exactly.' 'Joseph Gales, the editor of the National Intelligencer?' 'Not exactly.' Then raising his voice and stamping his foot angrily on the floor, 'Who in the thunder are you?' 'I am a merchant tailor from Washington City, and have come here to collect some bills.' 'You can pass on, I have no room for you.'"

The judge closed amid thunders of applause; his triumph was complete. Mr. Carson laughed heartily, and the matter ended in the best of personal feelings.

WEATHER LORE IN BLUM'S ALMANAC, 1844-1950

By Addison Barker

[Having grown up in Thomasville, N. C., Mr. Barker served for over four years in the Medical Department of the U. S. Army. After his discharge from the service, he entered High Point College, where he obtained his B. A. degree in English and social sciences in 1949. In 1950 he received the M. A. degree in English at the University of North Carolina.

[Since 1950 Mr. Barker has taught English and worked as a journalist. His collection of original poems, The Magpie's Nest, was published by the Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, in 1950. At present he is a member of the English Department of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.]

Blum's Farmer's and Planter's Almanac, founded in 1828 by John Christian Blum, an editor and publisher of Salem, N. C., has been published annually without interruption since that date. Not even the Civil War years forced suspension of publication, although the Almanac numbers produced in this period were slender in volume.

From the beginning, the editors relied heavily upon reader contributions for the bulk of the folklore items appearing in each issue. Some material was gleaned from other almanacs and farm journals. The present publisher, J. E. Goslen, has informed the writer in a personal interview that he relies almost entirely on reader contributions.

Figures on the early circulation of the Almanac are unavailable. In 1925, approximately 80,000 copies per year were circulated, and today the circulation ranges from 215,000 to 225,000 copies per year. Owing to this large reading public and to the great number of folklore items in each issue, the Almanac stands as a significant organ for the perpetuation and transmission of North Carolina folklore.

In 1950, the writer had the privilege and good fortune to collect and classify the folklore in the Almanac for the years 1844-1950 under the wise and sympathetic direction of Dr. Arthur Palmer Hudson, of the University of North Carolina. This project was undertaken in completion of the thesis requirement for the M. A. degree in English.

The weather signs entered below form a part of the thesis. Each sign is followed by the year of publication and the number of the page on which it may be found in the Almanac. (Copies of the Almanac for the periods 1848-1914, 1916-1929, and 1934-1942 are in the Weeks Collection of Caroliniana in the North Carolina Room of the University of North Carolina Library. The writer filled the gaps between 1944 and 1950 by borrowing copies from friends and relatives.) The signs listed here are not in chronological order.

If the ants' hole is not surrounded by a cone, the weather will be fair. 1949; 13.

If the ants' hole is surrounded by a cone, there will soon be rain. 1949; 13.

Unusual clearness of the atmosphere and unusual brightness or twinkling of the stars indicate rain. 1922; 90.

- The aurora borealis always indicates a change of weather. 1883; 34.
- When bears come out of the swamps to look for places to sleep,
there will be a hard winter. (American Indian) 1938; 57.
- An unusually large crop of berries means a hard winter. 1938; 57.
- If, after it has rained for some time, you see enough blue in the
west to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, it will soon
clear off. 1883; 34.
- A cat usually washes its face before a rainstorm. 1923; 13.
- A green Christmas is followed by a white Easter. 1948; 56.
- A warm Christmas means a cold Easter. 1948; 56.
- If meadows are green at Christmas, they will be covered with
frost at Easter. 1948; 56.
- Clouds that look like large rocks portend great showers. 1844; 3.
- Hard-edged, oily-looking clouds bring wind. 1890; 44.
- If clouds arise with great white tops and black lower sides,
make haste for shelter. 1844; 3.
- If large clouds decrease during summer or harvest time, there
will be fair weather. 1844; 3.
- Small clouds marked with dapple gray and blown by a north wind
bring fair weather for two or three days. 1844; 3.
- Small, inky-looking clouds bring rain. 1890; 44.
- Soft-looking clouds mean fair weather. 1890; 44.
- The higher the clouds, the finer the weather. 1923; 67.
- When clouds are rough and ragged, expect wind. 1923; 67.
- When clouds have a soft and delicate appearance, look for fair
weather. 1923; 67.
- Light scud clouds, wind and rain. 1890; 44.
- If the peel and husks of corn are unusually heavy, there will be
a hard winter. 1938; 57.
- When your corns give you an extra pain, it is going to rain.
1942; 23.
- A corona growing larger about the sun or moon indicates fair
weather. 1922; 90.
- A corona growing smaller about the sun or moon indicates rain.
1922; 90.

Cows lie down before a rainstorm. 1923; 13.

When the crows caw loudly and long, it is going to rain. 1942; 23.

If the last eighteen days of February and the first ten days of March are rainy, spring and summer are likely to be so. 1844; 3.

Dew is an indication of fine weather. 1923; 67.

Dews which lie long in the morning signify fair weather. 1844; 3.

Small dews which vanish rapidly signify rain. 1844; 3.

The first three days of the dog days rule the others; if they are rainy, the others will be rainy; if they are dry, the others will be dry. 1883; 34.

Dogs bury bones before a rainstorm. 1923; 13.

Drought usually comes in on an east wind. 1938; 82.

If the wind turns out of the south to the northeast and turns neither south nor rainy the third day, it is likely to produce a great drought, especially if there has been much rain out of the south before. 1844; 3.

If the earth or other moist places emit an extraordinary stink or smell, rain is coming. 1844; 3.

The very early migration of eels to the sea foretells a hard winter. 1938; 57.

When fish jump from the water, it is going to rain. 1942; 23.

When flies stick tight and bite, it is going to rain. 1942; 23.

When the fog settles on the mountain in the morning, it will certainly rain before night. 1883; 34.

Fogs indicate settled weather. A morning fog usually breaks away before noon. 1922; 90.

If October and November are frosty, January and February are likely to be open and mild. 1844; 3.

Moonlight nights have the heaviest frost. 1923; 67.

The first frost and the last frost are usually preceded by a temperature very much above the mean. 1922; 90.

When the geese fly south unusually early, there will be a hard winter. (American Indian) 1938; 57.

The ground hog, or badger, takes a peep out of his hole on February 2 and gives the weather a "once over." If he sees sun, he beats it back and takes another snooze for six weeks.

But if he sees cloudy weather, he ventures abroad and begins his year of activity. 1925; 41.

A halo around the sun indicates rain or snow. 1883; 34.

A halo around the moon indicates a coming storm; the number of stars within the circle shows the number of days before it will occur. 1883; 34.

A halo occurring about the sun or moon after fine weather indicates a storm. 1922; 90.

Hogs grunt before a rainstorm. 1923; 13.

If hornets build their nests high off the ground, there will be a great deal of snow during the winter. 1938; 57.

Horses fidget and neigh before a rainstorm. 1923; 13.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse after Christmas. 1948; 56.

A general mist before sunrise and near the full of the moon brings fair weather. 1844; 3.

A general mist which rises in the new moon brings rain in the end. 1844; 3.

If a general mist rises before sunup, in the old moon, there will be rain in the new moon. 1844; 3.

If a mist rises in low grounds and soon vanishes, expect fair weather. 1844; 3.

If morning mist rises high, or to the top of hills, you may expect rain in a day or two. 1844; 3.

One Saturday change of the moon is enough for seven years, as there is always a severe storm after it. 1883; 34.

Sharp horns on the moon portend windy weather. 1923; 67.

The nearer the time of the moon's change to midnight, the fairer will the weather be during the seven days following. 1883; 34.

The nearer to midday the phases of the moon happen, the more foul or wet the weather that may be expected for the next seven days. 1883; 34.

When muskrats build their mounds on higher ground than usual there will be a hard winter. 1938; 57.

A northwester begins by blowing hard and usually brings clear weather. 1844; 3.

If the latter end of October and the beginning of November are for

the most part warm and rainy, January and February are likely to be cold and frosty, except after a very warm summer. 1844; 3.

If the leaves of the paternoster pea plant droop vertically, expect a storm. 1938; 57.

When the leaves of the paternoster pea plant incline downward, cloudy weather is approaching. 1938; 57.

When the leaves of the paternoster pea plant incline upward, fair weather is coming. 1938; 57.

When the leaves of the paternoster pea plant stand vertically, the sky will be clear and cloudless. 1938; 57.

When the first peewee sings in the spring, winter is broken. 1935; 117.

If pigeons, wild ducks, and wild geese come early, they come away from a hard winter. 1844; 3.

If rain begins about five o'clock p.m., it will rain through the night. 1883; 34.

If rain begins about noon, it will continue through the afternoon. 1883; 34.

If rain begins an hour or two after sunrise, it is likely to rain all day, unless there is a rainbow before it begins to rain. 1844; 3.

If rain clears off in the night, it will rain next day. 1883; 34.

If rain commences before daylight, it will hold up before eight o'clock a.m. 1883; 34.

If rain commences after nine o'clock p.m., it will rain the next day. 1883; 34.

The farther the sight, the nearer the rain. 1923; 67.

When the air grows thick by degrees and the sun, moon, and stars shine dimmer and dimmer, it is likely to rain for some hours. 1844; 3.

An evening rainbow is regarded as a sign of fair weather. 1922; 90.

If the colors of the rainbow tend more to red than to any other color, wind follows. 1844; 3.

If the colors of the rainbow tend toward green and blue, rain will follow. 1844; 3.

When there is a rainbow at night, it will not rain the next day. 1883; 34.

When there is a rainbow before noon, it is going to rain. 1922; 90.
1942; 23.

Sudden rains do not last long. 1844; 3.

A ring around the moon signifies rain. 1942; 23.

If a river rises more than usual after a rain, dry weather will follow. 1844; 3.

The sinking of rivers more than usual in some seasons is a certain presage of much rain to follow. 1844; 3.

When salt will not come from the shaker, it is going to rain. 1942; 23.

When a flock of sheep are found in a corner with their backs turned to the northwest, wait long enough and you will feel a wind blow up from that direction. 1923; 13.

A bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind. 1890; 44.

A dark, gloomy-looking blue sky brings wind. 1890; 44.

A deep blue sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather. 1922; 90.

A gray sky indicates fine weather. 1890; 44.

After it has been raining for some time, a blue sky in the south-east indicates that there will be fair weather soon. 1883; 34.

A green or yellowish-green sky indicates rain. 1922; 90.

A greenish sky brings wind and rain. 1890; 44.

A light, bright-blue sky means fine weather. 1890; 44.

An Indian-red sky at sunset indicates rain. 1890; 44.

A pale yellow sky at sunset presages wet weather. 1890; 44.

A "rain sky" usually forms and spreads from the west. 1938; 82.

A red glow from the west at sunset, evenly diffused over the upper sky or in long narrow streaks after the setting sun, always portends fine weather. 1938; 82.

A rosy sky at sunset portends fine weather. 1890; 44.

If a red eastern sky is flecked with low, puffy, brightly-tinted clouds at dawn, rain and heavy gales will follow. 1938; 82.

If in the morning some parts of the sky appear green between the clouds and the sky above is blue, stormy weather is not far off. 1844; 3.

If the sky is red in the morning, look out for a storm. 1883; 34.
1890; 44. 1942; 23.

If the sky is very red in the west in the evening, the weather will be fair next day. 1883; 34.

If the western sky gradually becomes clouded over with an unbroken film of gray, rain is not far distant. 1938; 82.

When smoke beats down from the chimney, a storm is near. 1883; 34.

When smoke from the chimney hangs near the ground, expect strong wind and stormy weather. 1923; 67.

When smoke goes straight up from the chimney, expect a period of fair weather. 1883; 34.

Snow on the ground at Christmas, grass on the ground at Easter. 1935; 117.

When the snow-partridge has turned white by the middle of September-- a change not usually seen until well into October--there will be a hard winter. 1938; 57.

If the sounds of bells, steam whistles, water, and beasts are heard more plainly than usual on a windless day, rain will follow. 1844; 3. 1833; 34.

When sound travels far at night, rain is near. 1942; 23.

When the stars are ghostly dim, it will rain soon. 1941; 23.

When stars flicker in a dark background, rain or snow soon follows. 1923; 67.

When a storm is advancing, the wind blows to meet it. 1890; 43.

The most serious storms come out of the south on a southeasterly or southwesterly wind. 1938; 82.

A cool and moist summer generally portends a hard winter. 1844; 3.

A hot and dry summer and autumn portend an open beginning of winter followed by a cold ending and a cold beginning of spring. 1844; 3.

If the sun rises clear and soon goes into a cloud, it will rain before night. 1883; 34.

If the sun rises in clouds, and the clouds soon decrease, fair weather is certain to follow. 1844; 3.

If the sun rises red and fiery, expect wind and rain. 1844; 3.

If the sun sets clear on Friday night, it will rain before Monday night. 1883; 34.

If the sun shines while it rains, it will rain the next day. 1883; 34.

- A sun dog, or mock sun, indicates that there will be stormy weather soon. 1883; 34.
- If the first Sunday in a month is stormy, all the other Sundays in that month will be stormy. 1883; 34.
- If the first Sunday in a month is stormy, two other Sundays in that month will be stormy. 1883; 34.
- A red sunrise, with clouds lowering later in the morning, indicates rain. 1922; 90.
- If it begins to rain an hour or two before sunrise, it is likely to be fair before noon. 1844; 3.
- A gray, lowering sunset indicates rain. 1922; 90.
- When swallows come early, a hot summer follows. 1844; 3.
- Thunder and lightning during Christmas week signify much snow for the remainder of the winter. 1948; 56.
- A tree-frog is placed in a glass jar half full of water. A small step ladder is placed in the jar to enable the frog to climb above the water. If the frog fails to ascend the ladder or squats on one of the lower steps, bad weather is coming. If he emerges from the water and sits on the top step, the prospect is for clear weather. The higher the step he occupies, the finer the weather will be. 1938; 57.
- Three days cold bring three days colder. 1883; 34.
- A growing whiteness means an approaching storm. 1922; 90.
- A wind blowing from the east or southeast indicates the approach of a storm from the west. 1890; 43.
- If the north wind blows for three days, the south wind will not rise till after the east wind has blown a while. 1844; 3.
- If the south wind begins to blow for two or three days, the north wind will blow immediately after it. 1844; 3.
- If the wind is from the northwest or southeast, the storm will be short; if from the northeast, it will be a hard one; if from the northwest, it will be a cold one. 1883; 34.
- If the wind moves in a direction contrary to that of the sun--from east to north, from north to west--it generally returns to a former point, at least before it has gone quite round the circle. 1844; 3.
- When the wind blows from the northeast for two or three days without any rain, and does not come south the third day, it is likely to continue from the northeast for eight or nine fair days, and then come south again. 1844; 3.

When the wind changes with the sun--from east to south, from south to west--it seldom goes back. 1844; 3.

When the wind continues to vary as if it were trying to find a point to settle in, and afterwards begins to blow constantly, it continues for some days. 1844; 3.

Whichever wind begins to blow in the morning will last longer than that which begins in the evening. 1844; 3.

Wind blowing from the sea is always cool in summer and warm in winter. 1844; 3.

Much wind, perhaps rain. 1890; 44.

The wind returns to the north from the south with a strong wind and rain. 1844; 3.

The wind usually turns from north to south without rain. 1844; 3.

Wind changing from east to southeast brings rain. 1938; 45.

Wind changing from north to west signifies clear and dry weather. 1938; 45.

Wind changing from south to northeast brings rain or snow. 1938; 45.

Wind changing from south to northwest signifies that it will be clear and colder. 1938; 45.

Wind changing from southeast to east brings rainstorms to the south. 1938; 45.

Wind from the east brings stormy weather. 1938; 45.

Wind from the north signifies a falling temperature. 1938; 45.

Wind from the south indicates a rising temperature. 1938; 45.

Wind from the southeast brings rain. 1938; 45.

Wind from the west signifies fair weather. 1938; 45.

The strongest winds come when the wind turns from south to northwest. 1844; 3.

Winds from the south bring mild weather and heat waves in the summer months. 1938; 82.

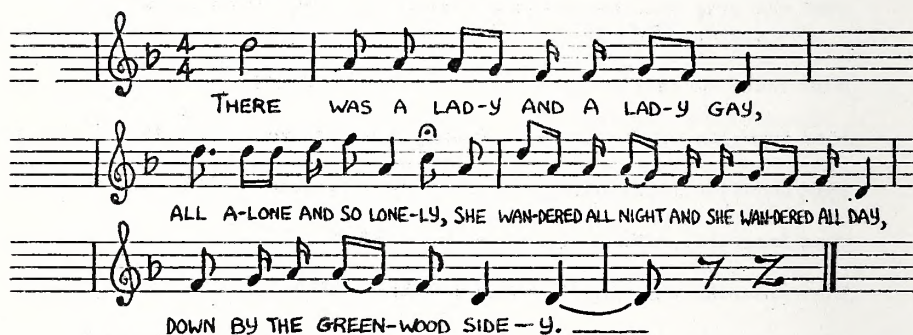
In winter an easterly wind current heralds the influx of severe weather. 1938; 82.

THE CRUEL MOTHER

[From a tape recording of the ballad as sung by Mr. William Stephenson, of Newport News, Virginia, for the Editor in June 1956. Mr. Stephenson, now a newspaper man, said that he grew up in North Carolina and that he learned the ballad in the western part of the state. Transcription by Mr. Herbert Shellans, of Chapel Hill.]

[Known to the singer as "Lady Gay," the ballad is a version of "The Cruel Mother" (Child, No. 20). "The Cruel Mother" is not represented in The Frank C. Brown Collection. It has, however, been recovered from oral tradition in America by several folksong collectors. Good texts, with music, are to be found in Arthur Kyle Davis (ed.), Traditional Ballads of Virginia (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1929), pp. 133-136, 560-561; and in Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, 2 vols., edited by Maud Karpeles (London: Oxford University Press, 1932, 1952), I, pp. 56-62. Five of Sharp's thirteen texts of the ballad are from North Carolina.]

[Child summarizes the story of the full ballad as follows: "A young woman, who passes for a leal maiden, gives birth to two babes, puts them to death with a penknife, and buries them, or ties them hand and feet and buries them alive. She afterwards sees two pretty boys, and exclaims if they were hers she would treat them most tenderly. They make answer that when they were hers they were treated differently, rehearse what she had done, and inform or threaten her that hell shall be her portion." Most American texts shorten this story considerably. From a comparison with Child's summary, it will be seen that Mr. Stephenson's version covers most of the salient narrative features. It is fuller than most of the Virginia versions, though not so full as Sharp's H, from Marion, North Carolina.]



1. There was a lady and a lady gay,
All alone and so lonely.
She walked all night and she walked all day
Down by the greenwood sidey.
2. As she was going over the bridge,
She felt herself a-growing big.

3. She leaned her back all against an oak,
And there those two fine babes were born.
4. She took a knife both long and sharp
And pierced them to their little hearts.
5. Oh, babes, oh, babes, if you were mine,
I'd dress you up in clothes so fine.
6. Oh, mother, oh, mother, when we were thine,
You neither dressed us coarse nor fine.
7. In seven years you'll hear a bell,
All alone and so lonely.
That bell will ring you down to hell
Down by the greenwood sidey.

ANSONORAMA

By Mary Medley

[When shown Miss Hermine Caraway's "Anson Anecdotes," in the July 1955 number of North Carolina Folklore, Miss Mary Medley, also of Wadesboro, Anson County, was reminded of other Anson anecdotes. Some of these she has written down for the present number of this journal.

[Born on a plantation in Anson County which has been in the possession of her family for a century, Miss Medley was educated at Weaver (now Brevard) College, Wesleyan College (Macon, Georgia), and the University of North Carolina. She has taught school in Virginia and North Carolina and has done extensive work on various North Carolina newspapers, besides writing historical pageants, articles for county history, and radio programs. In 1952 she published Dogwood Winter, a volume of verse.]

Buck Newton

Buck Newton was a colorful character well known around Wadesboro forty or more years ago. He was seen frequently walking the streets, or the roads in the area between Lilesville and Wadesboro, where he made his home.

The dull-witted fellow went barefoot with pants legs rolled up to his knees. He sported a floppy hat and an ill-fitting shirt, and always carried a large club or stick, which he would often shake at a passerby, with some muttered word or epithet. In his jaw rolled a wad of tobacco, and at times he flaunted a cigar from one corner of his mouth. A large red bandanna handkerchief, nearly always dirty, swung from his belt.

Buck was a champion loafer, spending much of his time fooling around with cotton buyers, farmers, politician, and lawyers, as they gathered in Wadesboro for business. If he ever got in a hurry to go somewhere, he would hit his legs with a switch and say, "Get up, Buck, and go along!"

Of the many humorous tales told on Buck, one of the best was about his flagging the through, limited passenger train while it was near Wadesboro on its Birmingham-Washington run. The incident probably occurred between Wadesboro and Lilesville, for Buck frequently walked this stretch of track.

Buck honed for a fresh chew of tobacco as the alcoholic thirsts for strong drink.

As he saw the fast train approaching down the gleaming rails, Buck hit upon an idea. Taking his red bandanna handkerchief from his belt and tying it to his stick, he began flagging the train and making frantic hand signals.

The engineer saw flag and signal, reduced speed, and came to a dead stop. Buck sauntered over to the train as the conductor stepped down from platform with visions of danger ahead.

When the unkempt, odd-looking character approached the train, the conductor asked, "What's the matter, buddy?"

"Say, mister," said Buck, with a squint in his eye, "have you got a chaw of tobacker on you?"

By this time the engineer strode up. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"This dam' fool jest wants a chaw of tobacker."

"Have you got one?" Buck asked the engineer.

"Naw!" exploded the engineer.

"Well, what in hell did you stop the train for?"

Mr. C. and the Widow

Mr. C. was known in his Anson County community as a wicked man, but he was of good family. His sharp tongue, profane words, and temper in a fight marked him as someone apart from his more conservative and conventional neighbors.

On a neighboring farm lived a poor, lonely widow, in a little shack. The winter was cutting deep with cold and snow. Wood was her only fuel, and hard to get at that time of year.

Mr. C., knowing about the widow's situation, had a sudden urge to do a kind deed. He loaded a wagon full of wood and drove over to the old lady's house late one afternoon, as the wind was rising and the fire needed an extra stick or two.

Mr. C. went to the door and knocked. The little old woman, with shawl-draped shoulders, came to the door and peeped out. She recognized Mr. C., saw the load of wood, and sensed the kind act intended.

A smile wreathed her face, and throwing up her hands for joy, she exclaimed, "Well, the Lord sent it, even if the Devil did bring it."

"He'll Wait"

One cold winter day a sawmill crew in eastern Anson was transporting a corpse on a railroad handcar to the place of burial. They had already been nipping the bottle, and as they proceeded on their cold ride they continued to do so.

After they had pumped and plied their way for a few miles, someone less numbed and muddled than the rest discovered that they had lost the body. They stopped and went into a huddle to decide what to do. A bright thinker came up with a plan.

"Let's jes' go back and git him where we left him. He'll wait."

The Laziest Man

He was the laziest man in the country. They said he was so lazy that he wouldn't feed his family. Some of the neighbors got so disgusted that they decided to pull a trick on him. One day they drove up to his house with wagon and team, seized him, and bound him in the vehicle. They told him that if he didn't

promise to go to work they would bury him alive.

The wagon moved out of the yard and headed for a cemetery nearby. Neighbors along the way decided that the joke had gone too far, and rushed out saying that they would give the man a bushel of corn or two if his captors would only not bury him alive.

The captive, hearing this charitable offer, rose up from the floor of the wagon and asked, "Is it shelled?" The neighbors shook their heads. "Well, drive on, boys," said Lazybones.

"But I Ain't"

During the days of the depression, when welfare handouts were part of the regular order, a colored woman appeared before the welfare superintendent of Anson County seeking help. She was in conference with an interviewer. Yes, she was the mother of six children. The oldest was seven, and she was having a hard time trying to feed and clothe them. Yes, her husband had been dead nine years.

The interviewer turned on her with puzzled look. "You say you have six children, the oldest is only seven, and your husband's been dead nine years. How can you figure that out?"

"Yas, suh. You see, he's dead. But I ain't."

Unsanitary

A Wadesboro lady had a maid who enjoyed sessions of the mayor's court, which at that time was held on Saturday nights. She would come back to work on Monday with choice bits of information for her employer which sparked up the cleaning jobs during the day.

The maid's enthusiasm for court was keen for some time; then it waned. The lady of the house noticed that change. One day she asked the maid, "Don't you still sit in on court Saturday nights?"

"No'm; I quit. They just started asking too many unsanitary questions."

Putting One Over

A half-witted fellow did errands around a Wadesboro wholesale grocery establishment. One day he was sent to the post office with a batch of letters and money for stamps. After an absence of several minutes, he returned with the money in his hand but without the letters.

"Lyman, why have you brought back the stamp money?"

"Well, I just stuck 'em in when nobody was lookin'."

THE DECEMBER 1956 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The program for the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Folklore Society in Raleigh on December 2, 1956, was carried out with great success. The Manteo Room of the Sir Walter Hotel was taxed to capacity by an appreciative audience, and many who attended commented that the program was the most interesting and varied in many years. Since the program was described in some detail in the December number of North Carolina Folklore, it will suffice to record the features by title.

1. "Filipino Dances and Folksongs" by Sra. Rose Lily Soller and Dr. Eduardo Ortiz, of the Philippine Islands, in native costumes.

2. "A Sheaf of British and American Folksongs" by Herbert Shellans, of Chapel Hill, with guitar accompaniment.

3. "Scottish Jacobite Songs" by Donald MacDonald, of Charlotte, in Highland costume.

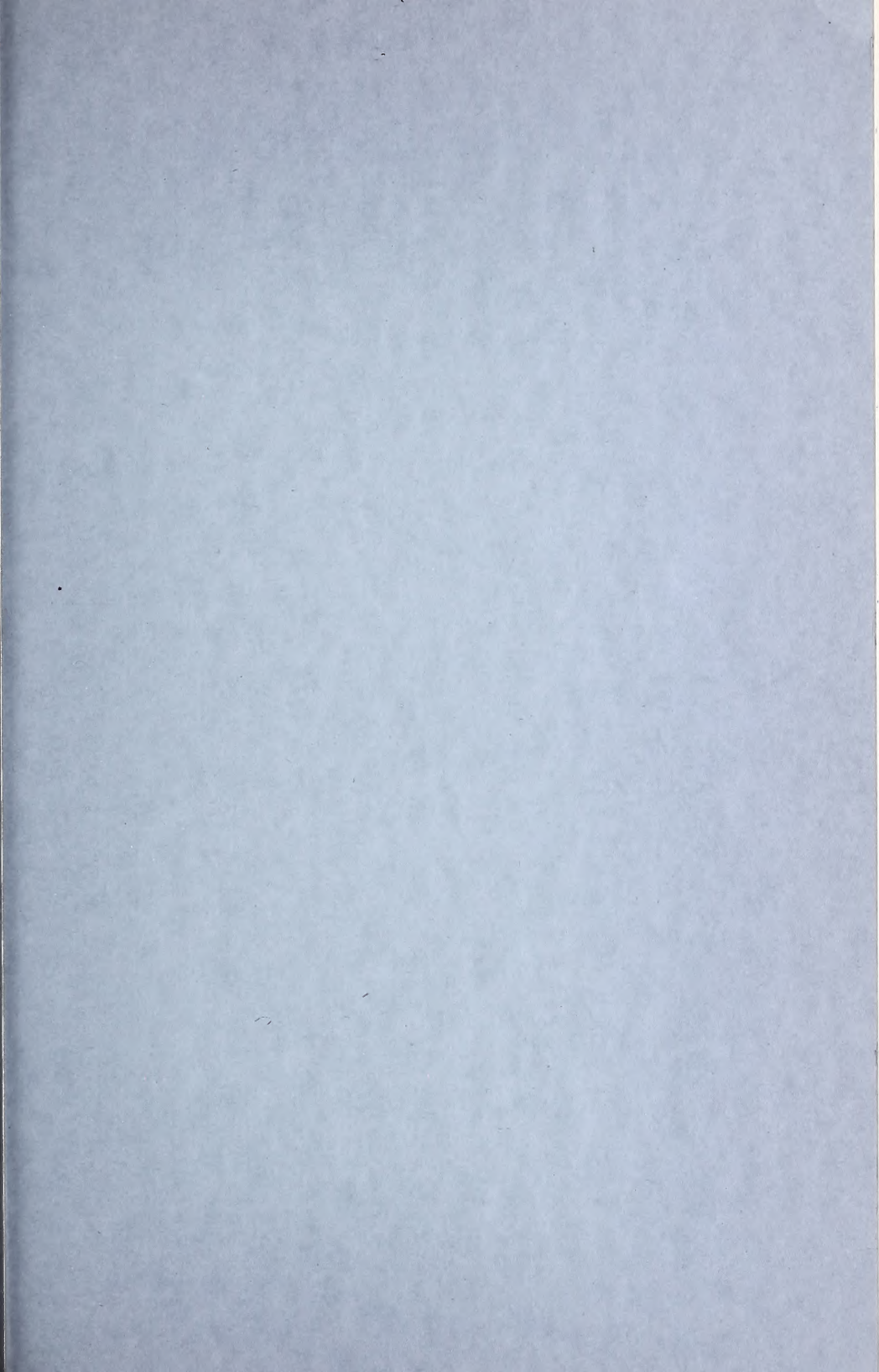
4. "Tarheel Talk" by Norman Eliason, of Chapel Hill.

The following officers were elected for 1957: President, Betty Vaiden (Mrs. Charles) Williams, Raleigh; 1 Vice President, Donald MacDonald, Charlotte; 2 Vice President, John Fletcher, Edenton; Secretary-Treasurer, Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill.











NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

GRAVE HUMOR IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Alonzo C. Hall

[Mr. Hall, recently retired professor of English of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, is a native of Alamance County. His education, following terms in private and public schools of Burlington, was pursued at Elon College (B. A.) and in graduate studies at Columbia (M. A.), Harvard, and the University of Virginia. From 1916 to 1956 he was teacher of English and American literature, and chairman of sophomore English, at the Woman's College, U. N. C. He is the author (with Professor L. B. Hurley) of Outlines of American Literature and Outlines of English Literature and editor (with Miss Nettie S. Tillett) of Alumnae Miscellany. His special hobbies are American humor, "grave humor," and roses.]

Collecting epitaphs is an ancient, honorable, and rewarding hobby. Quite naturally, North Carolina has its collectors; but, so far as I know, there has been no publication of a book of epitaphs found only in our state. My own adoption of this hobby grew out of my interest in American history and American literature, and specifically from a desire to visit the birthplaces and the graves of our most distinguished men. Thus, one Sunday afternoon years ago, while meandering in the old Granary Burying Ground in the heart of Boston, where Franklin's parents are buried and where many worthies sleep, I came upon an humble slate marker erected by a husband to commemorate the virtues of a very faithful wife:

"She looked well after the hogs, the chickens, and the cows, and always kept my socks darned."

These quaint, humorously naive words started me looking for "grave humor" - and my search continues. Since I am a native North Carolinian, my hobby has been pursued more intensively in this state than in any other; yet, no doubt you who read this article can give me some odd, humorous, or folk-meaningful "last words" not mentioned here.

From the viewpoint of folklore, as well as biography and history, the older graveyards are more interesting and rewarding. Present fashions in monuments generally rule out human interest - foibles, idiosyncrasies, superstitions, romance, religion, wit, marital relations, and so on. In the older graveyards folkways are revealed in the symbols, as well as in the words, chiseled on the stones. Skulls and crossbones; the hour glass, with the sand run out; hands clasped; finger pointing heavenward; the harp or lyre, with a broken string; the weeping willow, possibly the most universally used symbol of grief; Father Time, wielding his scythe; the open Bible, sometimes with a text carved; angelic forms; lighted candle, and unlighted; in coastal towns, symbols of the seafarer; and for infants, a little lamb. Often these symbols are quite graphic, like the one in the Wilmington cemetery. This monument (I learned after talking with the sexton) was erected to a husband. It was in the shape of a cross, and there were carved on it all sorts of ugly creeping things. The wife thought it an appropriate monument for her husband who died in delirium tremens.

Something in the way of folklore could be made of the unusual kinds of grave markers and decorations of graves. There is a touch of the pathetic to find graves in the mountains of Watauga covered with seashells. Some sort of

superstition, maybe to keep the ghost from returning home, must have led to placing medicine bottles, lamps, spoons, cabinets, vases, and the like on graves, as may be seen more often in Negro graveyards. At least one grave in North Carolina (like one in St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C.) has a bedstead as a monument. In the jug-making section near Carthage you will find jugs as markers. On a few stones in our state are to be found pictures of the deceased (a French custom). At Hendersonville a woman was so entombed that the rays of the sun on clear days would strike her face. In the old cemetery in Tarboro there is an unusual marker in wood (cypress, no doubt), over 100 years old: On the face of the perpendicular board these words:

Willie

Hicks

Was

A

Good

Boy

1838

When you have wandered about in graveyards and read time and again on wasted and toppling stones "Gone but not forgotten" you hardly escape the pathetic irony of this phrase. The humor becomes a little grim. But this faith in a monument to keep a name alive, along with the virtues of the deceased, goes back some four thousand years. Many an inscription, therefore, has been written, both by surviving friends and by persons for themselves. And the eulogies are not always modest in claims upon immortal fame. One of the most fulsome (written by himself) is that of a Mr. Trogdon, in Greenhill Cemetery, Greensboro. There are some 300 words on this tombstone "who's who."

In the early days monuments were expensive, and especially those with long inscriptions; so, something of a family's standing could be judged by the length of the epitaph; and this sometimes resulted in family pride (or jealousy) showing itself through over-costly funerals and elaborate epitaphs.

Judged by phrases on tombstones, nearly every North Carolinian loves to preach. "At Peace" and "At Rest," most often seen, suggest that a battle has been fought and won. But there are many lines directly addressed to the reader by way of admonition and warning. There are many variations of this one, found over the entire state:

Waynesville, Effie Jean Robinson, 1897-1922

"Come, blooming youths, as you pass by
And on these lines do cast an eye.
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

There are seven variations of this warning in the Buffalo Presbyterian Churchyard, Greensboro. A theological sermon is delivered in this from old Hawfields

Church, near Graham:

Alice Jane Scott - Aged one year

"If death's by sin, she sinned
because she's here,

If heaven's by works,
in heaven she won't appear.

Revere the Bible's sacred page,
the knot's untied—
She died for Adam sinned,
She lives for Jesus died."

The following advice comes from St. James Churchyard, Wilmington:

M. Eliza Hobbs; d. 1808 Age 31 years

"Transferred to heaven Eliza has no share
In the dull movements of this world of care.
Ye thoughtless fair her early death bemoan
And while ye mourn her fate think on your own."

Also from St. James this consolation:

Robert Edens; d. 1837 Age 44

"Friend after friend departs
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest
Living or dying none were blest."

From Howard Graveyard, Ocracoke:

Ellen Gaskins; born 1859 d. 1882

"One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin."

Old Sugaw Creek Burying Ground near Charlotte has many sermons on stones;
here are two:

Lilly Wilson
Died 1809, Aged 68 years

"Our life is ever on the wing
And death is ever nigh.
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die."

John Goforth

"All hear what silent whisper this
Death, death 'tis due to all;
Prepare O youth for death he cries
And leave this earthly ball."

Americans have always had a predilection for neat phrases, proverbs, clichés, and you find such on many tombstones, as: "Reader go thou and do likewise," "Their warefare is accomplished," "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," "Well done, good and faithful servant." Sometimes the pet phrase does not logically follow what preceded and sometimes there is incongruity of another kind.

From historic New Bern, Cedar Grove Cemetery:

Miss Mary E. Oliver
daughter of John & Eliz
Pearson Oliver. Died Mar.
6, 1836 Aged 82 yrs.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no
wise cast out."
(Hope springs eternal)

From the same cemetery:

Mrs. Martha Clark
D. 1839

She was a member of the Baptist church.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the
people of God."

This one from Forestville has a double meaning -- at least she tried:

"Gone before me O my idol
To the Promised Land
Vainly I look for another
In thy place to stand."

Patriotism here: Aberdeen:

"Colin Bethune
Born in Scotland
of Necessity
But an American Citizen
by Choice."

From Snow Camp something of a puzzle: "Here lies a virgin with her
babe in her arms."

There is an unintentional flavor of humor in the following from Salisbury:
On the stone to the first wife the eulogy is complete; on the second wife's:

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Also with mixed connotation: Greenville, J. R. Plossoe: "In my distress I called unto the Lord and he heard me." From Beaufort, Michael Arundell, 1819-1884; "I was sick and ye visited me"; and from Edenton, William Clark, who had come South for his health: "He lived among us but a few years before he fell a victim to the climate."

The name and the epitaph sometimes add up to a smile: Providence cemetery, Graham: Lydia J. Moon: "She was the sunshine of our home." In the same graveyard, the rollicking rhyme on the stone of Sallie Fonville is very much alive:

"Sallie sounds the sacred shore
She's gone, she's gone forevermore."

Misspelling is frequent, as this from Elon College Cemetery:

"Our little darling
has gone home
to be an
angle"

And once at least the juxtaposition of two epitaphs brings a smile that was never intended: The wife's and husband's monuments are alike and stand side by side in the First Presbyterian Church Cemetery, Greensboro:

Amelia Lindsay
1816 - 1881

Jesse Lindsay
1808 - 1886

"Forever with the Lord"

"With Christ, which is far better"

Epitaphs for children are often full of sentiment and religious resignation, and they run to the "poetic." The common figure is that of a rosebud, the bud to bloom in heaven, and the marker is often a little lamb fashioned out of white marble. The Scotland Neck Cemetery has more infant graves and more lambs than any other cemetery known to me. Typical of briefer epitaphs for children are some from Greenville:

"She took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter tears to drain;
She meekly put it from her lips
And went to sleep again."

"Another sweet flower blossoms in heaven."

"A finer bud of promise never bloomed."

"Those whom God loves die young."

"A sweeter, fairer bud of promise never bloomed."

"Budded on earth to bloom in heaven."

From Plymouth:

"Gone - Like a meteor, that o'er head
Suddenly shines, and ere we've said
'Look, look, how beautiful!' 'tis fled."

From Chapel Hill: On the tombstone over the graves of two children:

"Our two sunbeams have
vanished forever."

From Graham:

I was da-da and ma-ma's baby
Only 9 mos. 12 days.
I am now a little angel
With my Lord
Who gave me."

St. James, Wilmington:

"Ere sin could blight
Or sorrow fade
Death came with friendly care
The opening bud to heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there."

Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

"Early, bright, transient,
Chaste as morning dew
She sparkled, was exhaled
And went to heaven."

From Halifax something more ornate:

Mary Jones, 1788-1791

"Venus gave all the graces, Pallas
Formed the Mind
With rival art to make the
First of woman kind
Jove, of his wondrous work
too soon enamored grew
Sent the Stern Tyrant death."

Folkways are evident in epitaphs expressing social and political resentment. For instance: From Troy, Edgar Haywood, 187801933 - "Murdered. "The muderer shielded by local officers and politicians." (Note the misspelling in the second line.) From Spray: Over the grave of a man executed: "Murdered by the State of North Carolina." From the Thyatira Churchyard, between Salisbury and Mooresville (A young lady much beloved by her grandmother had married against the grandmother's wishes. The girl died about a year after the marriage, and the grandmother put up a tombstone, merely giving the girl's first name and this inscription): "The former things are passed away." An unusual epitaph from Pleasant Grove Baptist Church near Raleigh:

Raleigh

Revacca Jones
Wife of G. H. Alford
Born March 18th, 1822.
Died August 6th, 1890
Aged 68 years

"A devoted Christian Mother
Who whipped Sherman's Bummers
With scalding water while
Trying to take her dinner pot,
Which contained a ham-bone,
Being cooked for her soldier boys."

Here's one sent to me before the man died, Raleigh (dates supplied later"):

"Here lies Rufus Powell,
Born in 1851, died 1931.
Gone, I know not where
To contend with, I know not what."

An old and unusual one is this from the Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

James Creswell

"Who died A. D. 1822 in the 76 year of his age
leaving 100 dollars to the N. Buffalo Church."

A very odd kind of monument, and different in other respects also, stands near the street, south, Pine Hill Cemetery, Burlington- Vernon Albert, 1899-1911. When I first saw it the marker was a small show case, glass on two sides, of the sort used years ago to display flavoring extracts. In this case were a trumpet and a 25-cent piece over a note which said: "Our little boy was killed on account of this." Rhymes from the child's composition book were pasted inside on the glass. In the parent's hand:

"As our little boy writ -

'There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
It doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.'

"As our little boy said:

'Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is not dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.'

"Composed by Vernon:

'Life is real and life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust unto dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul.'"

Later on, the note and coin were removed; another horn was substituted for the trumpet; and the wooden sides of the case were replaced with marble and the "poems composed by Vernon" were carved on the marble top and sides of the little show case. No one ever had the heart to tell the parents that the first "poem" is a bit of ancient doggerel, and the next two 'poems' are stanzas from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Romance is associated with the inscription on the tombstone of Samuel McClary, Moravian God's Acre, Winston-Salem. He was a merchant of Charleston, S. C., who was born in 1792 and died on a lover's visit to Winston-Salem, 1831. His sweetheart had a stone placed on his grave bearing the following inscription:

'Ah! Friend at home, and kindred dear!
If chance should bring you here,
Remember that his Lenora dear
Bedewed this grave with many a tear.
September 10, 1831."

Incidentally, in this historic Moravian cemetery death is really a leveler; there are no grand tombs, no growing shrubs, flowers; the married women and married men are in separate divisions; the unmarried women and men, and the children, according to sex, all separated; and there is a "stranger's Row." In this row Samuel McClary lies.

From the days of ancient trade guilds down into the 19th-century vocations, trades and professions, heroic and daring deeds, and striking innovations have been played up on monuments by way of identifying and immortalizing the departed. For instance, an M. D. boldly proclaims his contribution to the practice of medicine in three words. The epitaph is found in Beeman Cemetery, nine miles West of Wadesboro:

Dr. Parks T. Beeman
B. Dec. 4, 1833 D. May 23, 1903

"I Fed Fever"

A puzzling statement to the present generation, but intelligible 75 years ago, for the good doctor was the first to feed typhoid fever patients rather than starve them. The profession of law is often mentioned, sometimes producing a smile. New Bern:

To the memory of
Charles Elliott
An attorney General for this province
Who died Anno 1756

"An Honest Lawyer Indeed"

Edenton: Attorney -

Malachi Haughton
Attorney at Law
B. 10 Dec. 1790
D. Sept. 8, 1847

"A wit's a feather,
and a chief a rod;
An Honest man's the
Noblest work of God."

Beaufort: Minister -

Rev. J. T. Arrington
Born Louisburg 1858
Died Beaufort 1881
While Pastor of this Church.

"In death he sang the 'Old Ship of Zion'
and with the triumphal song crossed the
river to join the singers on the other side."

Beaufort: Sailor -

"There was no more sea."

Fayetteville: Merchant -

Duncan Macleran
d. 1821 aet 61

"He was for many years a respectable merchant of this
place."

Wilmington:

Henry Bacon
1866-1924

The architect of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.

Marital relations, happy and unhappy, are quite naturally the burden of many inscriptions. One of the most effusive is found in the old churchyard in Washington:

"Where flies my wife, oh lovely once, and
fair,
Her face cast in the mold of beauty,
Where her eyes, all radiance; her cheeks
like snow?
Those cheeks once tintured with a purple
glow.
Where those ivory teeth, and lips of
celestial sound?
Her lips like lillies set with roses round?
Where that soft marble breast, white neck,
and where
That all of woman past description fair?
Where those active fingers that with artful
ease
In her house once sought her family to
please?"

Where that sprightly wit; even love's divine
delight -
All sunk, alas, in everlasting night.
Earth take her bones; chaste soul she smiles
at rest,
While her image lives immortal in my breast."

Another interesting one from New Bern:

In memory of
Ann
the wife of
Longfield
Cox
who departed this life
Aug. the 31, 1792
Aged 24 years

"Like as a shadow on the morning dew
My days are past and spent which were
but few
Grieve not for me dear husband 'tis
in vain
Your loss I hope is my eternal gain."

From Ocracoke:

Agnes Howard
Born 1780 died 1859

" She was !
But words are wanting to say what.
Think what a wife should be.
She was that!"

Family relationships are suggested in the odd lines from the Presbyterian cemetery, Banner Elk. In 1892 a stone marker was placed at the end of the graves of Margaret A. and Shepherd M. Dugger, wife and son of Mr. Dugger.

It reads (for her): "This was a woman sir,
But rests her soul she's dead!

(for him): "This was a child that showed the man
as morning shows the day."

In 1938 Mr. Dugger, the husband and father, died. A bronze plaque is on his tomb and reads as follows:

"Farewell friends, I am dead
But still I hear the birds sing,
See the wild flowers,
And start with you on the high mountains.
I loved little children and my wrongs
Were the results of ignorance."

Either modesty or very faint praise is suggested in the epitaph on a Mr. Campbell's tomb, Riverside Cemetery, Asheville:

"Meant well, tried a little, failed much."

There is typical yearning in this from Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

George Nicks
Died 1838, aged 82

"There are mansions exempted from sin and woe
But they stand in regions by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy but they roll not below;
There is rest but it dwells in the presence of God."

From Cherry Hill cemetery, Greenville, there is another of doubtful praise:

"She did the best she could."

From Tarboro a wife speaks with surer conviction:

Henry S. Spragins
B. Oct. 28, 1856
D. Feb. 20, 1888

"What to us is life without thee?
Darkness and despair alone.
When with sighs we seek thee
This tomb proclaims that thou art gone."

From St. James, Wilmington, a man speaks, not sure, but hopeful:

Henrietta Franklin
1824-47

"Farewell, my lovely wife, farewell
With me thou canst no longer dwell
I hope ere long with thee to tell
That Jesus has done all things well."

And a husband put a compliment to himself on his wife's grave, High Point:
"And she said, 'John, I am proud of you living or dead.'"

Within the limits of a short article it would be impossible to discuss all the folkways represented by epitaphs found in North Carolina and to illustrate these human ways. Really, one could confine oneself to Edenton, alone, or New Bern; or to Bath, Washington, Plymouth, Wilmington, Raleigh, Hillsboro, Mecklenburg County, or Guilford, and find abundant history, genealogy, fact and fancy, pathos, and humor. This paper, too, is frankly slanted toward 'grave humor.' The smile, as in all true humor, is not at but with human beings; it is not supercilious but understanding and sympathetic.

Graveyards are about as articulate as our forums, and just as sad or just as funny. If you are a pessimist or an idealist, you will find company; if you are pensive you will find philosophy. Lawyer, doctor, baker, preacher,

teacher, prohibitionist, politician, sailor, soldier, wife, husband, old maid, bachelor, children, the purposeful and the indifferent, with their respective individual traits, conditioned by their time - all are still talking! Some of the words, to be sure, suggest another fashion: consort, spouse, relick; the given names are suggestive of their moral thinking: Faith, Hope, Charity, Thankful, Goody, Supply, Waitstill, Constance, Patience; and the symbols on the grave stones (often called 'Tomb Rocks') are no more unusual than the Ginger bread architecture of yesterday or more strange than our "Picture Windows" are destined to be fifty years hence. You may emerge from reading old inscriptions with much important Americana, or with the feelings you have when you have safely reached home from a vacation:

"Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it."

Or, being incredulous, you may conclude that:

"A man's life is his best monument."

THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY MEETING, DECEMBER 6, 1957

The North Carolina Folklore Society will hold its forty-sixth annual meeting on Friday, December 6, 2 P.M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh.

President Betty Vaiden Williams has set up the following program on the theme of "Our Anglo-American Heritage of Story, Song, and Dance":

1. Folk Tales, Mr. Richard Chase, Boone.
2. Folk Songs, Mr. Ira G. Greer, Accompanied on the Dulcimer by Mrs. Greer, Chapel Hill.
3. Dances, Miss Ruth Jewell and The Dixieland Square Dance Team, with a String Band, Raleigh.

The meeting will be open to the public. You are cordially invited to attend, bringing your friends with you.

Since 1956 there has been a slight decline in the paid-up membership. If this is not checked and we do not get on the upgrade again, the consequences may be serious. Continuation of the journal North Carolina Folklore is dependent on membership fees, now all the more so because the reserve which the Society accumulated between 1943 and 1954 has been exhausted.

Please, therefore, pay your dues promptly, and make every effort to secure new members. Arrangements will be made to receive dues and new members at the meeting on December 6.

Let's turn out in large and enthusiastic numbers to see and hear the fine program and to recruit new members.

"HAINTS" I HAVEN'T KNOWN

By John Foster West

[Born and reared in the mountain county of Wilkes, Mr. West belongs to a family connected with one of the principals of a story celebrated in a well-known native North Carolina ballad. Since taking his M.A. at the University of North Carolina in 1949, he has been teaching English, for the last few years at Elon College, and writing. He contributed "Games and Riddles from Western North Carolina" to North Carolina Folklore, vol. II (September 1954), and he has published in magazines (including the Atlantic).]

I grew up in the hill country of Wilkes County through the 20's, when the only means of entertainment were "lassie" boilings, cornshuckings, possum and coon hunts, and other folk gatherings where ballads were sung, tall tales told, and feats of skill and strength performed. One of the favorite subjects for the talkfests always proved to be "haints," which included ghosts, unexplained noises, strange lights, and other types of "boogers" which might be seen near deserted homes or in the proximity of country graveyards.

Most of these haint stories had some basis in true folk history. There was a time when I knew more than a dozen of them, and I could have led you to the spot where they occurred, but now only three come to mind when I try to remember them.

There was the one that goes way back to the Civil War, before Tom Dula killed Laurie Foster or Barrs was hanged before the fainting public at North Wilkesboro. As my father used to tell it, I believe he placed the story around Goshen, or perhaps it was Ferguson. Anyway, there was a land-wealthy lady named Sallie Barns, whose husband was away at war and whom she had not heard from in several months. She had begun to have premonitions concerning the welfare of her husband. One evening in the late summer, just at twilight, she paused on the front porch when she noticed a radiance around a clump of boxwood near the edge of the lawn. As she was staring at the light, a baby angel all aglow with a purple nimbus rose from behind the bush and ascended slowly toward heaven.

Mrs. Barns fled into the kitchen calling out the name of her slave as she did so. "Bessie!" she screamed, "your master has just died. Your master has been killed for certain."

"Shore as I'm settin here, it's the gospel truth," Dad would affirm. "Mr. Barns was hurt in the war and died on that same day, at the exact minute his wife seen the angel."

Another "haint" I remember was the one that struck Coy Morley dumb for his blasphemy. It seems that Morley was a rather rambunctious sort of Brom Bones, given to excessive drinking, yelling, and occasionally shooting, when he had had six too many.

One night he rode his horse west along the dirt road leading through the forest toward Stoney Fork. In spite of the fact that it was near midnight and he was alone, he would occasionally throw back his head to chant "Old Dan Tucker" or "Sourwood Mountain." He became quiet, however, as he approached Dunnkirk Church because even in his inebriated state he had a great deal of respect for haints and for haint territory.

As he came even with the cemetery, he reluctantly turned his face toward the graves and was aghast to see a radiant angel standing on one of the tombstones not far away watching him. Instinctively on the defense, Coy yanked out his pistol and began to shoot. The angel rose gracefully from the stone and floated skyward, passing obliquely above Morley as it did so.

When the apparition was directly overhead, Morley aimed carefully and sent a last shot toward it. Immediately, he was stricken with an agony as though a tank of boiling water had been dashed upon him. The horse fled for home, carrying Morley, who clung desperately to the saddle, speechless.

For exactly one year, Morley could not utter a word, but after that interim his voice returned. Coy Morley told the story over and over about the angel, and the hill folk believed him. Did it really happen? The fact remains that Coy Morley was speechless for an entire year--my father knew him well.

But the most eerie of the stories concerns the ghost of Laurel Mountain. Two brothers, Joe and Ab Johnson, were loggers who lived in an old abandoned shack on Laurel Mountain, not too far from the sawmill for which they worked. Their steers were sheltered in a stable they had thrown together out of slabs and scrap lumber.

There was a story behind the old house. A man had once lived there with his wife and small daughter, until tragedy overtook them. An excessive drinker, the man had come home one night around midnight, had killed his wife and had thrown her corpse into an abandoned well back of the house, along with the child, who died a slow, painful death in the dark hole. Naturally, the house was "hainted" as a result, though practical men like the Johnson brothers had little truck with such tales. Coincidentally or otherwise, however, they did not sleep in the room the former tenants had used as a bedroom, and the door between them was always closed and latched at night.

After spending several months in the shack without incident, Joe, the more aggressive of the two, was awakened one night around twelve by a loud bang from the adjoining room. He sat up, fully awake, in time to hear the outer door to the same room flung roughly open.

"Ab!" he called, "wake up!"

Across the dark room, Ab sat up on his bunk, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "What is it, Joe? What ails ye?"

"Listen!" Joe whispered. "Listen at that noise in yander."

They both sat there quietly listening to the heavy footfalls pound across the floor of the next room. There came the loud, guttural cursing of an angry man followed by a woman's scream. The scream cut off abruptly, and out of the sudden silence a child whimpered in fear.

The two men remained quiet, listening to the feet pound back across the floor and out the door, listening to the whimpering voice of the child dwindle to silence as it disappeared toward the stable up the slope.

"Land of Goshen!" Ab Johnson whispered. "What was it, Joe?"

Joe sat there awhile longer in silence. "Jest the steers up at the stable," he finally said. "Must be a dang wildcat messin' round up there."

He got out of bed, slipped his shoes on and in his underwear left the shack carrying his shotgun, Ab close behind. When they came even with the old well, now covered with rotting plank, Ab stopped suddenly. "Did'ye hear that, Joe?"

Joe stopped to listen. Out of the well, only a few feet away, came the unmistakable voice of a child, a child whimpering in pain and terror. Loud, clear and terrifying it rose from the black hole, appealing for help and comfort.

Ab was the first to break and run. Joe dropped his gun and followed him. Three hours later they banged on the door of Gil Minton's house, at the bottom of the mountain, still wearing only their shoes and underwear. Despite the ribbing they got over the years, they never slept in the old "hainted" house again--and neither did anyone else.

Though these stories are true, any similarity between the names used here and those of the folks who were actually involved is purely a coincidence--like Coy Morley, I too have a healthy respect for ghosts.

"HARK THE SOUND": HISTORY OF A COLLEGE SONG

By J. Maryon Saunders

[It is well known that college songs are a species of folksong. Many of them, in origin, style, music, and method of transmission, exemplify folksong characteristics. Some of them, when their histories are known, are perhaps as illustrative of a sort of communal composition as some of the old ballads are. Certainly a few of them are of multiple authorship, the composition of them stretching over a fair period of time, occurring in stages, and involving several contributors. And their texts have been, usually unconsciously or accidentally, changed in the course of transmission.

[The late Newman I. White once pointed out that the "coda" of "Hark the Sound" owes something to the old camp-meeting spiritual stanza which ran as follows:

Baptist, Baptist is my name,
And Baptist till I die;
When I am dead it can be said
You've laid one Baptist by.

(See The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. III.)

[The author of the following article is peculiarly well qualified to treat his subject. J. Maryon Saunders, known by the unacademic-sounding nickname of "Spike," is the General Alumni Secretary of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Also, he is editor of The Alumni Review, in the March 1957 number of which he first published the article. Graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1925, he took a master's degree the following year, and was a member of the faculty of Georgia Tech when he returned to Chapel Hill thirty years ago to accept his present positions. He has generously permitted North Carolina Folklore to reprint his article, which appeared under the title "'Hark the Sound' Was First Sung 60 Years Ago."]

There may be controversy about the "official" words of the University of North Carolina's alma mater song, but the tune and version of the lyric are known and sung far and wide by Tar Heels as their Hark the Sound song.

When the question is asked "Who wrote Hark the Sound?" an exact answer is difficult. As in the case of the founding of the University itself, there is neither an exact date nor one individual who can be cited with complete accuracy.

The melody of Hark the Sound is the tune of Amici and is one used by many institutions for their alma mater song. Indeed, someone has suggested an organization of colleges and universities having the common tune for their official alma mater song.

Students and alumni of the University of North Carolina, the nation's oldest state university, sing out the first verse, the chorus, and particularly the coda of their school song with the authority of complete ownership.

The coda is that part of the song that goes like this: "I'm a Tar Heel born, / I'm a Tar Heel bred, / And when I die, / I'll be a Tar Heel dead." Only North Carolina alumni may boast those words; and no other school uses the lively tune to which they are sung.

The situation is different with other portions of Hark the Sound. The late William Starr Myers, a graduate of the University of North Carolina in 1897 and long a professor of political history at Princeton University, rightfully is the first name in the story of the origin of Hark the Sound. It was in Myers' senior year that the University Glee Club - at its commencement program - presented in public the first version of Hark the Sound. Myers was the author of the words. In his meticulously-kept diary Myers recorded the date - June 2, 1897. The words were sung as a solo by Francis A. Gudger, the Glee Club's first tenor and Myers' roommate. The two students were from Asheville. Myers is now deceased. His family recently gave large collections of his library to the University, including a file of correspondence and data about Hark the Sound. Gudger, retired now after a career in the movie industry, lives at Palm Springs, Calif. His wife is the former Marjorie Rambeau, the movie actress.

The Glee Club concert of 1897 was held in Gerrard Hall. Earlier that spring the Glee Club had given a concert also in Gerrard Hall for the benefit of the Athletic Association, which was seeking funds for intercollegiate athletics. The words of Hark the Sound, as sung by Gudger, differ slightly in their first verse and refrain from those used currently. Here they are:

Hark the sound of loyal voices
 Ringing sweet and true,
Telling Carolina's glories,
 Singing NCU.

Hail to the brightest star of all!
 Clear in thy radiance shine,
Carolina, priceless gem,
 Receives all praise as thine.

The second and third verses in the Myers-Gudger first version are unfamiliar and completely different from verses currently sung. The original verses went this way:

Hark the echo of those voices,
 Boys of long ago!
Singing Carolina's praises,
 As through life they go.

So with the future generations
 That shall know thy love;
All will join the happy chorus,
 Their affection prove.

Several years after Myers and Gudger had left the campus a University quartet picked up the tune of the song and, with slight changes in the first verse and chorus, began to use the song in its public recitals.

The quartet was composed of the late Dr. Charles S. Mangum, then a young instructor in the Medical School; the late Charles T. Woollen, for many years Business Manager of the University at Chapel Hill and the first Controller of the Consolidated University; the late J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Governor of North Carolina in 1933-37, then a law student at Chapel Hill; and Gaston G. Galloway of Charlotte, now a retired businessman there. As the quartet began to sing the song frequently and its popularity with students increased,

the need for other verses was felt. Perhaps the original verses were not remembered.

Dr. Mangum is credited with writing the currently-used second verse of the song, while Woollen was the author of the present third verse.

Those verses are as follows:

'Neath the oaks thy sons true-hearted
Homage pay to thee,
Time-worn walls give back the echo
Hail to UNC.

Tho' the storms of life assail us,
Still our hearts beat true;
Naught can break the friendships
formed
At dear old NCU.

Even now there is some dispute as to the exact words to the popular alma mater song. Joel Carter, Director of the Glee Club, says that he has always heard the second line in the chorus sung to these words: "Clear its radiance shines" even though the final word of the fourth line is "thine." For the rhyme the word "shine" is required. A printer's error accounts for another change in the words of the "Woollen verse" which has been sung "Still our hearts be true" rather than "beat" true.

Readily apparent is the complex nature of the origin of Hark the Sound. Even so, its widespread use among Tar Heels makes it the University's official song - regardless of versions.

That first verse and refrain, as sung now, go like this:

Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices
Ringing clear and true
Singing Carolina's praises,
Shouting N. C. U. !

Ref. - Hail to the brightest star of all,
Clear in its radiance shine!
Carolina, priceless gem,
Receive all praises thine.

And the lively coda, likely to be heard wherever Tar Heels live, is sung to these words:

I'm a Tar Heel born,
I'm a Tar Heel bred,
And when I die,
I'm a Tar Heel dead.

So it's Rah, Rah, Car'lina, 'lina
Rah, Rah, Car'lina, 'lina
Rah, Rah, Car'lina, Rah! Rah! Rah!

SOME NORTH CAROLINA RIDDLES

By Joseph D. Clark

[Professor Clark, of North Carolina State College, is a veteran of the North Carolina Folklore Society and was its president from 1946 to 1948. In addition to his interest in English literature and composition, he has been a collector of folklore, particularly the simile and other proverbial expressions. His extensive collection of similes appeared under the title "Similes from the Folk Speech of the South," in the December 1940 issue of the SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY. Currently he is engaged in compiling and editing several thousand entries on games, rhymes, customs, beliefs, folk speech, proverbs, similes, ballads, and songs.]

Riddles — found today in traditional form and often related in popular consciousness to crossword puzzles, "crazy questions and foolish answers," and other word games — are one of the oldest types of folklore. In ancient times, Hebrews and Greeks propounded them in deep seriousness. For instance, in Judges XIV, it is recorded that Samson, after killing a lion whose carcass he later found filled with a swarm of bees, challenged his Philistine adversaries to answer this riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." The classic Greek example is the riddle that the Sphinx put to Oedipus: "What animal goes on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three legs in the evening?" His answer, "Man," was rewarded by his elevation to the throne of Thebes.

Two common surviving types of riddles are: (1) the ancient, traditional type, enigmatic, allegorical, allusive, and fanciful in expression; and (2) the conundrum type, which plays on words, often in homonymous or antithetical arrangement. Full classification and definitive treatment are impossible within brief space, but a few observations may not be amiss. Riddles are characterized by their question-and-answer technique. The question is usually put directly, less frequently in a declarative sentence or in a phrase suggesting reply. In current riddles the prose form predominates, though metrical arrangement and internal and external rhyme survive as features of the traditional type. Most current riddles treat commonplace objects and ideas, and they are earthy, even vulgar at times. A type of intellectual activity which once met the needs of king and seer, riddles still serve as a casual source of mirth and an exercise of the wits.

To indicate the survival of the riddle, both in subject matter and in style, I select the following from a collection made from my students at North Carolina State College in 1955-56. Though riddling is not the pastime that it once was in less sophisticated times, the riddles quoted illustrate the most ancient kinds as well as the more modern adaptations. For example, "When is a door not a door?" - "When it is ajar" - is ancient and modern both in form and in play on words. In the other examples, structural, stylistic, and tonal elements are apparent: the predominance of the direct question, with the initial word what or how or when; the declarative form in balthead; the suggestive phrasal form in snake; the inversion of up and down in umbrella; the repeated use of -ful and full in air and smoke; the posing of the same question with a play on homonyms, in newspaper and sunburned zebra; the rhyme in Wagon; the problem of spelling in wrong and ice, and of arithmetic in 27 days and 19; the modernity of garbage truck. For obvious reasons, the vulgarity or obscenity of some of the riddles collected is not exemplified here.

1. What is it that you have a houseful of and yardful of, but you cannot get a dishpanful of? -- Air.
2. A houseful, a hole full,
But you can't catch a bowlful. -- Smoke.
3. He's got it. He doesn't want it. Yet he wouldn't take the world for it. -- Baldhead.
4. What has four legs, a head, and a foot, and can't walk? -- Bed.
5. Hippy, tippy, upstairs;
Hippy, tippy, downstairs;
Goes all over the house,
Comes back and sits in a corner. -- Broom.
6. Big at bottom, little at the top;
Little thing in the middle goes jiggity-jog. -- Churn.
7. What has teeth but cannot eat? -- Comb.
8. What kind of fruit does the electric plant grow? -- Currents.
9. What is it that the more you cut off the longer it grows? -- Ditch.
10. When is a door not a door? -- When it is ajar.
11. What has four wheels and flies? -- Garbage truck.
12. Round as a biscuit,
Black as a coal;
A great long tail
And a bustin' hide. -- Griddle.
13. What is live at both ends and dead in the middle? -- Horse, man, plow.
14. How do you spell hard water with three letters? -- I-c-e.
15. What is the hardest riddle of all? -- Life, because we have to give it up.
16. What is it that never was and never will be? -- Mouse's nest in a cat's ear.
17. What is white, black, and read all over? -- Newspaper.
18. What is black and white and red all over? -- Sunburned zebra.
19. What side of a cat has the most fur? -- Outside.
20. What has eyes and cannot see? -- Potato.
21. Green as gras and grass it ain't;
Red as blood and blood it ain't;
Black as ink and ink it ain't. -- Pokeberry, blackberry.

22. What can a dog have that nothing else can have? -- Puppies.
23. Long, slick, slender, slimy thing. -- Snake.
24. What is full of holes and still holds water? -- Sponge.
25. What is round as a saucer, deep as a cup; yet all the water in the Mississippi can't fill it? -- Strainer.
26. What will go up the chimney down but won't go down the chimney up? -- Umbrella.
27. What runs and runs and never walks,
And has a tongue and never talks? -- Wagon.
28. Tippy, tippy upstairs;
Tippy, tippy, downstairs;
If you don't mind,
Tippy will bite you. -- Wasp.
29. If you threw a white stone into the Red Sea, what would it become? -- Wet.
30. What is the one-letter word that is never spelled right? -- Wrong.
31. If I had twenty sick (pronounced six) and one died, how many would I have? -- Nineteen.
32. If a frog is at the bottom of a thirty-foot well and moves up three feet a day and falls back two at night, how long will it take him to reach the top? -- Twenty-seven days, because he will be out and won't fall back.

This brief illustrated discussion of riddles is inadequate and unfinished. Perhaps it boils down to the philosophy of the fifteenth riddle above.

MOTHER-IN-LAW LORE

By Cherry Parker

[Mrs. Parker, who contributed an article on Jugtown to the July number of North Carolina Folklore, is sketched in that number. In July she completed a program of graduate training in Public Health.]

My mother-in-law, Mrs. J. R. Parker, of Norwood, North Carolina (Stanly County), has told me some fascinating stories, and I will pass two of them along to you, just as she told them to me.

The Spell on Grandma Parker's Cow

An old negro woman who put spells on cows lived many years ago. Her name was Emerline Allen. No one knows how she did it, but some other negroes saw her putting a spell on Grandma Parker's cow one night, and the cow went dry, all but a cup. Someone told Grandma Parker to take the cup of milk and boil it, and cut it with a knife to cut the spell, and then the one who did it would come to her door begging for something. They told Grandma Parker not to give her a thing and the one who was guilty would get the stomach cramps, and the spell would be broken.

Well, Emerline came right after that and told Grandma if she would give her some bread the cow would get all right, but no one gave her a thing; so she went down the road home, and Grandma's cow got all right. After Grandma would not give her anything, she begged Ray's sisters for a gum-twig toothbrush, but they would not give her anything, either; so she had to suffer it out herself.

Grandmother Melton's Rue Plant

My Grandmother told me about rue. All old people grew a bush in the garden from year to year, and it was always kept on one side of the garden walk. My grandma gave me my start, and someone told me it was good for malaria.

Two of my kinfolks had malaria; so I decided to try it on them.

I was told if I had plenty of rue to boil it in water and make a tea and drink it, but if I did not have much to put it in whiskey to preserve it, and take a swallow two or three times a day till better. My relatives had had chills and malaria for two years, and one cup of rue stopped it.

My Grandma used it for kidney disorder, or anything that caused inward fever.

BUNCOMBE -- TALKING TO BUNCOMBE

[Reprinted by Carolina Watchman, Salisbury, Vol. XI, No. 41 (May 6, 1843), p. 1, with credit to New York Plebeian.

[This is a variant of the story explaining the word buncombe or bunkum, noted by Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition, Unabridged, as follows: "The phrase to speak for Buncombe, that is, for mere show, was first used in the 16th Congress (1819-21) by Felix Walker, representative from North Carolina, in whose district was the county of Buncombe (Asheville, county seat). While he was speaking, the house impatiently called for the 'question'; but he persevered, saying that the people of his district expected it, and that he was bound to 'make a speech for Buncombe.'"]

Buncombe county is the extreme west of North Carolina, among the Blue Ridge mountains. A few years ago, a raw country attorney came to Congress from that region, and began a speech one morning before the house assembled. Rising solemnly "in his place," he turned toward the colored man who was sweeping around the Speaker's chair. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to Mrs. Caesar the things that are hers; for a man are a man all over the world, and a hog are a hog. Sir, I'm opposed to that thar bill -- it's a transparency to alternate the consty-tu-shy-on. Mr. Speaker, d--n you!" The negro dropped his broom and stared round the hall, and then at the orator. Firmly persuaded that the man was crazy, he ventured to remonstrate. "I t'ink mass's outer order, 'pon de count dar's nobody here 'cept me, and Jim what's outside." The orator raised his hand peremptorily. "Sh-sh, nigger. I'm talking to Buncombe."

BALLAD HUNTING

By Betty Vaiden and Charles Williams

[Dr. Williams is a Raleigh pediatrician. A graduate of the University of North Carolina and Jefferson Medical College, after years of practice in Raleigh he became Pediatrics Consultant on the State Board of Health. Born at Lincolnton but moving early to Raleigh, Mrs. Williams was educated at Converse College and the University of Louisville. While studying music under John Dwight Sample in Chicago, she had some experience as a radio singer. After their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Williams discovered and shared a lively interest in folksongs. In recent years Mrs. Williams has made numerous radio, television, and other appearances as a singer of folksongs, and also some fine phonograph recordings. She is President of the North Carolina Folklore Society for 1957. She and Dr. Williams have collaborated in the following account of their wide-ranging adventures as ballad hunters.]

There is a saying that there are two fatal bug bites - the "love bug" and the "ballad bug"! We have succumbed to both! The latter has opened the door to a fascinating hobby for us - ballad hunting.

In our hunts, we have found not only many fascinating ballads but many fascinating friends as well. We have had interesting experiences - too numerous to list; but we shall relate a few of them.

One summer, while searching for ballads in Carteret County, we heard about a ballad telling (we thought) of a French vessel being shipwrecked on the Carolina Coast. We understood the title of the song to be "The Bougeatte Run Ashore." We finally tracked down our ballad singer and learned that the vessel was the Venture, a "booze yacht"!

This ballad tells of a rum-runner sighting a patrol boat around Cape Lookout during prohibition days. In order to save their cargo of whiskey, the rum-runners decided to dump it overboard between the channel markers and then to return later, when all was safe, and retrieve it. The plan would have worked beautifully if the fishermen had not come to collect their nets. Imagine the surprise of the fishermen when they discovered their day's catch to be cases of Scotch whiskey! Needless to say, everyone stopped fishing for fish for several days around Harker's Island!

We have found that ballad-hunting requires patience, tact, and sometimes even intrigue. We had four "four-hour sessions" (sixteen hours) before we were successful in getting "The Booze-Yacht Run Ashore" recorded.

In the mountains, while searching for an old dulcimer, as well as ballads, we stopped at the Crossnore School to ask Mrs. Sloop for information about locating ballad singers. She informed us that two of the best were at her school - Margaret Ollis and Obadiah Johnson. She invited us to return that night, and made arrangements for the two singers to meet us at her office. We returned with our recorder and had a most delightful two-and-a-half-hour session with these charming singers!

We decided to correlate three of the songs into a trilogy which we call our "Crossnore Trilogy." It has proved to be most popular. In the first song, we meet a young girl who wants to be married. The second song tells that she is going to be married - next Sunday. In the final song, we hear the

"house-keeper's lament" - relating that beauty fades, money dwindles, and nothing really lasts but trouble and dirt!

Mrs. Jacques Busbee lives in a treasure house of ballads at Jugtown in Moore County. We particularly prize "Ananias' Funeral Chant," which she recorded for us. It tells of an old darky's entrance into the Pearly Gates.

Once when we were rounding up a ballad hunt with a round of golf, we met a most interesting couple from Holland who had also been bitten by the "ballad bug." They had lived in many lands and knew ballads in seven different languages. They recorded many ballads for us and even supplied the translations in verse! Thus blossomed a beautiful friendship and a desire to broaden our collection of ballads to include some from other lands.

Our first venture was Mexico. We did not carry our recorder because of the weight, thinking that we would be able to rent one in Mexico. What a mistake! There are no recorders available for rent in Mexico. They are a very scarce item because of excessive duty.

We were fascinated by the Mexican folk music and met quite a number of excellent folk singers. The music and rhythms in the different states vary until one almost hears twenty-seven varieties! The huapango rhythms especially intrigued us.

Our quest for a recorder led us to the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow - Joe Hellmer, Head of the Sound Department at the Palace of Fine Arts! Joe is a native of Philadelphia and has spent the past eleven years collecting Mexican folk music. When he heard of our interest in the folk music, he invited us over, not only to listen to many of his rare recordings, but also to "sit in" on some of his recording sessions when he was recording native music. Incidentally, he is the Mexican representative for the Vanguard Recording Society.

From Mexico, our wandering feet turned towards Europe. We crossed the Atlantic on a German freighter. There were only eleven passengers. All were German except one other American. When the Germans discovered our interest in folk music, they obliged us with singing sessions every evening after dinner. Even the captain joined in when his duties permitted!

Our first port of call was Antwerp. We went ashore and walked to the town square. It was Sunday, and there was a large gathering of young people in native costume, getting ready for a parade. We were so excited over the prospect of hearing some native folk music! We waited with bated breath for about twenty minutes. Finally the music began - "See You Later, Alligator"! Were we disgusted!

We were in Europe during harvest-time. In Germany we heard the harvesters singing in the fields. At night, the children would parade, swinging lanterns, and singing. This was such a lovely sight and oh, what beautiful music as they raised their sweet young voices in song!

The Grape Festivals were being held in Switzerland, and this music was very thrilling, as was the yodeling of the shepherds. One night in Interlaken a Swiss Army band played native music in the square in front of our hotel. If only we had had a recorder!

When we reached Vienna, the weather was getting very wintry, and so we had to content ourselves with the music inside the cafes and Heurigen. Nevertheless, the Schrammelmusik was thrilling and stirring - even indoors!

In Italy, we came back to sunshine and warm weather again. The music of the gondoliers and the musicians walking from one sidewalk cafe to another - following the sun - was most appealing.

We did not hear much folk music in France, but Spain made up for this lack! We were entranced by the Flamenco singing and dancing. The singing is very weird and florid with a strong Moorish influence. The dances commence rather quietly, and as they progress, the music gets wilder and the dancers become hypnotized by it. At the end of the dance, there is a wild scene of clapping hands (or castanets), swinging dresses, stamping feet, and everyone is exhausted, including the audience!

We find the folk music of other lands most fascinating, but our first love is still our own North Carolina music! It is outstanding in the field of folk music. We must preserve and treasure it, for it is a vital part of our cultural heritage.

"HE OUGHT TO BE BORED FOR THE SIMPLES"

By S. S. Brown

[A North Carolinian by birth and long residence, Mr. Brown is now living in retirement at Titusville, Florida. He has made several contributions to North Carolina Folklore, and there is a brief biographical note about him in Vol. III, No. 1.]

When I was a boy living on a Western North Carolina farm, I often heard this old saying, "He ought to be bored for the simples," when someone was talking and acting like an idiot.

I doubt very much if many people at this time know exactly what was meant by this expression; so I will give my theory as to how it originated.

Often one of our cows would get to moping around and acting half crazy. Then one of the neighbors would come over and say, "Your cow has the hollow horn, and her horns should be bored." I still have one of the old-fashioned gimlets used for this purpose.

So when any person got to talking and acting like an idiot, people thought his head was hollow and ought to be bored like the cow's horns.

I feel pretty sure this is how the old saying "He ought to be bored for the simples" originated.

NOTE ON "BORE FOR THE SIMPLES"

John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, in A Dictionary of Slang and Its Analogues, Vol. VI, pp. 211-212, have several entries on the variant from "cut for the simples." They explain that the plural of the old substantive simple meant "folly," and that the old proverb "To go to Battersea to be cut for the simples" meant "to take means to cure of foolishness." They cite examples of the use of the expression from Swift's Polite Conversation (ca. 1710), Southey's The Doctor (1834), and Hindley's Cheap Jack (1876).

Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, in The American Thesaurus of Slang, have two entries on "bore for the simples." The first, under the general heading "276. DULLNESS; TEDIUM," runs as follows: "276.7. BORE. Bore one for the simples or hollerhorn, bore stiff or pallid, bore to extinction or tears, feed up, give a yawn, leave one cold, make one tired." Under "506. MISCELLANEOUS UNDERWORLD TERMS," they enter: "BORE FOR THE SIMPLES, to bore, get on one's nerves."

It will be noted that the first Berrey and Van Den Bark entry makes "hollerhorn" alternative to "simples" and thus suggests some connection with Mr. Brown's theory, above.

Readers who have seen or heard either "to bore for the simples" or "to cut for the simples" are invited to cite examples of the usage, and any who are to speculate about the origin of either phrase are also invited to submit their theories.

ANSONORAMA (CONTINUED)

By Mary Medley

[The author of "Ansonorama," in the July 1957 number of North Carolina Folklore, Miss Medley, of Wadesboro, Anson County, was sketched in the headnote to her article.]

Preacher Jimmy

They called him Preacher Jimmy — the revivalist who pitched his gospel tent in Anson County villages in the early part of the present century. Preacher Jimmy had fire and a natural gift of histrionics. He was hell on dancing and Démon Rum. What he lacked in college degrees was made up for by the old-time religion in his heart.

His fervor drew for him a partner in the revival business, a lawyer turned minister in his latter life, an ex-congressman, with degrees from Wake Forest and the University of Virginia. I'll call him Preacher M. The striking contrast of the two men in appearance, background, and training made them a colorful team which drew a strong following.

When Preacher Jimmy pitched his tent in town, it was as good as any show on the Redpath Chautauqua circuit. There were afternoon as well as evening services. The kids liked to crawl inside the tent in the afternoons, take a place on the plank seats, and wriggle their toes in the sawdust floor as they sat with eyes fixed on the evangelist. Thus they were initiated into the illustrated-lecture business.

As Preacher Jimmy warmed up, he pounded on the pulpit and hollered at the top of his voice, "If you're a sinner, you're the one I'm talkin' to." Then he unrolled large pictures portraying the life-sized figure of the Devil in a red suit. One showed the Devil standing over a man bound in chains, his pitchfork pointed right at the victim's chest. At this point the kids gripped the plank seats and dug their toes into the sawdust. "Has the Devil got you like this?" roared the preacher.

In tent or local church Preacher Jimmy could put on a dramatic sermon against dancing. He would sashay across the pulpit platform with movements approximating the shimmy, then go into little mincing steps. He would then turn to his audience and shout: "Yes, sex is taking as many people to hell as liquor. The Devil's in the dance halls. You can go there and see 'em dancing so close that you couldn't put a piece of tissue paper between 'em."

Yet nothing provoked his evangelistic lashings like Démon Rum. "You know you likker makers are children of the Devil, and every still hereabouts is a hell kittle."

Preacher Jimmy had a nerve of iron tempered by his faith in God. He went in person to still sites and attempted to plead with the lawbreakers and sinners. "Am I afraid of being shot? No," he yelled. "Let 'em shoot. I'll be in Heben before the smoke clears away."

On the occasion of one of his revivals the tent was pitched across a creek from a bunch of rum runners, who sought to drown out the preaching with raucous noises. These sinners got off to a big start, and were interfering

with the preacher. Preacher Jimmy went across the creek and pleaded with them to stop and turn from their evil ways.

Some of the sisters in the congregation, fearing for his safety, went to Preacher M., who was taking a noon-hour siesta in his buggy. (He had been soothed by a copy of The Biblical Recorder.) On hearing the women's request, Brother M. shook himself and mumbled: "Go 'way, sisters, and let me take my rest. The Lord will look after Brother Jimmy."

It seems that the Lord always did. Some time later the crusader against blockaders came riding down a winding country road in a Model-T Ford. In the front seat was the drum of the still. Preacher Jimmy rose up and pounded on it with the gusto of an orchestra player striking the timpani. "Strike this Devil implement now!" he cried. "Two souls are saved for the Lord." The blockaders in the car were as meek as lambs.

For many years folk like these were brought into the fold, along with lesser sinners. Then Preacher Jimmy was called to his reward. No greater tribute was paid to him than the one by a woman who respected his religion and enjoyed his dramatics.

On the day of his death she remarked, "Well, I reckon Preacher Jimmy's spreadin' putty around Heben."

The Bank of Wadesboro Money

Anson was invaded in the spring of 1865 as remnants of Sherman's forces moved up from Georgia and South Carolina. Practically every sizable plantation experienced pillage and loss of property. There were outrages of harsh treatment, rape, and murder.

Practically all of the antebellum State banks, including those in Anson County, faded away during or shortly after the War between the States. In the general consternation felt when the Yankees came near on their plundering march, strenuous efforts were made to save the assets of banks and other repositories. The cashier of the Bank of Wadesboro at that time was William O. Bennett. He packaged all the bank's funds and sent them to a friend's plantation in the Ansonville section. The bank messenger was a loyal Negro, who lowered the precious package into a well.

A Federal detachment arrived soon afterward and began interrogating the Negro. The shrewd black man managed to send the soldiers away, bootless, by shaking his head in a dazed manner and mumbling, "Why, boss, you know white folks wouldn't tell a Nigger where any money was."







NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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GEOGRAPHICAL LORE FROM THE OUTER BANKS

By Gary S. Dunbar

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This paper treats a few themes concerning the geographical lore of the inhabitants of the North Carolina Outer Banks. It is geographical in that it has to do with certain cultural and natural elements which give the area its distinctiveness--the origin of the people and domesticated animals, place names and topographic terms, and changes in the natural landscapes. In large part this paper was taken from the writer's doctoral dissertation, "Historical Geography of the North Carolina Outer Banks," Louisiana State University, 1956. The dissertation was published by University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, and also for limited distribution by the Coastal Studies Institute of Louisiana State University.

The use of the term "banks" to mean barrier islands is now confined to North Carolina. The earliest references are to "sand banks." For a 1699 occurrence of the term, see the Colonial Records of North Carolina, I, 514. The term "outer banks" is of rather recent coinage, and there is no uniformity in definition of its limits. It is generally applied to the barrier islands all the way from the Virginia line to Cape Lookout or even Beaufort Inlet. Such islands as Roanoke and Colington are generally included in the Outer Banks because of their proximity and cultural similarities to the true barrier islands. The term "banker," meaning an inhabitant of the Banks, was probably never used outside of North Carolina. The first occurrence of this term is in a 1750 account which mentions "the Bankers (a set of People who live on certain sandy Islands lying between the Sound and the Ocean . . .)" (Colonial Records, IV, 1306).

1. Origin of the Bankers

Most popular articles state categorically that the Banks are inhabited by shipwrecked sailors and their descendants: e.g., Margaret Davis, "Primitives of the Carolina Banks," South Atlantic Quarterly, XXXII (1933), 116; Ben Lucian Burman, "On the Perilous Beaches of Hatteras," Reader's Digest, LXVII (October, 1955), 122; and Horace Sutton, "Man on a Dune," Saturday Review, XXXVIII (July 16, 1955), 45. Many articles of this type call the Bankers' speech "Elizabethan." Burman even stated that "the Hatteras speech is a strange mixture of Cockney and North-of-England and Southern drawl"! It is true, of course, that the Bankers' speech has preserved a few archaisms and thus strikes the stranger as being "quaint" or "Elizabethan," but the historical evolution of this coastal speech community can be fairly well outlined, and some of the archaic usages are noted in other rather isolated areas, the mountains of western North Carolina, for example. See Hans Kurath, A Word Geography of the Eastern United States (Ann Arbor, 1949), 47, and George P. Wilson, "Folk Speech," pp. 503-618, in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, ed. by Newman I. White, I (Durham, 1952).

There have been attempts to ascribe an origin other than British to some of the Banks family names. Examples are Midgette (or Midgett), said to be Italian; Odeon, Oden, or Odin (variants of Odom), French or Danish; Baros (Burrus or Barrus), Man (Mann), Blackman, and Adomes (Adams), all Greek; and Wahab (a variant of Wauchope, Waughop, and Wakup), Arab! See the writings of Collier Cobb, especially "Greek, Roman, and Arabian Survivals on the North Carolina Coast--A Preliminary Sketch," North Carolina Booklet, XV (1916), 218-228. The popular literature is fraught with this sort of thing, always trying to show that the Bankers are a heterogeneous lot, descended from shipwrecked sailors and definitely unlike the inhabitants of adjacent coastal areas, but the same evidence which the popular writers use--place names, family names, folktales, and speech--clearly indicates an almost solidly English or British background, deriving immediately from southeastern Virginia. For a sober and accurate sketch of Banks history and genealogy see Dora A. Padgett, "Eastern North Carolina as a Field for Genealogical Research," National Genealogical Society Quarterly, XXXIII (1945), 101-104.

The attempts to make Arabs out of good Scots like the original Wahabs are most interesting. It was perhaps Calvin Henderson Wiley in his "Roanoke; Or, Where is Utopia?", Sartain's Union Magazine of Literature and Art, IV (1849), 190, 244n, who first dubbed the Banks Arabia and the inhabitants Arabs. This was picked up by Edward C. Bruce, "Loungings in the Footprints of the Pioneers," Harper's New Monthly Magazine, XX (1860), 729. However, Collier Cobb was probably the one who first called the Wahabs Arabs, linking them with the group named Wahabis in Arabia. In his "Greek, Roman, and Arabian Survivals," 225-226, he ingeniously made the connection in the following way:

We are told that some years before our Revolutionary War, a party of Protestant Mohammedans--Warhabi [sic], they were called--going as missionaries to the West Indies, were blown far out of their course by a storm and wrecked on Diamond Shoals, just south of Cape Hatteras. Most of them escaped drowning and found refuge on Hatteras and on Ocracoke Island. . . .

The Wahabis were a strict sect who opposed all practices not sanctioned by the Koran, and denounced all commentaries, and all such modern innovations as the worship of relics. By some writers they have been styled Mohammedan Puritans, and others have called them Mohammedan Methodists. We soon find the Wahabis of North Carolina affiliating with the Methodists . . . and our Wahabs have for a hundred and fifty years been useful and highly valued citizens.

2. Origin of the Ocracoke Ponies

The origin of the "ponies" which are allowed to run free on Ocracoke has been the subject of much speculation. It has been said that these "ponies" are descendants of horses brought to Florida by Ponce de Leon, or that they are descended from Barbary horses brought by Raleigh's men, or that they are survivors of shipwrecks, or that they were brought to the Banks by pirates. Burman, *op. cit.*, 125, gives a curious link between these horses and the Outer Banks "Arabs" when he says: "The commonest legend is that long ago a boat-load of Arabian horses destined as mounts for Spanish or English soldiers was wrecked. A few of the horses and their caretaker, an Arab boy named Wahab, swam ashore." For other examples of these legends, see Richard B. Cr  cy, Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History (Raleigh, 1901), 171, and Fred A. Olds, "The North Carolina Wild Ponies," The Uplift, XIX (October 3, 1931), 10. The same legends are told about the horses of Chincoteague, Virginia.

See Jennings C. Wise, Ye Kingdome of Accawmacke or the Eastern Shore of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century (Richmond, 1911), 307-310. The real explanation is that horses and other stock were purposefully placed on the islands by stock raisers in colonial days. As Wise said, "Why look to shipwrecks and pirates?" Why, indeed, except that in every case the romantic explanation is always the more popular.

Other names for these horses are "banks ponies," "beach horses," "marsh ponies," and "tackies." The Ocracoke ponies are quite useful as a tourist attraction. Not to be classed with the ordinary run of "banks ponies," the Ocracoke horses have recently been improved and are eminently photogenic. Their number is kept sufficiently large to lend an authentic air to the annual Ocracoke pony penning, held on July 4, an event staged now mostly for the benefit of the large number of tourists on that day. Pony pennings are also held on Shackleford Banks, N.C., and Chincoteague, Va.

3. Place Names and Topographic Terms

Only a few names will be treated in this paper in order to demonstrate some of the problems of dealing with the place names of such an area as the Outer Banks. A full study could be undertaken only by David Stick, because he alone has the necessary familiarity with the land, its people, and its maps and literature.

A. Quake Hammock, Ocracoke

A hammock is simply a wooded tract, generally, although not always perceptibly, slightly higher than the surrounding area. The word is a variant of "hummock." A low or wet hammock might be called a "quaking hammock" or "quake hammock." In all probability this is the origin of the name "Quork Hammock" on Ocracoke Island. This place name, as well as the nearby "Quokes Point," has been explained by a fantastically contrived legend about a man named Quork ("Old Quork"). See Margaret Davis, *op. cit.*, 117, and Stith Thompson, ed., "Folk Tales and Legends," 641, in vol. I of The Frank C. Brown Collection. The spelling of these place names differs on different maps. "Quarks" is another form. C. A. Weslager apparently transcribed the name somewhat phonetically as "Kwawk" and said that "Kwawk Hammock" and "Kwawk Point" are the breeding-places of the black-crowned night heron, "kwawk" referring to the bird's shrill cry ["Place Names on Ocracoke Island," North Carolina Historical Review, XXXI (1954), 47]. However, an 1885 reference gave the name as "Quake Hammock" [William L. Welch, "Opening of Hatteras Inlet," Bulletin of the Essex Institute, XVII (1885), 41]. This might well have been the original form, and "Old Quork" is then a relatively recent invention.

B. Barchane, Dune, and Whalehead

A barchane (originally a Turkish word, sometimes spelled barchan or barkhan) is a crescent-shaped sand dune. It is a generic term applied by geologists wherever this dune form is found. Collier Cobb may have been the person who introduced this term to the Outer Banks. Isabel Murphy in The Outer Banks (Kill Devil Hills, 1951) tells of a dune called Barchane Hill which she says was named by a shipwrecked Turkish sailor! She does not give the location of this dune.

Actually "dune" is also an introduced term. The Bankers formerly used only the term "hill." Cobb was perhaps the first to state that "whalehead" is a generic folk term on the Banks for a large dune. See his "Notes on the Geology of Currituck Banks," Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, XXII (1906), 17. However, "whalehead" (or "whaleshead") is really a place name, not a topographic term. The small settlement of Corolla on Currituck Banks used to be called Whalehead. At Corolla are Whale Head Bay and Whale Head Hill, and the lighthouse there is known both as Currituck Beach Light and as Whale Head Light.

C. Jean Guite Creek

Jean Guite Creek is found just north of the Wright Memorial Bridge in the Kitty Hawk Woods area. It is separated from Currituck Sound by Martin's Point. "Jean Guite" is an interesting name. It appeared first on the 1708 Nairne map as "Gingite." Undoubtedly Algonkian, the name might be the same as "Chincoteague," which is said to mean "large stream" or "inlet" and which has been spelled in various ways, including "Gingoteque." See "Chincoteague," Handbook of American Indians, part I (1907), 272. In that event it would not originally have been applied to the feature now designated as Jean Guite Creek, however. The earliest occurrence of the name in anything like its present form which has been found so far was a reference which David Stick found in a Currituck County deed dated 1772. The name "Jean Guite" is today pronounced /jin-gäyt/.

4. "Nags Head" and Alleged Wrecking Practices

Names of animals are prominent in the place names of the Outer Banks, but one cannot be sure that a particular name owes its origin to the presence of the animal in that area. For example, "Nags Head" may or may not have originated with the grazing of horses at that spot.

There are many colorful stories concerning the origin of the name "Nags Head," the most common being that it reflects an old wreckers' practice of luring ships ashore by leading a horse up and down the beach with a lantern tied around its neck, thereby deluding mariners into thinking that it was the lantern of a ship riding in safe waters. The name first appeared on the 1738 Wimble map, and it referred to a large dune just north of Roanoke Inlet. Hence it must have received this name because it was a head or headland, a conspicuous landmark, near the inlet. The southernmost large dune in the Nags Head area still bears the name "Nags Head." As for its association with horses, George Higby Throop in his Nag's Head: or Two Months among "The Bankers" (Philadelphia, 1850) said, p. 97: "The head-land then bore some resemblance, in the sea-approach, to the head of a horse, and hence its name." Or the name could have been a direct borrowing from England. Bartholomew's Gazetteer lists three Nags Head place names in England, and the name is also occasionally encountered as the name of a country inn there. Another application of the name is to the southernmost point on the island of St. Kitts, B. W. I.

The popular belief is that many of the early Bankers supported themselves entirely by "wrecking," that is, by taking goods from wrecked ships and by using wreck timber. Before the days of wreck commissioners and vendues, the Bankers sometimes availed themselves of the timber and cargoes of wrecked ships but only when they went unclaimed. Probably there were never any full-time "beachcombers" or "strandloopers," but it may have been common practice for Bankers to travel up and down the beach periodically, especially after storms,

to collect any valuable articles. Since outsiders could not see the many means of subsistence of the Bankers, they commonly reported that the latter subsist entirely by wrecking.

Further, the popular conception is that many of the early Bankers were "land pirates" who lured ships ashore in order to steal from them. There was never any reference to this as a current practice, however. There have only been a few cases where Bankers were accused of robbing a wrecked ship. Most of these were in wartime. The nature of these cases and their rarity demonstrate that the early Bankers were undeserving of their reputation as land pirates. On the other hand there are innumerable instances of the saving and care of shipwrecked sailors and cargoes by the Bankers.

5. Former Extent of the Forest Cover

It is popularly believed that at one time the Banks were forested from one end to the other and from the sound side to the very beach itself and that the present landscape is the result of disastrous deforestation by man and animals, mostly in the last century. However, the evidence at hand indicates that no large changes have taken place in the forest cover of the Outer Banks in historic time.

There is nowhere any indication that the Banks were ever covered with unbroken forest. If they had been, there would have been no need to indicate forested areas on maps. Some of the old maps (e.g., Moseley 1733 and Wimble 1738) pointed out wooded areas on Hatteras Island. These would not be marked if the whole island were wooded.

A "beach forest," a stand of trees growing on or near the beach, cannot exist because wind-borne salt spray would prevent it. To be sure, stumps are periodically uncovered on the beach by storms, as at Corolla, Kitty Hawk, and Rodanthe, but this is an indication that at the time these were living trees the beach lay considerably further to the eastward, not that trees actually grew near the water.

That local changes in the forest cover have occurred cannot, of course, be denied. There has been a definite reduction in area of some of the wooded tracts. The Bankers have always been rather chary of their limited wood supply. Having established their homes in the wooded areas for protection, they would not then remove this protection. They cut some wood for their own use, but they did so quite judiciously.

6. Increasing Depth of Croatan Sound

There is a legend, even now heard, that in the time of the informant's youth, one could walk from Wanchese, at the southern end of Roanoke Island, to the mainland across the Roanoke Marshes, but that it was necessary to carry a fence rail in order to cross the one narrow gut or slough through the marsh. This story has considerable antiquity, however. Walter Gwynn, "Documents Relating to the Opening of an Inlet at or near Nag's Head, on the Coast of North Carolina," 26th Congress, 1st Session, Senate Document 603, 1840, p. 3, said: "In the memory of the last generation, there was a mere gut between the marshes through the eastern channel, narrow enough to be crossed on a fence rail." Lt. William B. Franklin in 1852 interviewed one Adam Etheridge who "remembered passing through Roanoke marshes in a boat in the year 1783. There was then but one channel or opening through them, and that was not more than sixty feet

wide. His grandfather used to say that when he was a boy the opening was so narrow that it could be crossed on a fence-rail." Franklin's MS report of August 23, 1852, is found in Record Group 77 of the National Archives.

7. Encroachment of Sand upon Settlements

Popular belief has it that individual houses and even whole villages have been buried by sand on the Outer Banks. One can see at Nags Head today that it is possible for the sand to destroy a house. However, whole villages have never been so engulfed.

Collier Cobb, "Where the Wind Does the Work," National Geographic Magazine, XVII (1906), 310-317, told of fishing villages which were buried by the sand. One was subsequently uncovered, and the houses again became inhabited.

TRUE STORIES AND TALL TALES OF EARLY MINING IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Sam E. Phifer

[Mr. Phifer, whose home is at Monroe, is a member of a family that has been connected with mining in North Carolina. He wrote the following paper for Folklore 185 during the 1957-58 fall semester at the University of North Carolina.]

Foreword

The following stories concern the early mining days in North Carolina and the events and people that made these early times interesting and worth recalling. Some of the stories are true in part or in whole, and some are merely "tall tales."

Before 1849 and for some years after, this state was the largest producer of gold in the country. During the early years of mining in North Carolina, boom towns were not uncommon where mining was active. These towns were much like their counterparts in California and Nevada after 1849.

The author was prompted to write this paper by reading a ballad in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, Volume 2, Folk Ballads. This ballad gives an account of a mine accident at a place called the Ore Knob. In his discussion of the ballad, the editor states that he was unable to find a definite locality for it. Some research on my part established the fact that the ballad was actually concerned with an old copper mine at Ore Knob, North Carolina.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Messrs. Dave Martin, S. C. Bostic, C. C. Barbee, and Osco Woody for the help these men rendered me in gathering the material for this paper. Without their aid, the paper could not have been written.

Gold Is Discovered: The Reed Mine

Although there are a dozen or more versions of this story, I shall give the account of it that is most widely accepted among the people in the area where it took place.

One Sunday in the year 1799, Conrad Reed, Jr., and his brother and sister were playing along the banks of Meadow Creek in Cabarrus county, North Carolina, while their parents were in church. While they were engaged in shooting fish with bow and arrow, young Conrad saw a piece of shiny yellow substance in the waters of the stream. He waded in and secured it. Finding it to be a metal of some sort, he brought it home to show to his parents. Mr. Reed took the piece of metal to Concord and showed it to a silversmith; but as gold was as yet unheard of in that section, the silversmith failed to recognize it. For some years after that the Reeds used the yellow piece of metal as a door-stop in their home.

Finally, in 1802, Mr. Reed took the metal with him on a trip to market in Fayetteville, North Carolina. While there, he showed it to a jeweler, who immediately recognized it as gold. The jeweler bade Mr. Reed allow him to pour a bar of the metal and Mr. Reed agreed. Not knowing the real value of his possession, Mr. Reed then sold the gold to the jeweler for the large sum of \$3.50. This particular piece of gold weighed eight pounds and was actually worth \$20 per ounce. I am told that Mr. Reed later found out the actual value of his "door-stop" and was able to get about \$3000 from the jeweler. At any rate, when word got out that the Reed farm had gold on it the whole countryside turned out with pick and shovel and began digging. Mr. Reed and two other men organized a company and made a nice little profit on their findings for a few years. Some of the neighbors made money at gold mining, too, but the majority of them went broke or nearly so in the attempt.

In those days slaves were in rather wide use in the South, and a number of the slave-owners turned their entire slave-forces into the search for gold. I am told that some masters required a jar of gold a day from each of their slaves, and those who didn't fulfill this order were whipped. According to one source, it was not uncommon in those days to see as many as 3000 slaves at work in one small creek-bottom or on one small plot of ground. Of course, some of the slaves tried to keep part of the gold that they found, and they devised any number of ways of hiding it. They hid it in everything from special pockets to open sores, self-inflicted for just that purpose. A very few of the slaves were able to hide enough gold to buy their freedom, but most of them were caught and suffered the consequences.

"A Deep Grave"

Mr. C. C. Barbee, who lives on the old Reed farm, related the following story to the author just as it was related to him by his father.

During the early days of mining operations at the Reed Mine, there was an English couple, the husband of whom was a mining engineer, living not far from the mine. The story goes that the wife, Mary Gad, was unfaithful to her husband and did in fact run away with another man. John Gad, her husband, soon found her, though, and brought her back to the mine. One night, shortly thereafter, he threw her down an old abandoned and water-filled shaft. She wasn't missed for a long time, and by the time that her disappearance was brought to the attention of everyone by the distraught "lover," her husband was

employed elsewhere and could not be located. The old shaft was pumped out, and the remains of poor Mary Gad were recovered, but her body was in such a state of decay that recognition was possible only through some jewelry found with the body and known to have belonged to Mary. For some reason, no trial was ever held and few people ever knew that a murder had been committed. No one knows what happened to John Gad, either; for he never returned to the mine and was never heard of thereafter.

"Bechtler Coins"

About three years after the discovery of gold in the area, a German by the name of Christian Bechtler, and a jeweler by trade, decided to help the miners dispose of their gold and at the same time make himself some money. He offered to mint their gold into coins for 2 1/2 percent of the net value. As this saved the miners' having to ship their gold to Philadelphia, they were quick to take him up on the offer. For a while everyone was happy, and then the federal government decided to step in and stop this business. Bechtler was charged with making "counterfeit" money. Needless to say, when the miners heard of this charge they were ready to hang him on the spot. When the trial came up, however, it was found that his coins contained as much gold as did the government coins; and in some cases they actually contained more than those minted by the government. Bechtler was found "not guilty" by a very embarrassed federal judge and was allowed to continue his little minting business. On one side of his coins he stamped his name, "C. Bechtler," and on the other side he stamped the value of the coin. After his death, his son, Christian Bechtler, Jr., carried on the business until the year 1857.

It is interesting to note that today the "Bechtler Coin" is a rare thing indeed and worth from \$20 to \$50. I tried to find one of these old coins among the old folks of the area, but was unable to do so.

Gold Hill

Gold mining began on a small scale at what is now known as Gold Hill, North Carolina, in 1842. The gold was first discovered in streams and later traced to the "mother veins" on the hills of the area. One of these "hills" was found to be richer than any of the others and hence came to be called "Gold Hill," a name that has remained until today. In those days almost everyone had a small mine or claim that he worked himself or had worked, provided he was rich enough. Not long after the discovery of gold there developed a regular boom town at the site with all its splendor and wildness.

The first town of Gold Hill had a blacksmith shop and livery-stable at each end of its one street, and both sides of the street between were filled with saloons and bawdy houses, save for an occasional hardware or general store. Mr. Dave Martin tells me that he can remember, as a child, seeing stagecoaches bringing women into town on the weekends to entertain the miners. Saturday nights were wild affairs, to say the least; fights and brawls were common occurrences as whiskey flowed like water and the saloons were overrun with cardsharps and sundry other gamblers. These were the days when and this was the place where a man could go broke or "make a pile" in a matter of days. Gold Hill was one of the few places in the state in those days where a man could receive cash money for his labor. For that reason, among others, labor was plentiful and cheap.

A great many slaves were also employed in the mines. I shall dwell briefly on one of those slaves whose feats of strength are well remembered by some of the old-timers of the area. This slave was known to everyone as "Little Willy." Quite a name for a man of some 350 pounds and six feet in height! Willy was employed at the Gold Hill Mine, and did all manner of jobs, from stoking the boilers to driving steel for blasting holes. Perhaps the best-remembered story of Willy's exploits concerns the time he killed another Negro with his bare hands.

It seems that Willy had given this other Negro a severe beating on a previous Saturday night for fooling around with Willy's girl. It was on the following Monday morning that the killing took place, a few yards away from the hoisting building at the company's main shaft. Willy was busy loading an ore wagon and didn't see the other Negro slip up on the opposite side of the wagon. This man pulled out an old pistol and shot Willy twice - once in the leg, and once in the stomach as he bent over in pain. You'd think that this would have finished Willy for good; but in spite of his wounds, he ran around the wagon and broke the other man's neck with his bare hands. The whole sequence of events was witnessed by the hoistman, and as it was a case of self-defence Willy was patched up, and after a few days he went back to his job. Perhaps he wasn't hit twice, or perhaps the bullet didn't do its assigned task, or perhaps Little Willy was just plain tough; but be that as it may, he lived to kill his attacker and then recovered. Needless to say, though, a wound such as that would have killed most men.

There is another story in circulation in the area about another Negro, this one a slave, and the time he received his first gold dollar. It seems that two rich Yankees came down to the mine with the intention on the part of one of them of buying some stock in the company. Being prospective stockholders, they were given a special trip down into the workings and were shown the veins that all such special guests were allowed to see. After some time in the mine they decided to return to the surface via the ore bucket, as they were tired and did not relish the idea of climbing 600 feet up a wet, slippery ladder. They boarded the bucket at the 600-foot-level and had a fine ride until they were almost at the surface. In those days a mule was used to turn the hoist-whim, and on this particular day the mule decided to overdo his job, and almost threw the men back down the shaft. After much swearing and yanking by the mule driver, the frisky mule was calmed and the men landed safely. They were more than glad to step on solid ground again, and one of them gave the slave who stopped the mule a gold dollar for his quick thinking and timely action. The poor slave was so overcome by this reward that when he bowed in thanks to the gentleman he swept the ground with his hat. As soon as the men were out of ear-shot in his estimation, this slave was heard to say, "Lordy me - this here am the kind of gold dat I kin use. I can't use dat stuff what dey brings up in dat ol' bucket nohow."

Now there is another version of this same tale that holds that the slave was presented with a dollar after helping the gentlemen get into their buggy. According to this version, his master took the money away from him after the gentlemen had departed and had him whipped for even accepting it.

"The Newmon Brothers"

Perhaps the most interesting tales of the Gold Hill area are those that concern the Newmon Brothers, Frank and John. I am told that these men were able to make and lose a million dollars three times at the Gold Hill mines.

Neither of these brothers was interested in trying to work the mines for gold. They were interested only in selling stock and worthless mines to ignorant people with more money than sense. Mr. Dave Martin tells me that on one occasion the Newmons bought carloads of gold and copper ores from a company out West, had them shipped to Gold Hill, and then changed the car markings before sending them to the smelter so that the ores would appear to have come from the mines at Gold Hill. He also tells of an incident in which he and a number of other men tried to sue the brothers for nonpayment of wages to the miners. According to Mr. Martin, the miners got neither their wages nor the suit money. We can guess that the Newmon boys were both smart and crooked. "Uncle Dave," as Mr. Martin is affectionately known by his friends, told the author two stories about the Newmons that he declares are the truth. The first concerns a steam whistle, and the second concerns the death of Frank Newmon.

In the early days of the Gold Hill mines, roads were all but non-existent, and most of the travel was by railroad. The Norfolk and Southern Railroad, which served the area, had a spur track that ran by all of the mines in order to bring coal and people in and take the rich ores out. The Newmon Brothers had for themselves a special railroad car that they used to bring their friends and prospective stockholders down to the mines. Now it was a custom in that day that when the train with the Newmons on board neared the mines the engineer would sound his whistle, and all the mines would answer him with the whistles on their steam boilers. It seems that one of the mine foremen decided to do something special in the way of whistle blowing, and so in the days and weeks that preceded the Newmons' next visit he practiced blowing the "Whip o' Will" call on his whistle. After a time he became quite accomplished in this little feat. Finally the day came when the special train again neared the mines, and the engineer gave his usual toot on the whistle. We can well imagine the surprise when back came the call of a "Whip o' Will," so loud that it drowned out the sounds of all the other mine whistles. According to Mr. Martin, John Newmon was so pleased with the feat that he promoted the mine foreman and doubled his salary. I am told by another old-timer, however, that Newmon got mad and fired the man. Who is to say what really happened, though?

The last "Gold Hill tale" has to do with the death of Frank Newmon. Its ending, like that of the first, has two versions, and I shall relate both of them to show how a story can become twisted. This is a true story as far as the cause of death is concerned, but the rest of it I cannot guarantee.

After a number of successful years at Gold Hill the Newmon brothers found themselves in hot water once more in regard to money. John discovered the situation first and then broke the news to brother Frank. John noticed that Frank took the news a little harder than usual, but didn't give this fact much thought until too late. In fact, he didn't think twice when Frank walked into the office the next morning and bade everyone including his brother goodbye. Little did John Newmon know that that was the last time he was to see his brother alive. After leaving the office, Frank Newmon walked down to the powder house and obtained a case of powder and a short fuse. He then walked off a little distance, and lighting his last cigar, lay upon the ground in his best suit. Placing the case of powder upon his chest, he lit the fuse and blew himself into Kingdom come.

The other version of this same story holds that the cause of Frank's committing suicide was an argument between the brothers. It seems that John had cheated Frank out of some money. After leaving the mine office Frank climbed into his buggy and told his driver goodbye. He then drove off alone and went directly to his home, some distance away. He is supposed to have placed

a case of dynamite under his bed and to have lain down upon his bed with a stick of dynamite strapped to his chest. When the powder went off it completely wrecked his house, but strangely enough failed to set off the case of powder under his bed. John Newmon lived on for some years after that and died in the North somewhere of a heart attack. Thus ended a colorful chapter in the history of Gold Hill and the lives of two colorful and famous brothers in the Eastern mining game.

Catastrophe down in the Randolph Shaft

I was able to learn of only one major accident in the mines of this area, but this one had some after-effects, and so I shall give a brief account of it here.

It seems that during the early days of mining, when black powder was in wide use, two Negro miners went into an abandoned part of the mine to get a supply of powder for the day's work. No one ever knew the cause, but there was a sudden blast that closed that part of the mine completely and snuffed out the lives of the two miners. No attempt was made to recover the bodies for fear of more cave-ins, and the poor men were buried forever. From that day forward the workers attributed all accidents large and small to the "ghosts" of the two dead men, as they believed that the ghosts were haunting the mine and its workers for failing to remove the bodies of the poor men who were killed in the explosion.

Ore Knob

Ore Knob was opened in the 1870's, and a boom mining town soon developed there. The town of Ore Knob, North Carolina, received its charter in 1875. Actual mining is thought to have commenced as early as 1855. The first workings were nothing more than shallow pits, trenches, and shafts, with an occasional tunnel into the hillsides. It may well have been the collapse of one of these shallow holes that inspired the ballad that is discussed below.

Professor A. P. Hudson, the editor who handled the ballad entitled "The Ore Knob" in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (II, 496-498), was unable to connect it with the mine of that name. I believe that the ballad concerns an accident that happened at the Ore Knob mine in Ashe county. The text was from Miss Lura Wagoner, Vox, North Carolina. Vox is in Alleghany county, which joins Ashe county on the west. The town of Ore Knob, in Ashe county, received its charter in 1875. There is a historical marker indicating the site of the Ore Knob Mine, similar to the one marking the site of the old Reed Mine in Cabarrus county. Several people living near the site of the old town of Ore Knob recall the ballad or parts of it, and also an accident at the old mine like the one referred to in the ballad.

The Ore Knob

Come, blooming youth in the midst of day
And see how soon some pass away.
There were two men that worked with us here.
What became of them you soon shall hear.

They worked all day until evening tide
Before the ground it made a slide.
At fifty minutes after five
They was healthy men and yet alive.

Before the whistle blew for six
Their death was cast, their doom was fixed;
The rocks and dirt came tumbling down
And under it those men were found.

Both cold and dead and could not live
For God had took the spark he gave.
They was brought to the top, a dreadful sight.
How lonesome was that Tuesday night.

Poor Sherley and Smith, how much we miss them
Around the Ore Knob today.
We hope they are gone to a world of bliss,
But none of us we dare to say.

But with the Lord there's nothing strange;
He can their hearts in a moment change.
We hope he did their hearts renew
And receive them in that heavenly care.

Poor Sherley had a wife and children dear,
And Smith had a mother this news to hear.
We hope they all for consolation
To read and believe John's Revelation,

That says the dead will one day rise
And saints will mount them upward skies
And sing with the angels and adore,
Where friends that meet will part no more.

Let us take heed when the scriptures say
That we must watch as well as pray,
For in a hour when the least if thought
The summons of death it may be brought.

Mr. Osco Woody, who lives in the area, tells us that his father and grandfather did some mining of their own in those days, as did many of the other people living near the big mine. These people worked small deposits of copper and gold and sold their ores to the company that was working the Ore Knob mine. The little mines were worked chiefly during the winter months when farming had to stop because of bad weather. The ores were hauled to Ore Knob in large wagons drawn by teams of oxen. Several times one or more of these wagons slipped off down the sides of mountains on account of ice and snow on the roads and trails.

All mining ceased at Ore Knob in the early 1900's as a result of a severe drop in the price of copper, and the mines were not tampered with again until 1943, when the United States Bureau of Mines conducted some drilling and survey operations there. The United States was then in the Second World War, and copper was in great demand, thus prompting this investigation. The investigation, while not finding any copper, did show enough to interest a Canadian mining company in the property, and in 1956, Appalachian Sulfides Incorporated commenced a thorough diamond-drilling program on the property. Enough ore was soon found to prompt the company to start a shaft. At the time of the writing of this paper a large-scale mining operation is once again going on at the Old Ore Knob.

TWO FOLKTALES

By Lucy M. Cobb

[Miss Cobb, who lives in Raleigh, writes of herself: "I was the tenth child of the Reverend Needham Bryan Cobb, a Baptist minister, who preached all over North Carolina; so I do not always remember where I first heard my folktales. With some of his tales my father used to draw pictures on a slate as he told them. Both my A.B. and my M.A. degrees at the University of North Carolina were in English. A number of years ago, Dutton published Animal Tales from North Carolina by Lucy M. Cobb and Mary A. Hicks. Folklore continues to be one of my interests."]

The Mouse Got Drowned in the Cabbage Pot

This is a folktale from somewhere in North Carolina. As we lived in many places, being the children of a preacher, I do not know from what county we got it. I have never seen it in print, but Burke Davis tells me there is a similar German story he has seen in print. A former resident of Pitt County, Mrs. Luther Ausbon of Raleigh, says she heard it there when she was a child. As my mother was born in Pitt County, that is where she probably got the story.

Once upon a time a Mouse, a Pea, and a Sausage lived together. They took turns cooking dinner. When Sausage cooked dinner the cabbage had the nicest flavor; so Pea and Mouse asked her, "What do you do to give your cabbage such a nice flavor?" Sausage answered, "Well, just before the cabbage is done I jump in the pot and frisk around a while, and that is what makes it taste so good."

One day Pea had gone visiting, and Sausage had gone to a committee meeting and left Mouse at home to cook the dinner.

Later in the day when Pea came home she couldn't find Mouse anywhere. Then when Sausage came home, both of them waited for Mouse, but as it got late they thought they had better take up the dinner. When they did, there they found poor little Mouse drowned in the cabbage pot! Pea sat on the doorstep crying and Sausage went upstairs mourning.

A Dog came by. "Why do you cry, Pea?" Pea said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, and I am sitting here crying." Dog said, "If that's so, I'll howl." So he went round town howling.

He passed a Tree. Tree said, "Dog, why do you howl?" Dog said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning; so I thought I'd howl." "If that's so," said Tree, "I'll shed my leaves." So her leaves began to fall, although it was not autumn.

Some of her leaves fell on a Fence. Fence said, "What's the matter, Tree? Why do you shed your leaves? It isn't fall." Tree said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, Dog is running round town howling; so I thought I'd shed my leaves." "If that's so," said Fence, "I'll tumble down." And she tumbled down.

She fell against a Pump. Pump said, "Fence, why do you tumble down?" Fence said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, Dog is running round town howling, Tree shed all its leaves; so I thought I'd tumble down." Pump said, "If that's so I'll let out all my water." And the water began to pour out of the Pump.

A Maid came to fill her pitcher, but she could get no water. "What's the matter, Pump?" she asked, "Why have you no water?" And Pump said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, Dog is running round town howling, Fence tumbled down, Tree shed all its leaves; so I thought I'd let out all my water." And the Maid said, "If that's so I'll break my pitcher." And she threw her pitcher on the ground, and it broke to pieces.

Her Master saw it and said, "You bad girl, why did you break your pitcher?" The Maid said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, Dog is running round town howling, Tree shed all its leaves, Fence tumbled down, Pump let out all its water; so I thought I'd break my pitcher."

The Master said, "If that's so I'll beat my boy." So he began beating his son. The boy said, "I don't know why you are beating me--I ain't done nothing." And the Man said, "What, haven't you heard? Mouse got drowned in the cabbage pot, Pea is sitting on the doorstep crying, Sausage is sitting upstairs mourning, Dog is running round town howling, Tree shed all its leaves, Fence tumbled down, Pump let out all its water, Maid broke her pitcher; so I thought I'd beat you." "If that's so", said the boy, "I'll run away." And he ran away, and if he hasn't stopped--he's running yet.

The Little Round House



Once upon a time an old man and an old woman lived in a little round house. It was not exactly round but like this.



It had one round window in it like this.

One night the old woman heard a noise, but she didn't see anything when she looked out the window.

She said to the old man, "I didn't see anything; so I'll go out the front way and see what I can find."



So she went a short distance in front of the house and came back another path. Then she said to the old man, "I didn't see anything; so I shall go out the back way."



She went by a long path into the woods. She didn't see anything; so she went along the edge of a pond. She came to some water, splashing out! splashing out! splashing out! Still she didn't see anything that made the noise.



Then she went to the other side of the pond, and a little way into the woods. She looked this way, she looked that way, and she looked this way, and still she didn't see anything.



She went farther along the edge of the pond, and again walked away, looking three ways into the woods.



As she didn't see anything she decided to go back home to her old man. When she got home she said to her old man, "I didn't see anything making a noise unless it was our old goose."

A SKETCH AND TWO SONGS

By Lattye Eunice Arnold

[Miss Arnold is a music teacher. Born and reared on a large farm in Wake county, she attended public and private schools, studied for a while at East Carolina College, was a voice pupil under Carrie Lewis Simpson, and earned a certificate from the Southern Baptist College of Church Music. Her special hobbies are writing and folksongs. She has a large repertory of folksongs and accompanies herself on a guitar. She has appeared many times at folk festivals throughout the state.]

[Mr. Herbert Shellans edited the songs contributed by Miss Arnold.]

Marthy and Louise

I stood on the rail fence down by the roadside, and was filled with curiosity as I watched the two-horse wagon crackle and rumble along. It was bringing in a new tenant or sharecropper. I wondered whether there were any children, or if the woman of the house could sing old songs.

I ran to the wagon as it came to a jolting stop in front of the little house on the hill. I was anxious to meet the new people, and felt that I had a good excuse, for my brother was driving the team of mules. A tall, thin man with a black mustache got off first and helped a little girl to the ground. She danced around the wagon, chattering all the while. I could not understand her as she tried to tell me about the ride. Her mother came near and whispered to me: "She ain't quite learned to talk, not much, but she'll learn. Fust thing you know she'll be singin' good as me. Sorter tongue-tied, I s'pose, but it'll loosen up in due time, time she finds a husband, and I hope it will be soon." I made no reply, but felt sorry for the little girl, who jabbered all the time her mother was talking.

I soon learned to like little Marthy. Her mother, Louise, could sing more folksongs than anyone I knew, and she was delighted to sing for all who cared to listen. Her husband, John, displayed an obvious appreciation for his wife's singing.

Marthy grew very fast and made friends with all the colored children on the farm. She even learned to read and write a bit, but how she accomplished this was a mystery to all until one day she exclaimed, "Pieppy, he learnded me how to write mu name an' mu A, B, C's, too." Louise and I became quite friendly. Her singing pleased me, but my family did not share this enthusiasm. They had no time to listen to such songs as "George Collins Rode Home," "Lonesome Turtle-Dove," "I Love You, Sweet Johnnie," "I Went Far Away," "I Love Little Willie," "Green Grows the Lilacs."

One of my favorites was "My Horses Ain't Hungry," and Louise dramatized it for me whenever her husband was near. She would put her arms around his neck, and while he stood there like a statue, she'd sing her long, long love song to him.

Marthy never learned folksongs or any of Louise's love songs. She continued to have difficulty in pronouncing long words. She enjoyed attending the Big Meetings of the colored folks. After having been converted at one of these religious gatherings, she exclaimed, "I got me a 'ligion issiddy." One of my

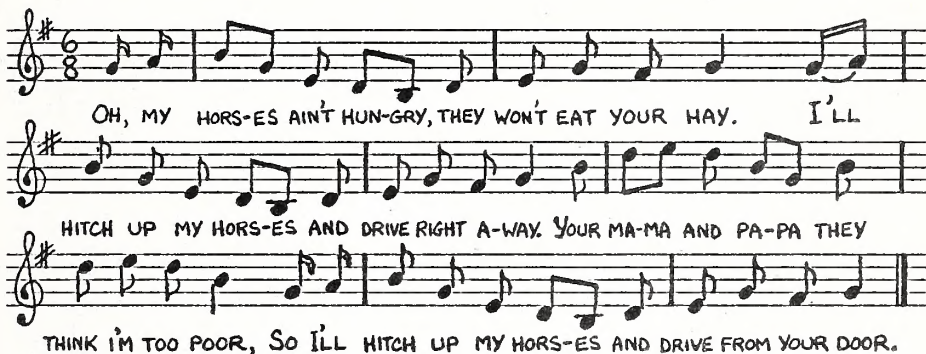
great pleasures was hearing daily about Marthy's religion. She was so sincere about it, learning many spirituals and not cultivating a taste for "reels" like those her mother, Louise, could sing so well.

Marthy married a colored boy by the name of Moses, and when last I heard about them, they were raising a large family.

"Louise," I asked, "where is Marthy?" "Law me, Marthy? Livin' on the tother side of the Fish Dam Road. I done said she would find a husband in due time. And a goodun he is, jes' matches her color, too."

My Horses Ain't Hungry

["My Horses Ain't Hungry" is a song with many variants. Some of its other names include: "The Wagoner's Lad," "O Molly," and "Rabble Soldier." Carl Sandburg considers the texts and tunes to be blends of "Old Smoky," "Clinch Mountain," "Skew Ball," "Rebel Soldier," and "I'm a Poor Troubled Soldier." Miss Arnold's text is practically identical with the C text of "The Wagoner's Lad," published without music in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. III, p. 278.]



Oh, my horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
I'll hitch up my horses and drive right away;
Your mama and papa, they think I'm too poor,
So I'll hitch up my horses and drive from your door.

Oh, Johnnie, sweet Johnnie, ye know that I care,
I'd drive right away with ye now if I'd dare;
My mama and papa, they want me to home,
But I love ye, sweet Johnnie, and with ye I'll roam.

Your mama and papa and family, I'm told,
Say all I'll be wantin' is part of your gold;
But Polly, sweet Polly, oh how can ye stay,
With my horses hitched up and I'm a-goin' away?

Oh, I hate to leave mama, she treats me so kind,
But I do love ye so, darling Johnnie of mine;
Ye must tell me, my darling, if with ye I roam,
That deep in your heart I'll always be home.

So good-bye now, dear mama, we're leavin' today,
 We'll drive along southward and feed on the way;
 'Cause young love is happier far than old,
 And that's all our story we care to be told.

Black Jack Davy

[The ballad of "Black Jack Davy" also travels under the names of "The Gypsy Davy," "The Gypsy Laddie," "Wraggle Taggle Gypsies," and various other titles. The Scottish ballad "Johnny Faa, the Gypsy Laddie" first appeared in the fourth volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1740. The English version, found in a broadside of the Roxburghe collection, appears to have been printed earlier than the Scottish ballad from which it was derived.

[Miss Arnold learned "Black Jack Davy" more than forty years ago from Tommie Robertson, a boy of nine or ten, whose father was a sharecropper on Miss Arnold's father's farm. The boy knew many songs and could sing them with their old traditional tunes.

[For other North Carolina variants, without music, see The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, II, 161-168; with music, IV, 84-91.]

BLACK JACK DAV-Y CAME A - RID-ING THROUGH THE WOODS, SING-ING SO LOUD AND
 HALE - LY; MAN-Y GREEN TREES ALL A - ROUND HIM STOOD, AND HE CHARMED THE HEART OF A
 LA - DY, AND HE CHARMED THE HEART OF A LA - DY.

Black Jack Davy came a-riding through the woods,
 A-singing so loud and halely,
 Many green trees all around him stood,
 And he charmed the heart of a lady,
 And he charmed the heart of a lady.

How old are you, my pretty little miss,
 How old are you, my lady?
 Think I heard my mother say,
 I'll be sixteen next Sunday,
 I'll be sixteen next Sunday.

Can you go with me, my pretty little miss,
 Can you go with me, my lady?
 I'll carry you across the deep blue sea,
 Where you never shall want for money,
 Where you never shall want for money.

Will you forsake your home and lands,
Will you forsake your babies,
Will you forsake your husband dear,
To go with Black Jack Davy,
To go with Black Jack Davy?

Yes, I'll forsake my home and lands,
Yes, I'll forsake my babies,
Yes, I'll forsake my husband dear,
And go with Black Jack Davy,
And go with Black Jack Davy.

That night the husband coming home
Enquired for his lady,
He soon found out from his two little babes,
She'd gone with Black Jack Davy,
She'd gone with Black Jack Davy.

Send for my fiddle and send for my bow,
Send for my black-eyed daisy.
She won't come and I can't go;
It almost runs me crazy,
It almost runs me crazy.

Go saddle me up my milk-white steed,
Go saddle me up my derby;
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night,
'Til I overtake my lady,
'Til I overtake my lady.

He rode all day and he rode all night.
The sea was deep and muddy.
On the other side he spied his bride,
His bride and Black Jack Davy,
His bride and Black Jack Davy.

Have you forsaken your home and lands,
Have you forsaken your babies,
Have you forsaken your husband dear,
To go with Black Jack Davy,
To go with Black Jack Davy?

Yes, I've forsaken my home and lands,
Yes, I've forsaken my babies,
Yes, I've forsaken my husband dear,
To go with Black Jack Davy,
To go with Black Jack Davy.

Then take off that long white glove,
All made of Spanish leather,
And reach me here your lily-white hand,
And I'll bid you adieu forever,
And bid you adieu forever.

"SERENADE IN NORTH CAROLINA"

By John Q. Anderson

[A native Texan, Dr. Anderson holds the Ph.D. degree from the University of North Carolina and is associate professor of English at Texas A. and M. College. He was president of the Texas Folklore Society in 1955-56. He is the author of two books and twenty-two articles, most of which are in the field of folklore. His next book, to be entitled Louisiana Swamp Doctor, a study of Henry Clay Lewis, who wrote under the pseudonym "Madison Tensas," will be published in 1959.]

An amusing example of rural manners and customs in Carolina more than a hundred years ago appears in a brief sketch by an unknown writer who, following the lead of the popular humorists of the day, published his story in William T. Porter's Spirit of the Times,¹ the New York weekly newspaper which printed such amateur efforts as this alongside the sketches of the more proficient humorists, T. B. Thorpe, W. T. Thompson, Sol Smith, and Henry Clay Lewis. The anecdote, which appeared in the issue for February 23, 1950 (Vol. XX, No. 1, pp. 1-2), follows in full:

"Not a thousand years ago, and not a thousand miles from here, (Windsor, N.C.,) lived a young lady, the daughter of very plain country folks who had just returned home from a distant boarding school--having finished her education. Her residence was on the western bank of a little river in this country. The period of which I write was September. Between the family mansion and the water's edge, was a five acre potato patch. The roots were cultivated in hills, and the vines very luxuriant.

"On the opposite side of the river, quite a number of young gentlemen lived, who were noted for gallantry. Their devotion to the sex had induced them to unite their accomplishments in the forming of a serenading band. The return of the young lady referred to, afforded them an opportunity for doing the genteel. They accordingly met on a clear moonlight night, and each furnished with his musical instrument, betook themselves to their boat to give a musical treat to the fair returned.

"With muffled oars they noiselessly crossed the river and gained the beach. With stealthy tread they approached the house at the hour of midnight, and ranging themselves in line, at a signal from their leader, violin, flute, clarinet and trombone, in one mighty blast, to the tune of 'Old Dan Tucker,' broke the stillness of the night and the old folks' slumbers. The mother screamed from fright, and called to the daughter for an explanation of the unusual noise--and was informed in reply that it was a 'serenade.' Mistaking the reply, she fled to the old man who, a little deaf, was sitting bewildered at the to him confused sounds.

"The wife's report, 'They are cannonading us!' satisfied him. He flew to the gun rack, and taking down old 'blue trigger,' hurried down stairs and around the house. Meanwhile the young lady stood at her window with curtain half drawn,

¹ For an excellent study of this paper, see Norris W. Yates, William T. Porter and the Spirit of the Times: A Study of the Big Bear School of Humor (Louisiana State University Press: Baton Rouge, 1957).

drinking in the melody as it was wafted up. The boys, innocent as Sir Isaac's dog Diamond of the mischief they had made, were laying themselves out upon the last variation, when at twenty feet distance, the old man shoved around the corner his old musket and drew trigger. She did not shoot, but the fire rolled, bright as falling meteors. A stampede of electric suddenness took place--the leader of the band leading in a bee line for the boat, followed in commendable nearness by his company. They hurried in the start, but the repeated efforts of the old man to get his piece off increased their efforts at speed--and a call by him for a chunk of fire to touch the priming, told still more. They forgot the potato vines, and such a scene of confusion was never witnessed. Headlong they fell, and at each fall, the sound of broken fiddle strings or battered drums foretold the death of that band. Helter skelter, rolling, crawling, and stumbling along, they gained the water's edge and their boat, and such pulling, men-of-war'smen might have learnt something from them then.

"The vines so impeded the old man's progress that he did not reach the bank with his chunk till the cannonaders were out of gun shot, and he returned well satisfied that his timely appearance and courageous manner had achieved the salvation of him and his. In the melee the old lady flew for safety and succour whence she could not be found that night. Next morning she was discovered under the wheat barn, and after many assurances that the cannonaders were routed, was prevailed upon to come forth.

"All the parties to the frolic are so sore upon the subject that we dare not mention it--and I would not have them know I had written this for the dowry of the girl and herself to boot.

"Sperits and Water"

LEGENDS OF TEACH

1. Teach at Bath

[Reprinted from Mrs. B. F. Mayhew's "Landmarks of the Old Town of Bath," University of North Carolina Magazine, February, 1893, pp. 151-156.]

Those who are interested in things and places of past generations would find the ancient town of Bath, in Beaufort county, North Carolina, rich in marks of "the olden time." It was the first settled town in the state, and its earliest capital, founded by John Lawson, Joel Martyn, and Simon Alderson in 1706. The site of the town -- a high bluff -- has much the shape of a triangle; the apex points out into a beautiful bay perhaps two miles broad, which diverges into two creeks flowing up on either side of the town and several miles beyond it. The bay, locked in at its mouth by two points of land, with but a narrow channel for exit, pours itself into five miles' width of Pamlico River, sixteen miles from its mouth.

On the left-hand point (facing the river) were to be found, as late as thirty-five or forty years ago, the ruins of the home of Edward Teach, the noted pirate, commonly known as Blackbeard. On the right bank of the bay are still a few of the ruins of the old Governor's Palace. Fifteen years ago I walked over the ground and saw the remains of the subterranean passage leading from the water side and tunneled through the bluff into the cellar of the palace, into which Teach smuggled his ill-gotten goods while Eden was Governor of North Carolina.

Bath and the surrounding country used to abound in legendary lore handed down from past generations concerning the same Teach. I remember listening,

in my childhood, to tales of buried treasure dug out of the sand on the river shore, or a bit way up in the woods under old trees. Upon the top of the box containing the treasure was always to be found a pile of bones, proving the validity of the tale that Teach, upon lowering the box into the pit, killed the man who assisted him, one of his own sailors, and tumbling the body in upon the top of the box, carefully covered the whole, thereby leaving no one to betray where the treasure was buried -- quite a plausible tale, for so lawless were the times that he could have committed so brutal an act with impunity, and was sufficiently cruel to do so. I have many times seen what was and is to this day called "Teach's light," an illumination which on dark nights danced about the bay, generally between Teach's Point and the mouth of the subterranean passage, and was looked upon with much awe and superstition by the people of the surrounding country.

Teach was captured and beheaded in the year 1718, I think, by Lieutenant Maynard, who sailed his vessel up to Bath with the head of the pirate on the bowsprit.

2. Burying Money

[Reprinted from Stephen B. Weeks' "Blackbeard, the Corsair of the Carolinas," a paper read before the North Carolina Historical Society at Chapel Hill, September 19, 1888, and published in The University of North Carolina Magazine, Old Series, Vol. VIII, No. 3 (1889), pp. 98-116. The author closes his factual record with: "Such is the Teach of history; but around this real personage there has grown up another and fabulous being, and the former is now giving place to the latter in the minds of men."]

Teach ranged from Ocracoke Inlet to Holliday's Island, in the Chowan River. It is said he buried vast sums of money; none of it has yet been recovered. Many holes may be seen here and there in that section, where the metallic rod of the digger has told him of hidden wealth. There they remain, a yawning monument of human folly. Teach always buried his treasures at night, and in a strong iron chest protected by iron bands. The money was carried to the spot in bags. When the pit was ready, Teach cried out in stentorian tones, "Who will stay here and watch?" Some bold, fearless rover of the sea steps from ranks and answers, "I will." His head is immediately chopped off, and the parts of the body are thrown into the chest together; silver and gold are poured in on top, and here the silent watcher still lies waiting for the judgment morn, while his restless spirit hovers near, terrifying all bold, bad mortals who would come with shovel and spade at the dead hour of night to disturb his last lonely resting place.

One chest of Teach's money, at least, is certainly known to be in existence. It is lying in the sand at the mouth of Symons' Creek, Teach's old home; it is a square, iron-bound chest, and exceedingly heavy. It has often been seen at low tide, and tradition has always pointed to it as the resting place of large piratical wealth. Many efforts have been made to secure it; vessels have stayed on the spot three weeks at a time; but heaven and hell always work together against human efforts. The wind begins to blow, the tide rises, the sky grows dark and dense, thunder roars, lightnings flash, and imps, hobgoblins, and disembodied souls of the damned come howling and shrieking around. Ropes have been put around the chest and one end lifted from the sand, but the end is invariably the same: the would-be captors are drawn from their prey by direful and subterranean agencies.

THE PIRATES AND THE PALATINES

A Legend of North Carolina

[From The Magnolia; or, Southern Apalachian, a Literary Magazine and Monthly Review, P. C. Pendleton, and Burges and James, Publishers and Proprietors, Charleston, S. C., New Series, Vol. I (July 1842), pp. 32-34. According to the Library of Congress catalogue, the editor of The Magnolia for this volume was W. G. Simms. The "Legend" is unsigned.

[The "Legend" was reprinted in the Salisbury Carolina Watchman, Vol. XI, No. 9, September 24, 1842, p. 1.

[Suggestion for the "Legend" came from the history of the Palatines, German Protestants who fled from persecution to England early in the eighteenth century. By 1709, 13,000 of these had settled in England and become a social problem. Queen Anne agreed with the government upon a colonization scheme proposed by the Baron Christoph Von Graffenried, whereby, among other things, Von Graffenried was to transport one hundred Palatine families to the Neuse-Trent area of North Carolina. In January 1710, the Palatines left England. "After a disastrous and stormy voyage of thirteen weeks, during which about one-half of the settlers died, the transports reached Virginia, and as they entered the James River a French privateer plundered one of the vessels and deprived the passengers of everything they had. The group, greatly reduced in numbers, finally reached the Chowan River, where Thomas Pollock provided them with 'certain necessities' and furnished ships to transport them to their ultimate destination." Thus the Palatines were among the first settlers of New Bern. (See H. T. Lefler and A. R. Newsome: The History of a Southern State: North Carolina (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1954), pp. 51-52.)]

There is a tradition of the North-Carolina shores, which we have at present in a crude state, but which, in the hands of some of our romancers, may be wrought into a most beautiful fiction. It has been a subject of even recent assertion, certified by the sworn testimonies of credible persons, that, annually, at a certain period in every year, a luminous object, having the exact appearance of a ship on fire, appears upon the coast. Seeming to burn furiously, it yet speeds along, undiminished in fiery bulk and volume, -- sailing with incredible rapidity until out of sight, but again suddenly re-appearing at the original point, and pursuing the same identical route;-- and in this progress, to and fro, it continues throughout that particular night of the year which is appropriated to its exhibition.

This singular spectacle is accounted for by the following story. The burning ship goes by the name of the "Ship of the Palatines." The tradition is, that some time in the reign of the first George, a small company of that class of emigrants who were known as German Palatines, were provided with a ship in London, at the public expense, that they might be transported to this country. It is well known that this sort of assistance was frequently rendered to a class of people, who were in most cases exceedingly poor. It so happened, however, that the Palatines in question were in rather better circumstances than was commonly the case with their countrymen. They had money, but, with a small cunning, they affected a degree of poverty, without the notoriety of which, the help of government -- not to speak of private charities -- would have been withheld. They had accumulated gold, vessels of silver, goods of various kinds and value, -- their whole stock which had been parsimoniously preserved,

and carefully concealed, with all the art of a small and selfish community. Their treasures occupied but little space, and were cautiously put from sight in the mass of their inferior baggage. In this condition of things, they went on board the vessel which had been provided for them, and soon after put out to sea.

The voyage was a protracted one, in a half rotten bark, and with head winds a great part of the time. Wearied out with a confinement, and sickened with a sort of travel to which they were unaccustomed, the poor Palatines were heartily rejoiced when they at length saw land. They made the coast of North-Carolina, late in the day, and seeing the shores so nigh, the poor creatures, half mad with joy, began to hoist up their baggage in readiness for the promised landing. But they were destined to be disappointed. In the excitement of the occasion and moment, they forgot their prudence, and either made an ostentatious exhibition of their wealth, or some words escaped them which led the captain of their vessel to suspect their possession of it. His greedy eye had beheld their treasures, or his greedy ears had heard their foolish boast of possessions which they had never made public in England.

The discovery awakened the devil in his heart. He gave the sign to the mate; perhaps intimated his object to the seamen generally. In those days the profession of piracy was not as odious as it is in ours. Successful piracy, indeed, was rather an honorable business; and he who practiced it with most profit, was likely to acquire from it most honor. It was only discreditable, like any other speculation, when unprofitable. At all events, the captain, determined upon possessing himself of the wealth of the poor emigrants, contrived to baffle their purpose of landing upon the shores which seemed to them so nigh and inviting. It was not difficult for him so to manage his vessel, as to convince them that landing was impossible until the ensuing day. The hope deferred which maketh the heart grow sick, drove the greater part of them to their hammocks. Their baggage, with the unhappily exposed wealth, was again restored to the interior of the ship. But a few young men sat upon the deck, watching the faint lines of the land, until swallowed up in darkness; even then, with eyes straining in the direction of the shore for which they yearned, conversing together, in their own language, in hope and confident expectation of their future fortunes. While thus employed, the captain and his crew, in another part of the vessel, were concocting their fearful scheme of villainy. The hour grew late, the night deepened; the few Germans who remained on deck, stretched themselves out where they were, and were soon composed in slumber. While thus, -- under the peaceful cope and canopy of heaven, -- in a slumber, which the solemn starlight, looking down upon them, seemed to hallow, the merciless murderers, with cautious footstep and bared weapon, set upon them. The cabin-door of the vessel had been fastened, -- the entrances closed to the hold. Each seaman stood by his victim, and at a given signal they all struck together. There was no chance given for struggle, -- the murderers had planned their crime with consummate deliberation and skill. A spasmodic throe of some muscular frame, -- a faint cry, -- a slight groan may have escaped the victims, -- but little more. At least, the poor sleepers below were unaroused by the event.

The deck cleared of the murdered men, the murderers descended stealthily to the work below. Passing from berth to berth with the most fiendish coolness, they struck, -- seldom twice, -- almost always fatally, -- men, women and children; the old, the young, -- the tender and strong. -- the young mother, and the poor angel-innocent but lately sent to earth, -- all perished, or were incapable of arresting the objects of the criminals. We may fancy for ourselves

the horror of such a scene. We may imagine some one or more of the victims awaking under the ill-directed knife, -- awakening to a vain struggle, -- unkindly alarming those into consciousness who had no strength for conflict. Perhaps, a mother may have found strength to rise to her knees, imploring mercy for the dear child of her heart and hope, and may have been suffered to live sufficiently long to see its death struggle, its wild contortions, in the grasp of the unrelenting assassin. Art may not describe such a scene truly, as imagination can hardly conceive it. They perished, one and all, -- that little family of emigrants; -- and the murderers, grouped around the treasures which had damned their hearts into the worst hell of covetousness and crime, were now busied in the division of their bloody spoils. How they settled this matter among themselves; what division they made, and with what temper they carried on the consultation, is, of course, only matter of conjecture. But tradition, which is always sufficiently courageous for conjecture, asserts, that having possessed themselves of all that was valuable in the ship, -- all that could be easily appropriated, -- they determined to set her on fire, as the only mode to conceal thoroughly the bloody testimonies of their crime. Their boats were accordingly launched at midnight. The night was still calm, still beautiful, still looking down as innocently as if there were no crimes, -- as if death had never been born among the children of men. Having transferred their spoils to the boats, and completed their preparations, the vessel was set on fire. The fire, fed by tar and other matter, seized instantly upon the combustible fabric. The flames rose triumphantly in air, rushing from stem to stern, from keel to bulwardk, from the deck to the highest point of the towering mast, involving shroud and sail, rope and line, spar and stancheon, in one general blaze; but, to the astonished eyes of the murderers, these objects soon became distinctly articulated, each in its own outline, by the bright, burning, but unconsuming fire. Fast as they fled, -- stoutly as they pulled for land, -- they gazed with horror and consternation upon the wondrous spectacle behind them, -- a ship on fire that would not burn! a fire that would neither destroy its object, nor conceal, in its smoke, the form which it so completely enveloped! Strange and wondrous spectacle indeed.

It continued all night to burn, -- speeding on with the wind, -- now passing out from sight, and anon, visible, flaming forever, back again, on the very spot where the crime had been committed. With the dawn of day, it had ceased to burn, -- but there it stood, erect as ever, with the spars, sails, masts, unconsumed, -- every thing in place, but every thing blackened, charred, as if the fire, having penetrated sufficiently to discolour its object, had suddenly been extinguished. This was no sight for the wretched criminals, but they watched it through the day with fearful interest. Every moment they looked to see it go down. But, strange to say, while it never sunk, it never moved. There was no anchor to hold it to those shores, -- there was nothing fast to bind it in its place -- nor was there a calm upon the face of the deep. With eyes upon which some powerful spell had fastened itself with the force of fascination, they watched the strange spectacle. But, with the return of night, a new interest of dread was awakened in their bosoms. As the sun went down, and twilight darkened the earth, and the pale stars came forth along the gray summits of heaven, the flames re-kindled upon the vessel. Spar and mast became re-illuminated, -- once more the fire raged, and the frame of the ship reddened from the bulwarks to the wave, -- from deck to mast-head, -- from stem to stern. The dreadful sight could be borne no longer. The murderers fled from the shore, -- fled to the forest, and buried themselves in the vast interior.

Never, says the tradition, has the penalty of blood been paid. The

criminals went free. No justice followed on their footsteps. Whatever may have been their regrets, their remorse, it is very certain that human laws have had no share in their punishment. They lived on their ill-gotten spoils, -- their descendants still enjoy them; and thus it is that the burning ship of the Palatines re-appears, each year, on the anniversary of that night of crime, on the very spot where it was committed. Thus it burns from stem to stern, from deck to mast, consuming, but still unconsumed; and thus it will continue to burn, until, upon the last descendant of that bloody crew, the ever-avenging Providence shall have consummated the requisite retribution.

THE DECEMBER 1957 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

By A. P. Hudson

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-sixth annual meeting in Raleigh on December 6, 1957.

The public program, planned by President Betty Vaiden Williams, of Raleigh, illustrated the theme of "Our Anglo-American Heritage of Story, Song, and Dance." Mr. Richard Chase, of Boone, spoke interestingly of the work of Cecil J. Sharp, Olive Dame Campbell, Bascom Lamar Lunsford, and others in arousing public consciousness of this heritage and described it concisely. He exemplified the story aspect of it with his folktale "That's Once," about the mountain couple and their old horse. Accompanied on the dulcimer by Mrs. Greer, Mr. Isaac G. Greer, of Chapel Hill, sang a group of courting songs and a version of "Earl Brand." For an encore he gave "Sourwood Mountain." With the Dixieland Square Dance Team Miss Ruth Jewell, of Raleigh, demonstrated with precision and beauty a number of the best traditional dances.

The Society elected as officers for 1958: Mrs. Betty Vaiden Williams, of Raleigh, President; Mr. Donald MacDonald, of Charlotte, First Vice President; Mrs. Earl H. Hartsell, of Chapel Hill, Second Vice President; Dr. A. P. Hudson, of Chapel Hill, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE TENTH CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

By A. P. Hudson

Under the auspices of the University Folklore Council the Tenth Carolina Folk Festival was held in Memorial Hall, the University of North Carolina campus, on Saturday evening, May 10, 1958.

Departing from its former practice of employing a professional director, the Council worked up and presented the program independently. Dr. Norman Cordon, of The University Extension Division, was the chief planner, and shared direction of the program with Mr. Isaac G. Greer, of Chapel Hill, and Mr. Donald MacDonald, of Charlotte. The main features of the program were songs and dances.

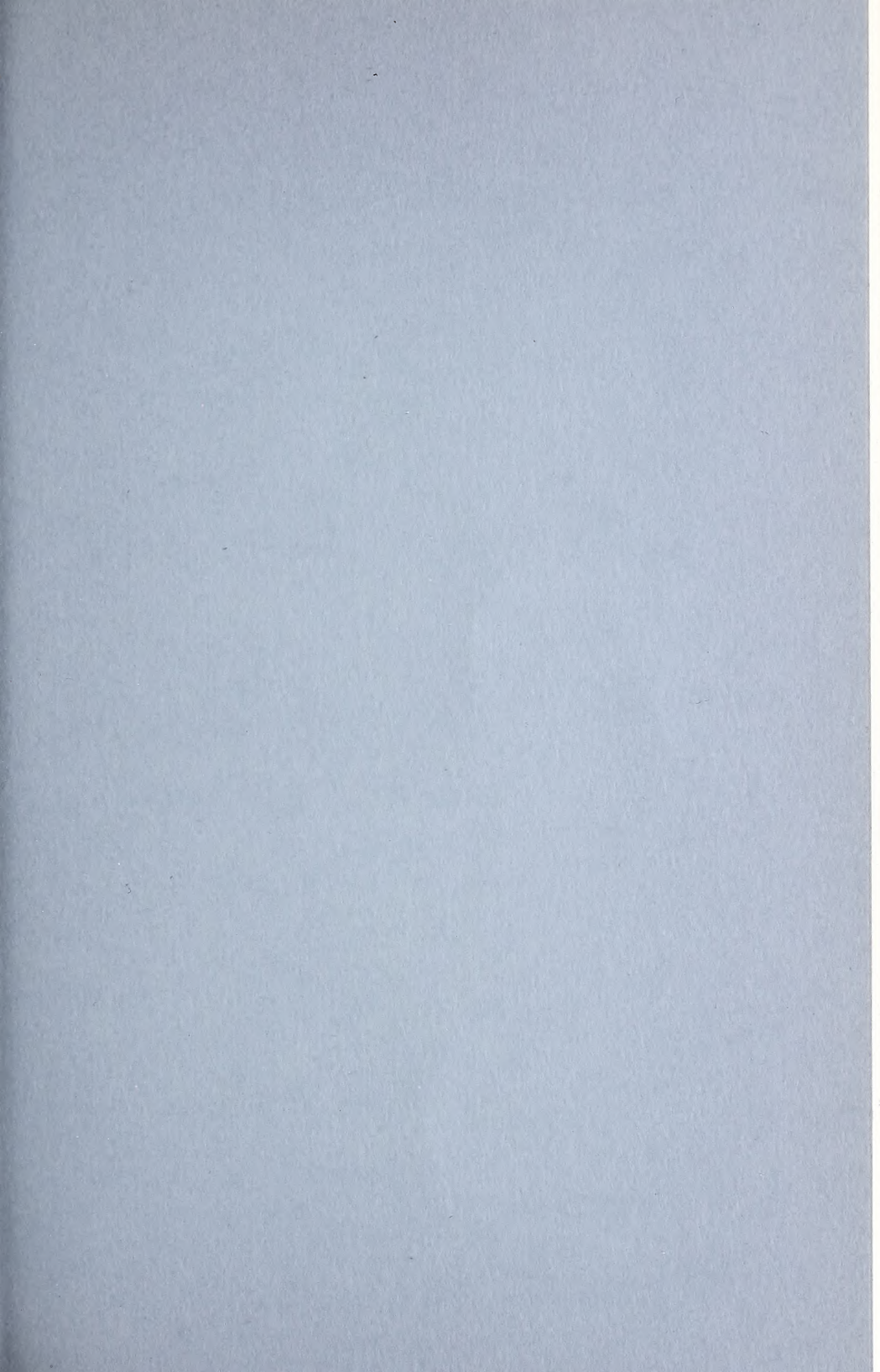
There were four solo singers, all of whom had begun folksinging in the traditional way and had acquired considerable experience as public performers. Mr. Forrest Covington, of Burlington, appeared twice, with ballads and songs ranging from "The Old Farmer's Curst Wife" to "Omie Wise." Mr. Herbert Shellans, of Chapel Hill, presented a group of songs illustrative of the joys and woes of love and marriage. Miss Margaret Underwood, of Greensboro, gave her usual spirited rendition of four songs, including her ever-popular handling of "The Good Old Rebel." One of the most interesting numbers by Mr. Philip Kennedy, of Charlotte, was a Gaelic folksong. Miss Vivian Morrison, of Charlotte, besides piping the audience back into the auditorium after the intermission, interspersed Scottish dances with songs. In addition to these solo singers, a chorus from Flora MacDonald College presented several Scottish songs.

Four dance teams appeared. The White Cross Dance Team and Band, of Orange County, directed by Mr. Frank Ward, crisply performed a number of fine sets. A Chapel Hill team, led by Mrs. Daniel Okun, executed its sets with spirit and good humor. Mrs. Catherine Wynne, of Durham, illustrated a variety of dances with a well-trained team of eighth-graders from the Glenn School. Under the direction of Miss Ruth Price, of Chapel Hill, Miss Lee Milner and Mr. Charles House, also of Chapel Hill, presented "Dances from Four Foreign Countries." The Charlotte Scots, directed by Miss Sally Southerland, ran through a routine of Scottish country dances, sword dances, and flings. Their Highland costumes and their bagpipes music accented their songs and dances as features of North Carolina's very real heritage from Scotland.

The presentation of the Tenth Festival differed from previous ones in a second important respect. It followed a printed program which the directors were able to adhere to with only minor alterations. This and the deft stage management by Mr. Mack J. Preslar, a member of the Folklore Council, resulted in speed and smoothness. The offerings had a commendable degree of traditional authenticity, many of them coming directly from North Carolina folk, and the standard of execution was high.

Encouraged by the results of the Tenth Festival, the Folklore Council plans to continue the Carolina Folk Festival, with the addition of more instrumental folk music and of folktales and other types of folklore.





NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

FABULOUS CHARACTERS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

By Cratis Williams

[Cratis Williams, Professor of English and Director of Graduate Studies at Appalachian State Teachers College in Boone, holds an A.B. and an M.A. from the University of Kentucky. He has completed his residence requirements for the Ph.D. at New York University. President of the North Carolina Folklore Society in 1951, he is a ballad singer and a collector of folklore in the Southern mountains. He is the author of Ballads and Songs of Eastern Kentucky and of numerous articles.]

In the Appalachian South, where the folk ways generally current in America at the time of the Revolutionary War became insulated by the isolation and general poverty that characterized the area from about 1840 down to recent times, the psychology of the oral literature preserved in the region and of the tales in the Old Testament appears to have exerted its influence in shaping fabulous characters in many a mountain valley and cove. The mountain folk, descended from hardy frontiersmen, gusty old hunters, and veterans of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, had brought to the mountains with them not only a wealth of ballads, folk tales, superstitions, nostrums, and proverbial lore, but also a severe Calvinistic theology that emphasized the Old Testament in their religious life, conveyed a literal acceptance of the Bible, and encouraged a patriarchal family life.

After the death of Daniel Boone in 1820 the nation turned its attention to the vanishing frontier. Epic characters like Natty Bumppo in Cooper's Leather-Stocking Series began to appear in literature, and fabulous persons like Davy Crockett made their appearance in American life. Travelers in the South whose itineraries took them through the mountains began to report strange and fabulous characters they met there. That those characters were real can hardly be controverted, but that the expansively epic qualities they sometimes possessed or that were imputed to them by their credulous neighbors were the subtle influences of a vital oral literature is probable.

As early as 1830 boastful frontiersmen shocked timid folk in border towns with their tall tales of superhuman exploits which they punctuated with vitriolic expletives and supported with roaring metaphors. When challenged they frequently proved that they could "whip their weight in wildcats." Stories of great physical prowess achieved by local heroes coupled with the myth quality of the folk tales and the Bible stories urged many a slightly demented mountain character over the border into unreality, where he abrogated the limitations of rationality and burgeoned into an Old Testament prophet, a monarch, a wizard, a fortune teller, or a modern Homer reporting his own exploits. In the primitive society in which he lived a broader tolerance of sanity was permitted than in centers of polite culture. He was likely to have his ego fed by the encouragement of a delighted and half-believing community that took pride in his mythical achievements.

The Munchausen tradition of the tall tale, related in a factual, straight-faced manner, appears to have been the heritage of the Scotch-Irish, whose cultural patterns were old-fashioned Elizabethan when they were settling Northern Ireland in the early days of the seventeenth century. Transplanted to the American back country, the tradition was organic when observers began reporting the straight-faced hoaxing of borderers and the dramatic explosions in the grand manner they permitted themselves when in a pique.

As early as 1830 James Hall, a Cincinnati judge, was recording the behavior of angry Kentuckians. One Kentucky pioneer who had gone to Missouri to prospect for silver rode down to St. Louis to enter a quarter of land, which he found had been entered already. He flew into a rage and burst into a spout of volcanic rhetoric that carried with it streams of compound oaths and copious metaphors pumped energetically with vehement elocution. He "jumped up, struck his heels together, and said he was a horse, a steam-boat, an earthquake--and that he and Uncle Mose, with a hundred Kentuckians, could take Gibraltar!" [Tales of the Border (Philadelphia, 1835), p. 174.]

James Kirke Paulding, naval officer and author of such old favorites as The Dutchman's Fireside, Westward Ho! and The Old Continental, visited the mountains of western Virginia on his tour of the South in the early 1830's. Near White Sulphur Springs he was a guest in the log-cabin home of a tanner who regaled him with free hospitality and accounts of strange hunting experiences. Among other whoppers Mr. Paulding heard was the tanner's eye-witness account of a visit to a valley of rattlesnakes in the neighborhood. The rattlesnakes were presided over by one "surviguous sarpent" with a fin on his back and shaped like a sunfish. The "president" hissed ten times louder than the rest. [Letters from the South (New York, 1835), II, pp. 8-9.]

Similar strange hunting tales recounted in a solemn manner were recalled by Harden E. Taliaferro, a Baptist minister who migrated to Alabama, from his youth spent in Surry County, North Carolina, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Taliaferro, in Fisher's River Scenes and Characters, permitted local characters like Uncle Davy Lane, Jim Blevins, and Tunbelly Snow to relate with tightlipped sangfroid traditional tales of fabulous hunting exploits and experiences with strange beasts and serpents. But the tales had become adapted to the community.

Uncle Davy Lane himself killed the hoopsnake that stung the tree to death in a patch of woods that everybody was acquainted with. It was Uncle Davy himself who had gone berry-picking and had been chased by a rattlesnake that had frightened him so badly he jumped up and down "full thirty foot high" a dozen times, "pegged" by the snake every time he touched earth. He had drunk the warm milk from seven "master" cows, after which he began vomiting blackberries and milk, thinking "in my very soul I should puke up the bottoms of my feet." Afterwards he had drunk two gallons of whiskey straight from the "kag" before he went to sleep, but he woke up in time for breakfast, of which he ate more than common, "seein' I were tolluble empty." [Fisher's River Scenes and Characters (New York, 1859), pp. 55-62.]

Uncle Davy, a gunsmith by trade, had bent the muzzle of his rifle, old Bucksmaasher, in order to shoot the fleet buck right up there on Sugar Loaf Mountain. When he fired his rifle, the bullet chased the buck around the top of the mountain three times before it overtook him, and the buck fell "right agin" Uncle Davy. While he was skinning it, he hung his shot pouch on "one of the purtiest things you've ever seen," which he thought he would "look at better" after the buck was skinned. But when he reached up for the shot pouch later, he discovered he had hung it on the moon, which had moved out of reach. Next day he returned to Sugar Loaf and picked off the shot bag as the moon went by. [Ibid., pp. 68-69.] Uncle Davy killed forty turkeys, a whole wagon load, on Nettle's Knob. He smashed pigeons so fast on his trip to the Little Mountains in the "Hollers of the Yadkin" that he melted six inches off the muzzle of his gun and removed so many pigeons from the tree to which he had hitched Old Nip that the horse was hanging forty feet high, "danglin' 'bout 'tween the heavens

and the yeth like a rabbit on a snare-pôle, " when he finally found him. [*Ibid.*, 79-84.]

The verisimilitude achieved by such personal narratives, adapted to a local setting and recited to illiterate audiences with a willingness to believe, must certainly have encouraged epic propensities in many local "characters" bordering on insanity whose spiritual and humanistic needs were supplied by an increasingly redundant and narrow culture. Insulated by what came to be a static culture, such unstable characters were also stimulated by the fiery, brimstone-spouting ministers whose modus operandi descended directly from the frontier revival practices that swept the back country in the early years of the nineteenth century.

By 1850 accounts of strange characters with a primitive, Old Testament quality about them were beginning to be recorded. Charles Lanman, author and explorer of American back-country life, included many in Letters from the Allegany Mountains, published first in the National Intelligencer in 1848. He visited Adam Vandever, "the hunter of Tallulah," who lived in a log cabin with his third wife and five of his "over thirty children." Adam, illiterate and poor, spent the summers with his family and helped with a small crop, but when fall came he took his mule, which he had named "The Devil and Tom Walker," his equipment, and his dogs into the mountains to spend the winter hunting. In the spring he rode out with his winter's catch of furs under him. Adam was an expert teller of tales, which he entertained Mr. Lanman with. [Letters from the Allegany Mountains included in Adventures in the Wilds of the United States (New York, 1856). I, pp. 369-373.] Jim Riddle, another hunter and an excellent marksman, lived on Grandfather Mountain. He gave up swearing and turned to religion after he caught himself in one of his own bear-traps. Afterwards he abandoned his profession as a hunter and became a traveling preacher. [*Ibid.*, p. 453.]

One of the strangest characters ever reported was David Greer, who, after he was rejected in love by a farmer's daughter, retreated to Bald Mountain in Yancey County, North Carolina, to write a book on government and one on religion. He laid claim to the countryside as his domain in the role he assumed as an absolute monarch. He descended upon Burnsville and drove the county officers into hiding because he had been asked to pay a poll-tax. He fired upon his neighbors who trespassed upon his lands, and killed one man whom he discovered hunting on his "domain." He mutilated cattle, permitted to roam at large in the area during those days, when he found them on his property. After terrorizing the countryside for twenty years, he at length decided to go to Tennessee to work in an iron forge, where he was later shot through the heart in an altercation with a fellow worker. [*Ibid.*, pp. 445-446. See also Wilbur G. Ziegler and Ben S. Grosscup, The Heart of the Alleghanies (Raleigh, North Carolina, 1883), pp. 271-272.]

Culgee Watson, who named Gingercake Mountain at the foot of which he lived, had been disappointed in love and retired to a mountain cabin where he engaged himself in raising peacocks, the feathers of which he regaled himself with in elaborately worked costumes called culgees. He hated all women so passionately that he burned the topmost rail of his yard fence because a party of women had sat upon it one day. [Lanman, pp. 450-451.]

Charles Dudley Warner, traveling with a group of companions in western North Carolina in the early 1880's, spent one night in the home of Big Tom Wilson, the hunter and guide who had found the body of Dr. Elisha Mitchell.

Big Tom had guided the party to Mt. Mitchell. That night he entertained his guests with hunting tales and accounts of exploits in the mountains. Mr. Warner, puzzled by something hauntingly familiar about his host, who told of his exploits simply and expertly without actually bragging about himself, finally realized that the old hunter and guide was a replica of Leather-Stocking in Cooper's novels. [Warner, On Horseback, A Tour in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee (Boston, 1889), p. 88.]

Strange women were also reported from time to time. James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, toured the mountains of southeastern Kentucky about the time Mr. Warner was visiting the Appalachians. He found the natives still much interested in hunting. The most famous hunter he became acquainted with was an Amazonian woman in Bell County, Kentucky, who had trained her dogs to go into the woods for game while she sat in her cabin door. At the time Mr. Allen met her she was old and infirm, but in her youth she had been able to whip strong men in single-handed combat. Even in her old age, Mr. Allen could say of her, "A fiercer woman I never looked on." ["On Cumberland Gap on Horseback," Harper's New Monthly Magazine, LXXIII (June, 1886), p. 63.]

Women of great strength and resourcefulness had been observed by almost all of the travelers to the wilds. Adam Hodgson, a Liverpool merchant engaged in American trade, had traveled through the mountains on his eight-thousand-mile tour in the early 1820's. He had seen living alone at the foot of a mountain in eastern Tennessee "a very neat old woman, upwards of seventy years old, . . . busily engaged in spinning." [Letters from North America (London and Edinburgh, 1824), I, pp. 274-275.] "R., of Tennessee," reported a week's visit in the home of Mrs. Huskey, who lived in a cabin in the Great Smoky Mountains. Her enormous size and her seventeen children had not prevented her from being an exemplary wife to her hunter-husband, who entertained Mr. R. with hunting tales in the evenings following the bountiful dinners Mrs. Huskey and her rosy-cheeked daughters served. ["A Week in the Great Smoky Mountains," Southern Literary Messenger, XXXI (August, 1860), pp. 121-123.]

Edward King, on his tour of the South during the 1870's, saw similar strong and resourceful women in the Appalachians. He was a guest in the home of a "typical Tennessee woman of the mountains, tall and thin, but kind and graceful," whose ten children stood "ranged around her in inquiring attitude" as his hostess welcomed him. [The Great South (Hartford, 1875), p. 477.] Near Waynesville, North Carolina, he had dinner in the home of a similar strong and hearty old woman of sixty who "had reared a large family and never felt the need of anything more than she possessed." She kept on her sun-bonnet as she stood guard over the table with a fly-brush, serving buttermilk from an earthen jar and gossiping. [Ibid., pp. 496-497.]

Travelers were impressed with a certain unself-conscious type of bump-tious mountain maiden with compelling personal beauty. Mr. King was almost ridden down by one "with her hair combed smoothly down over her cheeks, and with her comely form robed in green," who mistook him for a photographer. When he explained to her that he was not, she retorted, "Well, they said anyway that you'd take all our pictures, 'n my sister's waitin' up t'our house's, 'n law! how fur'd you uns come this mornin'?" Jim Lawson! ef you don't keep that horse's heels away from me!" to an admirer bent on displaying his horsemanship by plunging down a steep bank. [Ibid., p. 497.] Charles Dudley Warner saw a counterpart of this young woman in a tavern and distillery he visited on the North Carolina-Tennessee line. Talkative and pretty, she explained that she was staying there for a while in order to avoid being called as a witness in

the trail of one of her admirers who had killed another. She punctuated her account by discharging tobacco juice into the fireplace "with an accuracy of aim, and with a nonchalance that was not assumed." [On Horseback, p. 26.]

Perhaps the strangest characters reported were the religious fanatics. Frederick Law Olmsted spent a night in the home of a mountain preacher lately moved from North Carolina to a cabin in a Tennessee cove. The preacher was generous and hospitable, but he had the habit of interrupting replies to his own questions with loud groans and pious ejaculations of "Glory to God!" "Oh, my blessed Lord!" and "Lord, have mercy on us!" followed by periods of reflective silence "as if a dead man were in the house, and it had been forgotten for a time." Not long after the supper of cold cornbread, cold bacon, and hot coffee, the host lighted a candle, indulged himself for ten minutes in more pious groaning, read slowly and monotonously for a half hour from the Bible, lined a hymn thirteen stanzas long, which his wife and the hired man joined in to help sing at the beginning of the second stanza while everybody stood, extinguished the candle, dropped to his knees, accompanied by the wife and the hired man, and prayed fervently for a half hour, "much assisted by the ejaculatory responses of his wife." [Olmsted, A Journey to the Back Country (New York, 1860), pp. 238-242.]

Edward King spent a night in the two-room cabin home of Parson Caton, his tall wife, and their ten children on the Tennessee-North Carolina border. Following a very good supper, Parson Caton also read a long passage from the Bible and lined a hymn for the family to sing in "quavering, high-pitched voices." Because Mr. King insisted on continuing his journey the following morning, it being Sunday, the parson and his wife reproved him for breaking the sabbath. [King, pp. 480-481.]

Religionists who passed over into the realm of the mystical were reported from Kentucky. J. Green Trimble, who recorded at the age of ninety-one his Recollections of Breathitt, recalled a prophet with a long beard who dressed himself completely in white and went up and down "bloody" Breathitt healing the lame and the halt. When he announced that he was going to "walk on the waters" on a certain day, hundreds gathered to see the miracle. But some of the pranksters of the neighborhood had removed the broad board the old man had concealed a few inches below the surface of the water and he tumbled into the river. [Recollections of Breathitt (Jackson, Kentucky, n.d.), p. 19.] Dr. Marshall Taylor, a Swedenborgian mystic engaged in the Mullens-Fleming feud along the Kentucky-Virginia border at the close of the nineteenth century, was among the Flemings who massacred the family of Ira Mullens near Pound Gap in Virginia in 1892. Afterwards Dr. Taylor had himself crated and shipped by freight to West Virginia, but was later captured, convicted, and hanged. On the scaffold he preached his own funeral sermon and announced that he would rise again on the third day and go about the earth preaching. His family kept him up five days before they were willing to concede that he had changed his mind. [Federal Writers' Project, Virginia: A Guide to the Old Dominion (New York, 1940), pp. 538-539.]

There is little doubt that wild, strangely exaggerated, and sometimes half-wild men and women living in retreats in the mountains have existed in sufficient numbers to supply many a neighborhood with reincarnations of characters out of the ballads, folk tales, and the Bible. These people, strangely like the ogres, the witches, and the heroes in the oral literature current in the area and the Old Testament patriarchs and prophets, have not only added zest to the life of many a mountain cove and valley but they have been models for

some of the almost unbelievable characters that have appeared in the fictional interpretations of mountain folk from William Gilmore Simms's Voltmeier (1869) and The Cub of the Panther (1869) to Jesse Stuart's Taps for Private Tussie (1943), Henry Giles' Harbin's Ridge (1951), and Harriette Simpson Arnow's Hunter's Horn (1949) and The Dollmaker (1954). Charles Egbert Craddock, the first to present full-length portraits of mountain prophets, despots, mystics, gaunt and talkative women, and pretty self-willed girls for whose favor heroic swains fought and bled, certainly could have found models living in the cabins dotting the high coves of the Great Smoky Mountains and strung along the creek valleys of the Cumberland Mountains.

SOME FOLK SAYINGS FROM NORTH CAROLINA

By George P. Wilson

[A Virginian by birth and early rearing, Professor Wilson received his higher education at the University of North Carolina, Columbia University, and the University of Wisconsin. After teaching in various colleges and universities in Texas, Indiana, Georgia, Wisconsin, and North Carolina, he went to the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in 1927 and remained there until his retirement as professor of English in 1956. His major field of interest is linguistics, especially dialect and folk speech. He has been president of the North Carolina Folklore Society, secretary-treasurer of the American Dialect Society, and editor of Publication of the American Dialect Society, and has contributed numerous articles to learned journals and written a number of books. He edited the section "Folk Speech" in The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. I, pp. 505-618. With Vance Randolph, he is the author of Down in the Holler: A Gallery of Ozark Folk Speech (1953). In retirement in Greensboro, he continues his research and writing.]

Because of a lack of space, I avoid doing three things which would be helpful: writing an introduction in which I would define "saying," "proverb," etc., go into the history of such folk expressions, and attempt to show their value; accompanying these sayings with older related or analogous sayings (I do occasionally break down and do this); and presenting more sayings from North Carolina.

The material is arranged alphabetically by a "key" word in each saying. (Some sayings might very well have been arranged by other key words.) When I thought that some readers might not catch the implication of a saying, I inserted in parentheses a comment. The reader will, I am sure, realize that I am aware that there are variants of many of these sayings.

A few entries are from other Southern states. I have so indicated these.

Some of the sayings are identical with or closely analogous to sayings in B.J. Whiting's "Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings," The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. I, pp. 331-501. These have been designated thus-- (W).

Offered advice stinks.

In response to "How old are you?" I am the same age as my tongue and a little older than my teeth.

Gone back to get another armful. (Said of weather that is intermittent.)

He was shore boring with a big auger. (To act or talk in a pretentious way.)

Pretty baby, ugly woman, handsome corpse. (Cf. Yorkshire saying: "Ugly in the cradle; pretty in the saddle.")

I don't like backbone. (Said by a man when his lady turns her back on him.)

His bark is worse than his bite. (W) (George Herbert uses the same wording in Jacula Prudentum.)

Like blackgum against lightning.

Blood calls for blood.

He got what the little boy shot at. (Nothing.)

Put a bridle on your tongue. (W)

Stick with the bridge that carries you across.

I'd like to buy him for what he's worth and sell him for what he thinks he's worth.

Unless something flies up bigger than a buzzard, I'll be there.

Buzzards always light on the ground to roost. (Pompous human beings have to come down among ordinary folks sometimes.)

Buzzards fly high but they eat low.

He's buzzard-laid and sun-hatched. (Illegitimate.)

I wouldn't trust him as far as a cat can spit.

Take it slow like the cat eating the grindstone. (Cf. Yorkshire saying "Do it by degrees, as the cat ate the pestle." "Pestle" here means pig's foot.)

As busy as a cat on a tin roof nine miles from sand.

Charge it to the ground and let the rain settle it. (Said when an unreliable customer asks that something he is buying be charged.)

As different as cheese from chalk. (Said of two people who are very different.)

She's no spring chicken. (She is not young.)

She runs around like a chicken with its head cut off. (W)

I'm going to stick with you till the first chicken crows.

I wouldn't have him (her, it) off a Christmas tree. (W) (I don't want him on any conditions.)

It's as cold as Christmas.

It's cold enough to freeze the horns off a brass billy goat.

He's eating his long corn now. (W)

He measures his neighbor's corn by his own half-bushel. (Cf. 2 Corinthians, 10:12.)

He totes corn in two half-bushels. (W) (To deceive, to cheat; to "carry water on both shoulders"?)

To feed the cow to catch the calf. (To pay attention to the mother to win her daughter.)

Cows will want their tails again when flies (summer) comes. (To want one's friends again when one gets into trouble again. Cf. George Herbert, Jacula Prudentum, "The cow knows not what her tail is worth till she has lost it.")

Every crow thinks its own young is the blackest. (That is, the finest.)

To get up with the crow. (Back of this saying is another about the early rising of the crow.)

She [a woman] looks like she lost her cud. (Looks dejected.)

Just look at John and cut. (That is, cut a suit without having a pattern.)

I won't cut my shirt by your pattern. (I won't imitate you, act as you do.)

Said in response to receiving or asking a favor: I'll dance at your funeral (wedding).

I'll never forget that the longest day I live.

It'll be a hot day in January when I do that.

It'll be a cold day in July when I do that.

Dead as Dinah.

In response to "How are you?" I ain't dead nor down, but I been badly cussed.

It looked like the devil had a chill in that room. (Very much torn up?)

What falls on the devil's back will roll around to his stomach. (Everything will come out all right.)

What goes over the devil's back will come out under his belly. (W) (What you sow you will reap.)

He reared back on his dewclaws. (To be obstinate, to stand one's ground.)

It's a dish of your own choosing; eat heartily of it. (Accomack Co., Va. Cf. "You made your own bed, now lie on it.")

Who tied the dog aloose? (Cf. to "lock the stable after the horse is stolen.")

I don't need a dog if I have to do my own barking. (Queen Elizabeth I used a similar expression.)

A dog that will bring a bone will carry one. (W) (East Anglia dialect has "The dog that fetches will carry." And Samuel Johnson makes a similar observation: "If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself?")

It's the hit dog (hound, cur) that yelps. (W)

Big drops, a little rain.

Enough's enough, and too much will make a dog sick.

To hold one's feet to the fire. (To hold one accountable for something.)

I never felt better and had less.

She ought to put away the fiddle and throw away the bow. (Stop having children.)

Give a finger and lose a hand.

I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for a dozen men like him.

A fish swims twice: once before you catch him, and again after eating him (from drinking much water).

I got other fish to fry. (W) (I have other things to do.)

Time for all fools (scoundrels) to die. Ain't you sick?

He came with every foot up and toenails dragging. (In a hurry.)

I have more to do than I can say grace to.

Everything is in here except the grace of God and blue sheep's wool.

That fellow is certainly up a gum-stump. (In a difficult situation.)

Cold hands, a warm heart.

I don't know him from a ha'nt in Georgia.

What happens twice happens three times. (W)

Give me time to hang up my hat. (Don't hurry me.)

He is going to hell as straight as a blue-wing hawk.

He's between the hawk and the buzzard. (In a difficult situation.)

Money's as scarce as hen's teeth. (W)

I'd know your hide in a tanyard.

I wouldn't live with him long enough for a hoecake to take a crust.

You are a honey, but the bees don't know it.

She'll have (want) horns before she hears from him. (To want something one won't get.)

It won't be noticed on a galloping horse. (Something slightly defective won't be observed.)

There are no if's and and's and pots and pans about it.

He's so ignorant that he can't keep out of the fire.

Give him an inch and he'll take a mile (an ell). (W)

You are wasting jaw-bone grease talking to that fellow.

He's so stingy he wouldn't give you air in a jug.

He got his head in a jug. (He got drunk.)

Not worth a junebug with a catbird after him. (W)

He ain't got much (book) learning, but he's got a sight of motherwit.

He moves like the lice was a-drappin' off'n him.

As large as life and twice as sassy. (W, "natural")

Lightning against blackgum.

He's always shootin' off a mess o' lip.

Give a little and take a little. (That is, of unpleasantness if you wish to get along.)

I can look right through him and a little piece on the other side. (His designs are quite patent.)

Love and the weather can never be depended upon.

She is low-sot and on the heavy side.

More's married now than's doin' well. (W)

I'm not married to it (him, her, them). (Not too enthusiastic about a thing, person, or situation; not indebted to.)

Money makes the mare go (trot). (W)

I got money to burn, but I don't like to smell the smoke.

She's a monument to man's stupidity. (Said of an attractive woman whom no man had the sense to marry.)

She thinks he hung the moon. (She thinks he is very important.)

The only safe mule is a dead one.

I can't think of his name to save my neck.

He has about as much need for that as a pig does for a Bible (Testament, wings). (W) (Cf. "... as a cow has for two tails"; "... as a cow has for side-pockets.")

He can't thread his needle. (To be unable to do what he is trying to do.)

He has the nerve of a brass billy goat.

In response to the questions "How are you?" I am able to take a little nourishment through a quill. (Va.)

I am as tired (busy) as all outdoors.

A wooden overcoat [coffin] has no pockets. (Cf. "You can't take it with you," and "Shrouds have no pockets.")

She wouldn't say p's for a peck. (Very prim, straightlaced.)

We pass and repass. (We aren't on good terms; we speak when we meet, and that is all.)

He looks like the end of pea-time. (W) (Looks bad, runty; peas are supposed to be small at the end of the season.)

He never said pea-turkey. (He made no comment -- "thanks" or anything else.)

That knocked me right off the persimmon tree. (Took me by surprise. Ky.)

Quicker than a pike can catch a minnow. (Va.)

I'm too poor to buy a snake a raslin' jacket.

I'm too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash.

Poor folks has poor ways; rich folks has hateful ways.

Fat possums prowl late. (Good luck comes late.)

We'll put on the big pot and the little one when you come. (Some say that this is the original form of the more common saying "We'll put the big pot in the little one.")

We'll put on the big pot and thicken it with the skillet.

We'll put the big pot in the little one and boil it soft. (Accomack Co., Va.) (W)

We'll put the little pot in the big one, and have a skillet stew.

He's small potatoes and few in a hill. (Not very important.)

In response to "How are you?" Pretty -- pretty ugly, and pretty apt to stay so.

She's as quare as a chicken hatched in a thunder storm. (W)

Quicker'n you can say Jack Roberson. (W)

That takes the rag off the bush. (Cf. "That takes the cake.")

Who lay de rail. (Va. Some years ago Dr. G. MacLaren Brydon, of Richmond, Va., asked me the origin and meaning of this expression. He wrote: "I heard it frequently as a boy in Danville in such expressions as 'He has been doing it since who lay de rail.'")

I'll ride Pat and Charley. (Walk.)

Ketch it in the rinch [rinse] if you can't git it in the wash. (Attend to something later which has got by without being attended to.)

The rooster cackles more than the hen. (Va. The one who doesn't lay the egg -- do the work -- talks about it more than the one who does.)

He has about as much sense as my big toe. (Cf. Trevisa's translation of Higden's Polychronicon: "... now children of gramerscole conneth no more Frensh than can here lift heele.")

He hasn't sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole. (Va.)

He hasn't sense enough to pour water out of a boot with directions on the heel. (There are, of course, variant forms of this saying. The one here is probably bowdlerized.)

He outgrew his shadow. (To outgrow one's meanness.)

I have more to do than I can shake a stick at. (Va.) (W)

It fits like Gabe's shirt. (Va.)

The shoemaker's wife goes barefooted.

He came out of there like a shot out of a shovel. (Va.)

He has all sizes, shapes, colors, forms, and fashions.

I am skating on seconds. (Pushed for time.)

That's no skin off my nose. (No concern of mine.)

One slice from a cake is enough. (Said by a woman who doesn't want to marry her brother-in-law's brother.)

As slow (painful) as pulling eyeteeth.

Slower than molasses in January. (Va.)

He's smart where the skin is off. (A pun: intellectually he isn't smart.)

You can't measure a snake till he's dead. (You never know what a living person may do. See mule.)

What are you going to do -- eat snakes? (A question usually asked children. As far as I know, it has no significance except the surprise word at the end.)

Snow on the roof doesn't mean there isn't fire in the house. (Being grey-headed doesn't mean that a man is impotent.)

I didn't know him from a side of soleleather in Georgia. (Va. See ha'nt.)

They are warming over old soup. (Renewing an old love affair.)

He'll stay on till the last dog is hung.

Not worth shaking a stick at.

I s'pose he's already stuck up a stick by her. Pre-empted her as his sweetheart.)

You are putting your dependence on a bent (broken) stick. (That is, he is unreliable.)

She went through the thicket and picked up a crooked stick. (Said of an overchoosy woman who rejected desirable suitors and finally chose a less desirable one.)

He's an old stick in the mud. (Uninteresting, dull, boring.)

In response to "How are you?" I'm just sort o' sticking together.

The more you stir it, the worse it stinks. (Va. Said of gossip, unpleasant rumors.)

He's strutting and looking back. (Said of a person who has risen from poverty to better conditions.)

He's in a bad row of stumps now. (In a bad, unpleasant situation.)

That's too much sugar for a cent. (A situation or thing one doesn't want.)

As sure as a gun's made of iron. (Cf. "As sure as lightning.")

He can talk the hinges off a door. (Va.) (W)

He can talk the horns off a brass billy goat.

Talk is cheap; it takes money to buy land. (Cf. John Ray: "Prate is but prattle; its money buyes land.") (W)

She's al'us a-drappin' slack talk aroun'. (Gossip, unreliable, malicious talk.)

Tight as Dick's hatband. (W)

Tighter than a tick. (W)

I have more time than money.

Her tongue's loose at both ends and tied in the middle. (W)

He doesn't have enough victuals to fill a hollow tooth.

I'll sweeten this to your tooth. (To sweeten to one's taste. Va.)

He's fixin' to raise a crap of trouble.

Don't tell your troubles; somebody might be glad to hear them. (Va.)

Since Jenny blew the trumpet. (Va. This is another expression which Dr. G. MacLaren Brydon, of Richmond, Va., asked me about some years ago. I know nothing of Jenny or her trumpet.)

Every tub must stand on its own bottom and leak its own water. (W)

As poor as Job's (old blue) turkey (hen). ("As poor as Job" has been used in England for centuries.) (W)

One good turn deserves another. (This has a double meaning.) (W)

Twisted seventy ways from Sunday. (Very twisted or out of order.)

She's as ugly as home-made sin. (W)

I have been a good old waggin [wagon], but I done broke down. (S.C.)

I am working for Walker and Turner. (Walking and turning the corner looking for a job.)

In response to the question "Did you catch [kill] anything?" No, but I killed a want.

His (her) wants will be his (her) master. (Va.)

That's like pouring water on a duck's back. (Useless.) (W)

In response to "Wait for me": It's weight [wait] that broke the wagon. (Va.)

That's like old wheat in the mill. (W)

A whistling girl and a crowing hen --

Neither fit for the devil nor men.

(There are dozens of the "whistling" sayings in England and America. And I have seen some "crowing-hen" sayings in Italian and French; there is said to be such a form in Chinese.) (W)

I've heard the wind blow before. (I have heard empty, silly talk before.)

Judge the woodman by his chips. (Va.)

The world is round and funny.

It takes all kind of people to make a world, and I'm glad I'm not one of them. (I am collecting self-contradictory expressions like this; I expect to publish an article on and of them when I get enough.)

He wants the world with a fence around it. (Va.)

The trouble with the world is that there are too many people looking for pie-jobs.

He must have swallowed a yardstick (drunk yardstick soup). (Va. Straight, and stuck-up.)

Some Sayings from Johnston County

Contributed by Mrs. Ellen Dupree Fleming

That beats the bugs a-fighting. (Expressing surprise or exasperation at something or somebody.)

The old cat will come back after a while. (Prediction that an absent person will return.)

He's as drunk as seven hundred dollars. (Very drunk.)

He sure drove his ducks to a bad market. (To do an unprofitable business or commit a very bad act.)

As long as you put your feet under his table, you will have to do what he says. (If you are supported by someone, you will be under obligation to him.)

She's like a fly on a collard. (Light-headed, restless.)

Before God and everybody. (Cf. Vance Randolph and George P. Wilson, Down in the Holler: A Gallery of Ozark Folk Speech, p. 120: "... before God and all His boarders.")

What's fair for the goose is fair for the gander. (Cf. "What's sauce...")

He has gone up the gum swamp. (To be fatally sick or injured.)

It will be Katy bar the door for you (him, her). (A threat to kill. Cf. the ballad "Get up and Bar the Door.")

Leo to catch meddlers. (See George P. Wilson, "A Word-List from Virginia and North Carolina," Publication of the American Dialect Society, No. 2, pp. 45-56.)

Let's hitch the old nag to the cart and amble on back home before the spooks get to stirring.

You are sitting on his pocketbook. (You are wasting time on somebody else's money.)

They haven't a pot to pitch in. (To be very poor. Probably a bowdlerized form.)

He hasn't enough sense to bell a buzzard.

He got himself in a split stick. (To get into trouble which is difficult to get out of. Another form is to "have one's tail in a split stick." The figure probably comes from the act of the hunters who sometimes split a stick and put a possum's tail in it to carry him easily and without danger of being bitten.)

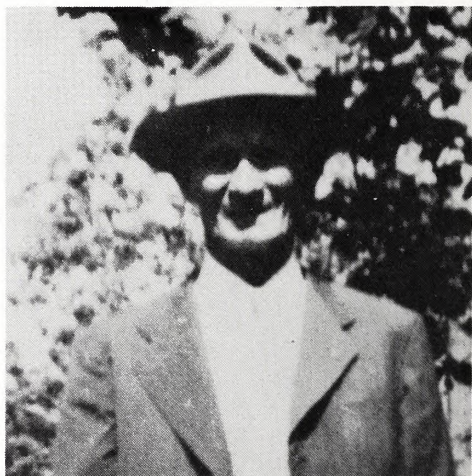
She's as ugly as a soap gourd.

That's all she wrote. (That is the end of the matter; she said or did nothing more.)



NEUSE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE

The old Neuse River Lighthouse (1802-1931) stood faithful guard over the treacherous waters of Pamlico Sound and Neuse River. Its never-failing light and tinkling bells kept constant vigil, and it was a source of comfort and protection to countless mariners.



CAP'N TOM QUIDLEY

These two photographs show how the last and only living keeper of the old Neuse River Lighthouse, Cap'n Tom Quidley of Pamlico, looked when he took over the keepership of the lighthouse in 1905 at the age of twenty-three, and how he looks today at seventy-six, over fifty years later. These "before" and "after" photos cover the mature life span of a typical lighthouse keeper and coastal mariner of the days now gone forever.

NEUSE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE: THE OLD LIGHTKEEPER AND HIS TALES

By Dallas Mallison

[Born in Pamlico County, Mr. Mallison was educated in the public schools of that area and at Atlantic Christian College (A.B.), North Carolina State College (M.S.), Cornell, and George Peabody College. He has spent most of his adult life in educational work, as teacher, principal of schools, county superintendent of schools, college instructor, and special agent for federal and private agencies. In 1939 he represented Pamlico County in the State House of Representatives. During the last few years he has devoted his time to free-lance writing and local news correspondence.]

Dramatic and colorful days of the century-old Neuse River lighthouse, which became a part of the legendary coastal past with its dismantling over thirty years ago, live again most vividly as they are recalled by the 76-year-old lightkeeper who lived with it during the last twenty-five years of its history.

The lonely life of the lighthouse keeper has held a great fascination for Captain Thomas Daniels Quidley ever since his earliest days as a boy at Buxton on Hatteras Island, where he was born on July 15, 1882. Such a life has agreed with him, judged by his erect stature, robust zestfulness, and hearty love of living.

Very few if any men have loved the sea more than Cap'n Tom, who lives in retirement at his home in the fishing village of Pamlico in Pamlico County on Neuse River. The water has always been a part of his life, and the sea has seemed like a person to the old boatman. He is never more at home than when on a boat or in a lighthouse.

It is doubtful if there is a single creek or river or sound in this part of coastal Carolina that has not been traversed by Cap'n Tom, some of them many times. All the myriad waters in this area, with their many coves, bays, and branches, are very familiar to him, and many of them hold a story in his long and colorful past. The water is probably more second nature to him than is the land.

The Old Neuse River Lighthouse

The old Neuse River lighthouse, a tall, square-rigged, umbrella-shaped structure, was located at the point where Neuse River meets or merges with Pamlico Sound. This point is some six to eight miles below the town of Oriental, and just off the mouth of lower Broad Creek, which is a tributary of Neuse River, and is an area of some importance in the very earliest history of this section.

The old lighthouse stood at a point where Neuse River is between eight and twelve miles wide, and on the Pamlico County side of the stream a mile or so offshore and not far from the channel. A broad expanse of some ten to twenty miles of water could be viewed from the lighthouse looking up and down the stream northeastward and southwestward.

The structure was secured on huge, long, sturdy steel pilings which were driven deep into the bed of the river bottom. The pilings were held firmly in place by enormous slabs of rock which had been placed around the base. The

entire structure was one massive unit of steel and iron, built to withstand hurricanes, winter freezes, and floods.

The old lighthouse towered between forty and fifty feet in the air above the water. There were three floors or stories, a huge dome topping the building at the very summit. The bottom floor was some eight to twelve feet above the normal water level. The first two floors were used for living and maintenance quarters. The top floor was given over to the huge dome and the lamp which burned ceaselessly.

Encased in a giant reflecting apparatus, the ordinary kerosene light could be seen on clear nights as much as ten to twelve miles away. The one "must" of the lightkeepers was to see that this light never failed, and in the 125-year history of the lighthouse, there is no record that it ever did. In addition to the light, a bell was also provided to warn ships, and it was kept going every few minutes during times of danger.

A huge stairway circled the interior, connecting all floors. A large outside porch circled the building on the first floor. Coal bins were just under the bottom of the building. Small boats could be drawn up and secured beneath the building when desired.

Built and placed in service soon after 1800, the building was dismantled soon after 1930. Today all that is left of the old lighthouse are some old pilings, skeletal reminders of a once-glorious and exciting past. A system of buoys and beacons has taken the place of the old lighthouse that guarded without fail for over a century a stream that was often treacherous and always full of dangerous shoals and reefs.

Thomas Daniels Quidley--Seaman and Lightkeeper

The oldest of eight children, young Thomas Daniels Quidley lent his widowed mother a helping hand in providing for her brood. Before he was 12 he was doing part-time jobs around the famous old Cape Hatteras lighthouse.

Soon he was working regularly on fishing boats and on a sailboat freighter running between Elizabeth City and Hatteras. At 17 he made his first boat trip from Norfolk to New York as a deckhand on a three-masted schooner hauling timber into the great city from the south.

At 21, in 1903, he entered the lighthouse service and later was transferred to the Coast Guard. He served his first two years on the coal-burning side-wheeler, the old "Violet," which tended lighthouses from Baltimore to New Bern. In April, 1905, he was appointed assistant keeper of the Neuse River lighthouse. Eleven years later, in October, 1916, he was made head keeper, and held this position until the lighthouse was decommissioned.

After leaving the lighthouse, Captain Quidley moved ashore to his home, tending light beacons and buoys along Neuse and Pamlico rivers and their many tributaries. He moved to Hobucken in 1933 and for eight years served as the first head keeper of the Hobucken light station and buoy depot. In October, 1941, he returned to Pamlico and in February, 1942, he formally retired.

"Retirement" to him has been as busy a life as before he quit the government service. He has operated a railway where he has repaired, painted, and

built boats. For several seasons he has shrimped, fished, and crabbed. He has continued to keep a large vegetable garden and a lovely lawn.

In January, 1906, he married his first wife, the later former Miss Lorena Rawls of Whartonville. To this 30-year happy union were born five children, three boys and two girls, all living. In 1938 he married his present wife, the former Mrs. Iva Swindell Thomas of Hobucken. His 92-year-old mother, Mrs. Rovena Quidley, died at her Buxton home in 1955.

High Drama of a Picturesque Mariner

Over six feet tall, straight as a ramrod, thin at times almost to the point of emaciation, the veteran mariner is a striking and picturesque figure. His large shock of white hair, warm and ready smile, friendly and informal manner, and a quiet and resonant voice set off a magnetic and rugged personality. He delights in entertaining a large circle of relatives and friends. The spare bedrooms are usually filled at night, and he is noted for the large and sumptuous meals he serves his many Sunday and week-end guests.

During the 21 years (1905-1926) he served as keeper at the Neuse River lighthouse, the old captain spent much of his time alone--but never lonesome and seldom idle. Through summer hurricanes and winter freezes he kept constant and faithful vigil. His main concern always was to keep his beloved light burning--and it can be said to his eternal credit that he never failed in this--not for one single minute.

Not having had the benefit of a public school education, he educated himself through long hours of reading and study alone at the lighthouse. He became a good reader, writer, and mathematician. Always close to God and the waters of the deep, he read his Bible through many times and was, and is, a devout Christian. On shore he maintained an active interest in his church, the local schools, and civic life.

The 1913 Hurricane

He vividly recalls the devastating hurricane which visited this coastal section in September, 1913. Oldtimers claim it was one of the worst--if not the most damaging--of all tropical storms to hit this area during the present century. Cap'n Quidley claims it outdid in fury and violence the two worst hurricanes of recent years--Hazel in October, 1954, and Ione of September, 1955. They contend that the hurricane of September, 1933, is the only one in this century that came near the 1913 hurricane in ferocity and devastating effect.

What makes Cap'n Tom recall this particular tropical storm so well is that it caught him alone on duty at the lighthouse. Not only did it catch him there without companions, but he rode the storm out to its end without a single visitor or caller. It must be trying and even terrifying to have to ride out a great tropical storm in the very midst of it---in the middle of a great body of water, and all alone.

Winds of well over 100 miles per hour velocity, 20-foot-plus tides, and torrential rains beginning on the afternoon of September 5, 1913, seemed to reach their height or worst about 3 o'clock the following morning. The tides inundated the first floor, which normally was eight to twelve feet above water

level. The winds lifted up huge objects and brought them all the way from the shore, hurling them against the walls of the lighthouse, very much like a giant bowler letting loose his pins the size of a huge tree against the sides of a mountain. At times the sheets of rain were so heavy that even a large vessel could not have been seen even 100 yards from the lighthouse.

"It was surely a time that tested the bravest man's nerve and the most believing man's faith," the old captain mused. "I have to admit at times I felt rather uneasy, and had to get down on my knees and pray to my Creator. I had battened down everything, using all the rope I could find to tie everything on the outside--and even some things on the inside. At times it seemed like old man Satan Himself was a-loose, and the winds a-screeching and the water a-pouring down made me think the old man was surely about that night.

"The building, which was placed on big steel piles secured with heavy stones below the water level, reeled and rocked at the height of the storm, which was just before daybreak," observed Cap'n Tom. "I did think at times of the walls of Jericho a-reeling and a-rocking, as the Bible pictures it. Sometimes I wondered if my time had come and these walls would come a-tumbling down on top of me. It was an awful sight--like a great big battle was in progress and me in the midst of it. The din was terrific, and there were so many strange noises, tones and overtones I could not begin to tell what was happening or causing the noises."

The Captain said that whitecaps, appearing to be as large as small mountains, were everywhere. The waves at times seemed to engulf the lighthouse completely, covering every inch of the 50-foot structure. The largest boat would not have stood a chance in Pamlico Sound or Neuse River that night. Even large boats were cast ashore, high on the sand, like toys.

The storm had its beautiful aspects, too, Cap'n Tom said. Any fireworks created by man could not possible compare with nature's display in the midst of a giant hurricane, he declared. Streaks of lightning, miles long, shot all across the sky, north, south, east, and west. The lightning formed every kind of pattern. For brief instants the whole water, sky, and surroundings were lighted up as by a giant candle----and for a split second one could see tempestuous action everywhere--and then it was dark again.

An empty 65-gallon gasoline drum which he had secured with the strongest ropes he could find in the cellar beneath the first floor was torn loose and carried four miles away on high land. He found next morning that most of the cellar had been swept away, but his boat was safe and the full 65-gallon drum of gasoline remained fast as he had left it. Window lights were torn out all over the building, and water was swept in by the gallons. The roof sprang several leaks, and parts of the outer walls were torn loose or even dislodged and swept down the stream.

When the winds changed and abated and the huge tides started their precipitous and tumultuous way to sea, the danger to the old lighthouse reached its maximum. Huge trees, whole sections of houses, boats, and even animals were swept downstream, many slamming against the lighthouse with terrific impact. Mountains of all kinds of debris continually piled up against the building, as huge tides swept around and over it.

He saw whole fishing camps, including houses and wharves, disintegrate and disappear forever from adjacent shores. He saw a two-masted schooner cast ashore, the impact breaking one of the masts. He saw a big long-haul

fishing boat swept ashore at nearby Maw Point on Bay River finally coming to rest four miles inland. Miraculously, as if by the intervention of Divine Providence, no one was killed or even seriously injured in this titanic upheaval of nature, so far as the Captain could find out.

The "Big Freeze" of the Winter of 1917-18

Perhaps the biggest and longest freeze within the memory of living local residents---much worse than that of this past winter--hit the lower Neuse River-Pamlico Sound section the latter part of December, 1917. For ten straight days or more the mercury hovered near the zero mark, and seldom if ever reached as high as freezing limits. Not only was all of lower Neuse River frozen over solid but this also happened in all the broad expanse of Pamlico Sound. Dead fish were scooped up by the thousands by the shivering residents, and whole schools of dead porpoises were swept ashore after the ice had broken up and gone to sea. Both at Oriental and at Vandemere on Bay River daredevil youths drove model-T Ford cars across the frozen streams and back again, without causing a single break or crack.

Unlike the hurricane of September, 1913, the onset of the big freeze caught the captain on leave at his Pamlico home. Assistant keeper Capt. Jim Miller, an elderly man with an aggravated heart condition, was on duty at the lighthouse.

Quite uneasy about what might be taking place at the lighthouse, Capt. Quidley made hurried preparations to relieve the 65-year-old Miller. At dawn on the morning of the second day of the freeze, he set out on foot for the lighthouse, accompanied by a companion, Tillman Paul of Pamlico. Walking over the frozen bed of the channel of Broad Creek, they pulled a boat loaded with supplies and equipped with wheels the whole three-mile distance to the mouth of the creek. Fearing it was impossible to make the remaining two or three miles to the lighthouse, they secured the boat for the night and returned home.

Again at daybreak he and his companion set out on foot the next morning for the lighthouse, walking over the frozen bed of the stream. Reaching their boat, they found that an "air hole" or break had appeared in the ice between them and the lighthouse, and they were able to row the boat the remaining distance. Before nightfall Paul set out for home, but Quidley remained, to stay out the duration of the freeze.

After several uneventful, lonely, frigid days, the ice began to break up all of a sudden, following a sudden warming up of the weather. Water began to appear all around the lighthouse, and the next day Capt. Will Dixon and a companion showed up on a "State" boat. They had started out from Oriental and were trying to make it down the Sound, but found the ice would not let them go further.

Early one morning the mercury shot up rapidly and the ice really began to break up in earnest and in a hurry. Ice chunks and icebergs, some as much as 25 feet high and as much as 100 feet in width, nearly wrecked the lighthouse as they bore down upon it in their headlong, pell-mell rush to the open sea. Only two of the five main 8-inch steel piling supports remained unbroken and intact. Wobbly and weaving, the unsteady lighthouse was almost ready to topple from its perch and join the ice in its dash to sea. The building almost literally hung suspended in air as the ice let up, disappeared, and the sea became a sea once more.

At the height of the ice breaking up, it was discovered that Capt. Miller had disappeared. After some searching, which almost reached the frantic stage, the elderly gentleman was found in one of the outside toilets, collapsed and suffering from a heart attack. They made a special chair in which to lower him into the boat and Capt. Dixon and his companion made a hurried trip back to Oriental with the sick man to get him to a physician.

It took months to repair the damage done the lighthouse by the freeze. Thousands of tons of fresh rock were brought in by boat to secure again the structure's foundation. Capt. Quidley estimates the total cost of the repair job to have been around \$40,000, a much larger sum 40 years ago than it is now.

"I tell you, I surely thought my time had come when those big icebergs were breaking against the walls of the lighthouse," Cap'n Tom declared. "It felt like one earthquake after another was hitting us, and I thought the very next minute would be our last. I don't think old Capt. Miller could have stood it alone, and even I was glad that Capt. Dixon and his friend came in to be with us those last few days. It was hell on earth, believe me. Last winter the folks were talking about how cold and unbearable the cold weather was. My boy, let me tell you, last winter was baby stuff compared to that freeze of 1917-18. If anything could be worse than a hurricane, that was it!"

The Lighthouse Narrowly Missed a Disastrous Fire

Cap'n Tom recalls vividly the time some 35 years ago when the lighthouse caught fire and narrowly missed being burned to the water line. He was alone and no help could have possibly reached him in time. While he was engaged one afternoon in "burning away" the old paint from the outside walls of the building, a fire caught in-between the outside and the inside walls. Only quick and effective action prevented a disastrous conflagration.

Rushing inside the storeroom, he secured an axe, hatchet, and fire extinguisher. Locating the center of the fire by the sound it made, he cut a hole in the interior wall and thrust in the extinguisher.

Soon the fire was under control and out. However, he found that the fire had swept clear around the building between the two walls. The fire probably was started when shavings and dry particles inside or between the walls were ignited from sparks cast off by the burner he was using to burn away the old paint.

"It was funny to me later to think of all that water around me and I could not use a bit of it to put out that fire, which could have destroyed that lighthouse then and there," mused the old keeper. "Believe you me, it was touch and go for a few minutes. I really don't know exactly when I got the fire under control or put it out. I just kept cutting away the wall and shooting the liquid inside. The room was filled with smoke and I was about to choke, but I kept going until I felt sure all was right."

The Captain confessed that he did not know yet what is worse--to be burnt to death, frozen to death, or blown to death. In any case, he ruefully remarked, if you're dead, you're "a goner." He has faced death so many times and at times most narrowly, yet he has never sustained a serious injury, been sunk, thrown overboard, left stranded, got lost at sea, or got so he did not find a way out of his predicament. He has seen boats sink, men drown, and sailors in

distress. He has towed ashore sinking boats, and been in more storms than can be related here---but he has come through them all unscathed.

"Some folks might say I have a rabbit's foot or lead a charmed life," he laughingly remarked, half in earnest and half in jest. "I do not believe in rabbits' feet or charms and never carried any such things. I did not ever stop to think of the danger I was in when I was in it -- I just put my thinking cap on and plunged in. I never lost my wits. I guess I must have been lucky, but I just think the Good Lord was with me all the way."

Yes, the veteran mariner can swim--and he has done lots of it. Especially in his youth and middle days did he love to swim. He has always felt perfectly at home in the water and on it, and has never felt the slightest fear of it. The water has always seemed home to him. It has been his friend and companion--a very real person to him.

Ever seasick? Not that he recalls. In fact, he has never been really sick at sea or while on the lighthouse. He has had many cuts and bruises, many minor slips and falls--but never anything serious.

"So far as I can recall, I have never suffered seasickness or the lonesome sickness when at the lighthouse or on the water," he said. "I know beyond a doubt God has always been at my side. And, maybe, too, I've been a little lucky after all--just like the folks say."

"THE MURDER OF LOTTIE YATES"

By Virgil L. Sturgill

[Mr. Sturgill is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of the University of Kentucky. For several years he was psychometrist in the Veterans Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, and was a regular attendant and performer at the Carolina Folk Festival in Chapel Hill. He is now employed by the Veterans Administration in Washington, D. C. On May 25, 1958, he appeared with other singers in the Johns Hopkins File Seven TV production entitled "Long Day's Song."]

This is the story of a ballad that found its way from the hills of eastern Kentucky to the Folk Song Archive of the Library of Congress. The incidents related in it are reported in the court records of Carter County, Kentucky, where I was born and spent the first fifteen years of my life.

For the text and music, I am indebted to Mrs. Julia B. Kiser of Gregoryville, Carter County, who permitted me to tape-record her singing of the ballad on May 29, 1957. Mrs. Kiser was a girl in her teens when the murder occurred. She remembered clearly all the pertinent details of the crime and sang the ballad with a vigor that belied her eighty years.

"The Murder of Lottie Yates" is one of two surviving ballads composed by Elijah ('Lige) Adams, a folk poet and singer of the late 1890's-1900's. Of the background and training of this itinerant minstrel, verse-maker, and folk historian little is known. But he was a real person and was very much alive and active near the turn of the century, according to the testimony not only of Mrs. Kiser but also of my eighty-four-year-old father and relatives on my mother's side of the family. The manner in which Adams tells his story and his style and phraseology reveal some facility for verse-making and an understanding of forms employed in older English and early American ballads. This song, like his better-known "Ashland Tragedy," was probably issued originally as a broadside, but so far as is known, no copy of it survives today.

The ballad details the incidents of the murder of Lottie by her estranged husband, Oscar (or Os) Porter, in 1895. At the time, she was living with their infant son at her father's house in the Willard community in Carter County. According to Mrs. Kiser: "Porter came to the Yates home one night, raised the window, and stabbed her to death while she lay in bed. He dropped the murderous knife near the yard gate as he fled. Later, he was arrested, confessed the crime, and was confined in the county jail at Grayson. Emotions ran high in the community, and a mob took the law into its hands, stormed the jail, took the prisoner to the nearby E. K. Junction (now Hitchens) in the same county, and hanged him from the railroad trestle." My father confirms these facts as follows: "The murder of Lottie Yates was in 1895, and Porter was hanged on the E. K. (Eastern Kentucky) Railroad bridge crossing the Little Sandy River between Grayson and E. K. Junction. A piece of rope left tied to the bridge remained there for some time after the hanging, and I saw it while walking over the bridge."

The Murder of Lottie Yates

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating where the words span across measures. The lyrics are: COME LIST-EN — FRIENDS WHILE I RE-LATE OF A CRIME COM- MIT-TED — IN KEN-TUCK-Y STATE, IT WAS THE MUR-DER OF POOR LOT-TIE YATES; I HOPE SHE'S PASSED THROUGH HEAV-EN'S GATES.

COME LIST-EN — FRIENDS WHILE I RE-LATE OF A CRIME COM-
MIT-TED — IN KEN-TUCK-Y STATE, IT WAS THE MUR-DER OF POOR LOT-TIE
YATES; I HOPE SHE'S PASSED THROUGH HEAV-EN'S GATES.

Come listen, friends, while I relate
Of a crime committed in Kentucky State.
It was the murder of poor Lottie Yates;
I hope she's passed through Heaven's gates.

It was on one night in the month of May,
While she in bed with her baby lay.
The dirk was hurled with a wicked dart
That caused poor Lottie and her babe to part.

He raised the window with full intent,
To talk to her he was deeply bent,
And as he talked, his heart grew cold.
Oh, such a crime, it would damn one's soul!

"He has killed me now," she faintly cried.
Her father soon was by her side.
Do all he could, it was all in vain --
He could not call her back again.

Her life blood rushed from its fountain head
While she lay gasping on her bed.
Her mother shrieked with grief so wild,
And the father sank by his dying child.

With throbbing heart he dashed away --
The broken knife at the gateway lay.
It done its work when Lottie fell.
Of such a crime it is hard to tell.

He done the crime and fled away.
God's vengeance followed him day by day.
He was taken at last and placed in jail;
No mercy lent nor gave him bail.

"I did the crime," he did confess.
"The cause of it was jealousy.
May God forgive me this, I pray,
And save us both at the judgment day."

The night before the trial came,
A crowd did take the Willard train
And make a rush for the prison cell.
Who were those men? I cannot tell.

They marched through town with a steady pace.
To the jailer's house they went in haste.
They made him give those iron keys
That unlocked the prisoner's cell with ease.

The key was turned, the hinges screamed.
The prisoner screamed and loudly shrieked.
He knew his time was short to be,
From iron bars he would be set free.

They placed him on the funeral coach.
With speedy time they did approach
To pay his sentence on the bridge
That faced a sad and lonely ridge.

They placed the culprit on the verge --
No funeral song or lonesome dirge,
With none to sing but the nightingale
To mourn his loss or sad bewail.

The time had come he must take the leap
While frantic shadows o'er him creep.
He is gone; he's swung beneath the sky --
For cruel murder he had to die.

This ends these lines of which we read
Of a crime so black with its bloody deed.
May all mankind who marry a wife
Live true and faithful all their life.

PHONETIC MISSPELLING IN AN EARLY
NINETEENTH CENTURY ROWAN COUNTY WILL

By Donald J. Rulfs

[A Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina, Dr. Rulfs is Associate Professor of English at North Carolina State College.]

The following will of Margaret Rendleman is in the Rowan County Records, Wills, 1743-1868, volume XVIII, page 76, in the State Department of Archives and History, Raleigh, North Carolina. Margaret Rendleman, who died in 1816, was the widow of John Rendleman, a plantation owner of Rowan County who died in 1809.

It will be observed that there is only one misspelled word in the first paragraph of the will. This paragraph was the conventional, legal preamble, which the lawyer had obviously memorized. Starting with the itemized bequests, however, the composer began to spell the words just as he and his contemporaries heard them and pronounced them.

In the name of god Amen. I Margereth Rendleman widow of John Rendleman of Rowan County of State of North Carolina being in perfect health of body, and of mind and memory, thanks be given unto god calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all once to die do make and ordain this my last will and testament, that is to say principally and first of all I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it, and my body I recommend to the Earth to be buried in decent Christian burial at the discretion of my Executors nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again, by the mighty power of god. And as touching such worldly estate wherewith it has pleased god to bless me in this life I give demise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form viz

1. I give and bequeath unto my grand Daughtor Sally Baringer a good chist and a bedsted with a bed and three kiverleds belonging to it, and my spinning whele, and coffy pot and both my Coffy & tea Cans further I bequeth her a yearlin hefer and a yeo sheep
 2. I give and bequeath unto my son Jacob Rindleman my new prayer book
 3. I will and ordain that after my Death all my property shall be sold by public vandue and the Money Equely Dividid amongst all my Childrin
- Lastly I will appoint & constitute my beloved son in law Hanry Fisher executor of this my last will & testement and this my executor is to keep sefe the property of my grand Daughtor Sally Baringer untill she arives to the age of Eighteen years, & I do hereby revoke & disanull all former wills testements & legacies Confirming & ratifying this & no other to to be my last will & testement In witness whereof I have hereunto in presence of the after named witnesses signed my hand & affixed my seal this 31 day of March in the year 1810.

Signed sealed & pronounced by the
testator as her last will & testement
in the presence of us

Margereth $\begin{array}{c} \text{her} \\ + \\ \text{mark} \end{array}$ Rintleman (Seal)

Paul Nussman
Adam Casper Jr

FOLK REMEDIES OF THE ROANOKE-CHOWAN SECTION

By Hazel Griffin

[Miss Griffin is from Woodland, Northampton County. She has been a teacher of English at Chowan College and various high schools in North Carolina. At present she is a teacher of English at North Carolina State College.]

Pine tar to kill a tooth nerve?

Eastern Carolina folk used it when dentists were rare, distance was great, and cash was short. Home remedies were by force a necessity in both dental and medical cases, and as likely to cure as not.

Practically all homes, no longer than a generation or two ago, were supplied with ingredients for home remedies. Many grew herbs or weeds by the garden fence or the yard fence as a measure against the day when illness would strike.

Rarely did one visit a dentist except for a set of "new" teeth and in some cases the extraction of "old"--as most extractions were done at home. To enable children to teethe more easily, treadsalve briar fruit -- yellow, about the size of a marble--was strung on a thread and worn about the neck. For toothache, crushed cotton seed made into a poultice relieved pain. An application of boiled wintergreen was used not only for the pain of toothache but for other pain, as neuralgia.

Poultices of crushed mustard seed were forerunners of the present-day mustard plaster for relief of colds and pneumonia. Horehound--a plant resembling the tobacco plant but with a white-like leaf--mixed with molasses and boiled supplied syrup for colds.

To reduce fever, many remedies were tried, as placing a collard leaf or a plantain leaf--a low, flat weed--on the forehead or wrist. Oldsters say the leaf would become brown and parched after being placed on the body hot with fever.

For soreness, sprains, or swelling, a crushed wasp's nest, made of dirt, mixed with vinegar or boiled mullein--also a plant resembling the tobacco plant--was applied externally. Boiled mullein was useful also for kidney infection and was applied externally to the portion of the body swollen on account of the infection.

The remedy for an upset stomach was nutmeg, and for colic it was catnip tea. In fact, any sort of tea was good for anything. In case of a hemorrhage, comfrey root tea was resorted to.

Skin sores were usually treated by placing a portion of cooked or raw pork fat on the infected zone.

Mullein plant if boiled with salt added is good for rheumatism and is applied to affected joints.

For boils, burdock root with vinegar and one penny boiled together constitutes a cure when applied to the boil.

If one stuck a nail in his feet, he put sugar on the wound and then tied a cloth soaked in turpentine and kerosene around the wound and let it remain twenty-four hours.

Older folk living today, especially those in the Roanoke-Chowan section of eastern Carolina, testify to the validity of such remedies.

WITCHCRAFT IN DURHAM

By Daniel W. Patterson

[A graduate of Duke, with an M.A. from the University of North Carolina, Mr. Patterson is near the doctorate at the latter university and is an instructor in English. In *North Carolina Folklore*, III, 2 (December 1955), he published "Turtle Creek to Busro: Notes on Shaker Ballads"; and he has helped with the music of several other articles.]

Miss Mary Ann Harrell of Durham, who was a graduate student at the University of North Carolina in 1954-55, says that her informant vouched for the truth of the tale that follows. Miss Harrell vouches that her version is substantially that of her informant. I vouch that Miss Harrell is a lively anecdotist and that I have not consciously added above three details to her story. The reader is thus forewarned of wheels within wheels and of the importance of faith to their motion. -- D.P.

In the fall of 1956 Miss Harrell was making a door-to-door canvass in Durham, and one housewife asked her in. It was obviously the rag end of a harassing day for the woman. Three small children were rampant in the living room. The house was uncleaned. The woman needed someone to complain to, and Miss Harrell was her victim. The course of her lament was fortunately broken by the following story:

Several years before, the woman said, she had been living in a house on the northern edge of Durham. One evening at dusk her doorbell rang, and she found at the door a girl who lived in one of the neighboring houses, about a quarter of a mile away.

"I got to go to town bad," the girl said. "We haven't got no car at home. Can you please take me?"

The woman supposed the other family needed medicine; so she got her hat and purse and drove the girl into Durham. As the girl never offered directions, the woman was forced to ask her where she wanted to go.

"Just keep on driving," was the answer. "I'll tell you where to turn."

The girl directed her street by street into East Durham, into a section she had never seen. She was beginning to feel apprehensive. At last the girl turned her up an unpaved, unlighted street and had her to stop before a frame shack with scrub pines and sedge growing about it, no other house nearby.

"I got to go in here a minute," said the girl. "Maybe you better wait in the car."

The woman answered that she wasn't going to sit out there in that dark street all by herself and get her throat cut, or be robbed; she was going to stay right by that girl. They walked up onto the porch and knocked, and the door was opened by a dirty old white woman who asked them in. The woman found herself in a one-room house littered with papers and jars and orange crates. In one corner was a bed, its soiled quilt strewn with newspapers. These the old woman gathered up, clearing a space where they could all three sit down. Then she asked what she could do for them.

The girl spoke up: "I'm in bad trouble. I'm in love with a man who his wife has found out about us and she's just as mad as a hornet and she's threatening what she's going to do to me, and I want you to tell me what I ought to do."

The old woman got up, took down a bucket, and went out on her back stoop, calling them to follow. The woman told Miss Harrell that what the old woman did was awful strange. She made a fire in the bucket and began to drop things in it, talking to herself all the time. Finally she turned to the girl and asked for some silver coins. She passed these through the fire and studied over them and then advised the girl, and the girl gave her a dollar for it.

Now weren't those, the woman wanted to know, queer goings-on? "Why, what you saw," Miss Harrell exclaimed, "was witchcraft!" The woman was so dumbfounded and outraged at the idea of having been a party to witchcraft that she would say nothing more of the affair. For this reason it is a relief to be recounting the matter to folklorists; the vexatious uninitiate always asks, "Well, what became of the girl?"

SAMPSON COUNTY'S SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD

By Richard Walser

[Professor of English at North Carolina State College, Mr. Walser is a lecturer and writer on North Carolina literature, history, and folklore. His latest books are The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe (1953) and North Carolina Drama (1956). He contributed "That Word 'Tar Heel' Again" to North Carolina Folklore, V, No. 1 (July 1957). He was vice president of the North Carolina Folklore Society in 1956.]

In 1841, near Lebanon, Tennessee, a "shower of flesh and blood" descended from the heavens, astounded the local inhabitants, and resulted in wide newspaper comment across the nation. Hardly had the red drop settled before scientific explanations attempted to calm superstitious mutterings that the shower was an omen of impending evils.

North Carolinians read with relief (Raleigh Register, September 10, 1841) that "Many species of Lepidoptera [Butterflies], when they emerge from the pupa or chrysalis state, discharge a reddish fluid, which, in some instances, where their number have been considerable, has produced the appearance of a shower of blood. . . ."

History, it was learned, proved that the occurrence was not peculiar to America. In 1553, butterflies swarmed through Germany sprinkling "plants, leaves, buildings, clothes, and men, with bloody drops, as if it had rained." In 1608, the suburbs of Aix "were covered with what appeared to be a shower of blood," and it was at this time that a French philosopher noted the "similarity of the shower to the red spot left by a butterfly."

Since these explanations were satisfactory, what disturbed the populace in Tennessee was not so much the blood, but the flesh which rained down along with the blood. One amateur scientist concluded that the flesh "no doubt was the result of the insect having perished in the process of transformation."

A more horrifying explanation (Highland Messenger, Asheville, October 1, 1841) was that the gory shower originated in matter "caught up from some putrid animal by a whirlwind, and brought in contact with an electric cloud, in which it was kept in a state approaching fluidity or viscosity and finally dropped at that point." This, it was remarked, was "the conclusion at which every common sense mind would arrive."

Tennessee was not singled out by Nature for these eerie downpours. Almost a decade later, Virginia and North Carolina reported showers of flesh and blood (Eastern Carolina Republican, New Bern, April 24, 1850), and to these were added such distraught accounts as that of the passengers on a steamer between New Orleans and Louisville, who "passed through a shower of what seemed to be liquid sulphur."

One of the most detailed reports was of a North Carolina shower (Milton Chronicle, April 4, 1850, copied from the North Carolinian, Fayetteville), given here in its entirety:

GREAT FALL OF FLESH AND BLOOD
EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON
IN SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.

We received on Wednesday last, the following communication from Mr. Clarkson, through Mr. Holland, of Clinton, and take great pleasure in laying the astonishing particulars before our readers:

On the 15th of February, 1850, there fell within 100 yards of the residence of Thomas M. Clarkson in Sampson county, a shower of Flesh and Blood, about 30 feet wide, and as far as it was traced, about 250 or 300 yards in length. The pieces appeared to be flesh, liver, lights, brains and blood. Some of the blood ran on the leaves apparently very fresh. Three of his (T.M.C's) children were in it, and ran to their mother, exclaiming, "Mother, there is meat falling!" Their mother went immediately to see, but the shower was over; but there lay the flesh, &c. Neill Campbell, Esqr. living close by was on the spot shortly after it fell, and pronounced it as above. One of his children was about 150 yards from the shower, and came running to the rest saying he smelt something like blood. During the time it was falling there was a cloud overhead, having a red appearance like a wind cloud. --There was no rain.

The above you may rely on, and by Mr. Holland you have pieces of flesh which are reduced in size by being kept so long.

Yours, &c, J. M. C.

The piece which was left with us, has been examined with two of the best microscopes in the place; and the existence of blood well established; but nothing was shown giving any indication of the character of the matter.

It has the smell, both in its dry state, and when macerated in water, of putrid flesh; and there can be scarcely a doubt that it is such.

It is astonishing, and we may say provoking also, that an occurrence of the kind should happen within 13 miles of a village (13 miles southwest of Clinton) of intelligent persons, and no one felt interest enough in it to go and get information about it. It is three weeks after it occurred before any account of it is sent to the press. An occurrence that is calculated to strike men with awe; and we are told that some persons listened to the relation of it and looked upon it as an idle tale, deeming it impossible that such a thing could have occurred!

The cloud from which it fell is said to have been of a red appearance, which is the color ascribed to the clouds in former cases of this kind.

Although by no means frequent, this is not the first time that such an occurrence has taken place, even in this country. But as yet, the most learned are unable to give any rational conjecture as to the cause of such a singular phenomenon.

THE LINVILLE HIGHLAND GAMES AND GATHERING OF THE CLANS

By Donald MacDonald

[Mr. MacDonald is staff writer on the Charlotte News. He is vice president of the North Carolina Folklore Society, vice convener of Clan Donald Society of America, Inc., and co-founder of the annual Linville Highland Games and Gathering of the Clans.]

Scotland's commandment: "Honor"

It's been said that Scotmen are more ardent Scots the farther away they are from Scotland.

This may, indeed, be true. It's certainly apparent when you watch the crowds which annually attend an event having the sponsorship of the North Carolina Folklore Society--Linville's colorful Highland Games and Gathering of the Clans.

Upwards of 10,000 persons congregate each year on the slopes of mile-high Grandfather Mountain and keep alive traditions brought to North Carolina nearly 200 years ago. It's the folklore of Scotland, suppressed by England after Bonny Prince Charlie's cause was lost, but born anew in a new Scotland --the Blue Ridge "Land of the Sky." Here in the Western Highlands of the Tar Heel state, descendants of politically-oppressed Western Highlanders select a date in July and "gather."

And to Scots--as gregarious a group as the world has ever known--there's real pleasure in merely gathering. Nor can the friendship of Scots find an equal. Ten minutes of gathering and you'll hear total strangers claim kinship because the new cousin bears a sept name from the same clan. And the clan and sept names range from Mac-A to Mac-Z.

And history! Most folk at the Gathering could more quickly tell you what happened between the MacDonalds and the Campbells at Glencoe than they could name North Carolina's lieutenant-governor. No offense meant the Hon. Luther Barnhardt; but if he wore a kilt and could play "Road to the Isles" on the pipes, these same Tar Heel Scots would learn even his middle name and beat a path to his door!

It's as simple as this: what's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh--50, 100, even 200 years later. Just show a similar interest in Scottish folklore, and you're an ally for life.

A little girl from the sandy hills of western Harnett County will be at the Gathering and will give you as eloquent a "Sheann Truibhas" as you are likely to see at Edinburgh's world-famed Festival. What's more, she can not only dance it, she can pronounce it, spell it, and tell you it means "Old Trousers." And after she reaches for the medal she'll win for the dancing, she can explain it's a dance of scorn for the hated trousers the English forced her great-great-great-GREAT grandfather to wear after Culloden.

She will also tell you her costume is an arisaidh, not a kilt. Kilts, you see, are primarily for men. O sure, she will say, they will sell a girl a kilt if she wants one and it's by no means unpopular with many Scots. One kilt-maker in Glasgow even sold a kilt to cowboy actor Roy Rogers for Trigger,

his horse. Only a bigot would say it didn't publicize the lore of Scotland. But arisaids are traditionally correct for female dancers--and at the Highland Games and Gathering in 1959 (on July 12) only girls wearing the arisaids will be able to compete in the Highland dance contests.

Highland dancing is only one facet of the Games. There are track events and field events like the shot put, Highland wrestling and "tossing the caber." Caber (rhyming with neighbor) is a Gaelic word meaning log; and it takes a braw (grand) fellow to hoist it to his shoulder and flip it thirty feet.

There are competitions for the bagpipes, too. Pipers from the eastern seaboard and Canada compete each year for trophies and cash prizes. The wailing sound of their pipes is just as much at home in the Blue Ridge as in the Cuillins on far-off Skye.

How do you explain it, here in North Carolina, so far from a remote country so few have ever seen? It's explained in one of the Ten Commandments --the Fifth, to be exact. And the key word is "Honor."

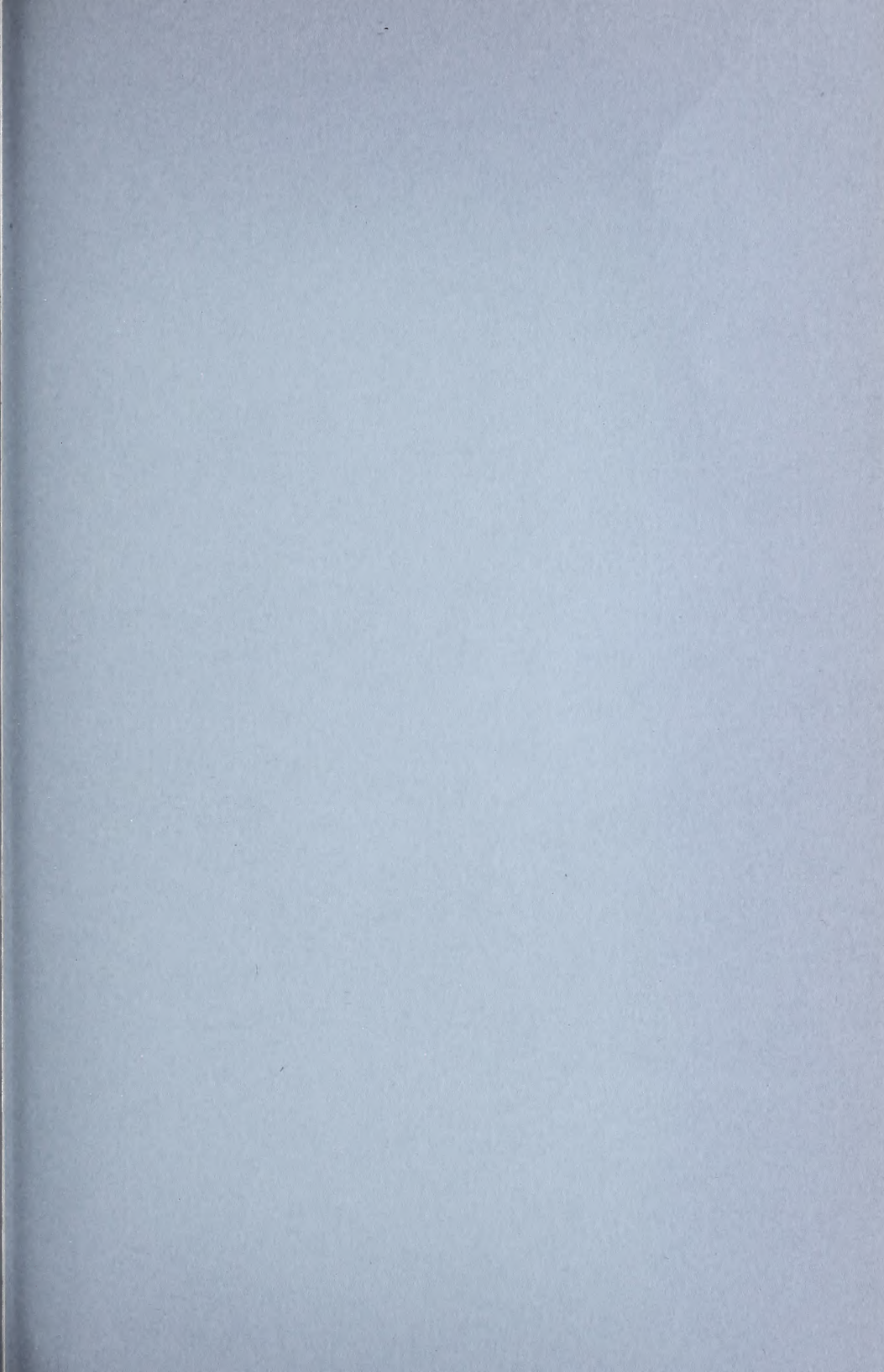
NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY MEETING

The North Carolina Folklore Society will hold its forty-seventh annual meeting in the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, on Friday, December 5, 2 P.M. There will be a public program and a business session.

The public program will illustrate the theme of "Our Scottish-American Heritage," with Mr. Donald MacDonald of Charlotte as master of ceremonies. Scottish country dancing in costume will be exhibited by the Fayetteville Senior High School Dancers, with Mrs. William A. McMillan, Jr., and Mrs. Hubert Black as directors, and by the Queen City's Own Scottish Dancers, with Miss Sally Southerland as director. A demonstration of Highland dancing will be performed by the Benhaven Scottish Dancers of Olivia, with Miss Martha McLeod as director. Mr. Philip Kennedy of Charlotte and Mrs. Betty Vaiden Williams of Raleigh will sing Scottish and Scottish-American songs, and Pipe Major Jack Smith of Winston-Salem will play a number of bagpipe selections.

Several of the participants in the program were born in Scotland, and most of the others are of Scottish descent.





NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A KNOTTS ISLAND BOYHOOD

By Henry B. Ansell

[The most interesting and significant facts about the life of Henry Beasley Ansell (1832-1920) have been best recorded in his "Recollections," from which the following selections have been taken. Born and reared on Knotts Island, he spent much of his life there and at Coinjock, on the mainland, as county surveyor and clerk of the court. He was father of a large family, including General Samuel Tilden Ansell (1875-1954). Early in the present century he began to record his memories and to compile a history of his native region. The results are contained in two manuscript volumes, now in the possession of the Southern Historical Collection of the University of North Carolina Library, entitled "Recollections of a Life Time and More" and described as follows: "Two large manuscript volumes, written in the hand of H. B. Ansell, 1903-07; 1912: Volume I. Chapters on various aspects of social history, church history, fishing and hunting, home life, and geography, written from his personal memories of Currituck County, N.C., MS 189 pages . . .; Vol. II. A history of Currituck County from about 1650 to 1790, including copies of early documents, etc., etc., compiled by H. B. Ansell."

[In the August 11, 1955, issue of the Elizabeth City Independent-Star, General John E. Wood, of Currituck, N.C., began publication of "Ansell Story of Knotts Island Boyhood" from a small book owned by Ansell's daughter which had pasted in it a portion of his 'recollections,' and was not complete." In his introduction, General Wood remarks: "In this fascinating glimpse into the past he told of the people, the customs, ideas, beliefs, superstitions, the virtues and faults, diversions and occupations, and a thousand aspects of life in Currituck during a large part of the nineteenth century."

[The following selections, mainly of folkloristic interest, are published in North Carolina Folklore from the manuscript with the kind permission of Henry B. Ansell's eighty-eight-year-old daughter, Mattie (Mrs. Ed) Ansell, of Currituck, N.C., and of the Southern Historical Collection of the University of North Carolina Library.

[The Editor acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Dudley Bagley, of Moyock, N.C., and to General Wood for information and assistance.]

Prefatory Notes

It has been in evidence in all time that the young enjoy nothing more than tales told of the far past by the old.

Often has the writer sat and spun out on the thread of remembrance yarns both pleasant and tragic, gathered from the old folks of Knotts Island, to the great delight and edification of his and others' children.

One day a few years back, the writer being in a fanciful mood, the panorama of his birth-place passed, as often before, once more before him: the Eves carding and spinning; their lords fishing, fowling, or assembled in mirthful groups talking war, religion, ghosts, and other such matters for recreation; boys spinning tops, storming yellow jackets' and bumblebees' nests, and robbing the nests of cat-birds; and all going to church on preaching days (Fridays), which were considered holidays.

When in one of these moods, the writer asked himself: Why not write and give details of the events, incidents, and traditional stories he had gathered together in past days on this Island? So there and then, with daring venture, he determined to attempt to do what his meditations had suggested, and has since produced a manuscript of from 50,000 to 60,000 words -- likely more.

This Island, cut off geographically from other lands, is rich in local tradition. Its inhabitants from time immemorial have by the nature of their isolated situation formed many customs and habits, social, religious, and political, peculiarly their own; and their doings and their traditions, if graphically set out by a master mind, would make interesting local history.

The writer of the following pages does not claim to be a writer of local history, but ventures simply and faithfully to record incidents and events, some of which were matters of his personal observation, others of local knowledge, and others still matters of tradition; all of which made a lasting impression on his young mind.

The writer's memory goes back to the year 1835, when he was but three years old, and his mind ever reverts to the associations of his youth in his never-to-be-forgotten birth-place.

The writer, his parents and his far-back ancestors were all born and reared on this Island; therefore if these pages of reminiscences crudely related should prove the least offensive to the people of this Island, he relies upon a common ancestry and an intimate and life-long friendship to insure their forgiveness; whereas, if he succeeds in reviving the memory of the old and amusing and perhaps instructing the young of this Island, his effort will not have been in vain.

Now, to others as well as the people of this Island who may chance to read these tales -- some for curiosity's sake, some seeking the novel and comic, and still others expecting the "Wild Western scenes" of long ago -- I seem to hear you say, "Is he not venturing into too deep water?"

Suppose this question is asked, is it a good reason why I should not tell the story of my birth-place in the past days and what I know and what I believe in relation to it?

While the writer pleads to a degree of recklessness, yet there may be a commendable ray of light that penetrates this story; for is it not the product of a Currituckian, and is it not the first manuscript of local history ever written in Currituck by a Currituckian? For this reason I invite you who may read what I have to say to go with me in imagination over the scenes herein set out. Thus I shall carry you back to my early days, to my native Island and there present to you the life there in which I was born and bred.

Barco, N. C., August 3rd, 1903, to February, 1907, and a few entries up to 1912, & some changes thereafter.

H. B. Ansell,
Barco, N. C.

Chapter I. Knotts Island: Its Geography

If you will look at the map of North Carolina you will find that Currituck County covers the north-east portion of this map, and by looking at the north-east part of this county map you will see what looks like a square piece of land

as if it had been belched forth from the State of Virginia down into Currituck Sound: This is Knotts Island. The western portion of this Island map is the "Great Marsh," three and a half miles across to Morse's Point. This marsh, with its small knolls, and Mackey's Island help to make up this apparently square island map. Knotts Island proper, though, only covers the eastern part of this squire, averaging but little over a mile in width. Where the State line runs it is half a mile wide, while in the south end it may be in places one and a half miles from the bay on the east to the Great Marsh on the west.

This Island has always been called seven and half miles long from north to south, and its area cannot cover but little more than that many square miles. About one and a half miles in its north end lie in the State of Virginia, the remainder in North Carolina.

The space between the Island and the Atlantic Ocean is called from two to four miles, made up with bays, creeks, marshes, and the sandy seashore; the latter is interspersed with "Washwoods" and other timbered sections; and a channel penetrates the whole length of the Island, connecting Long Island Sound in Virginia on the north with Currituck Sound on the south. So the proper boundary of this Island is: north, Long Island South; east, said bays and channel; south, Currituck Sound; west, the Great Marsh.

There was once a deep creek, known as Back Creek, that entered this marsh north of Mackey's Island and ran through it to Barkes' Island Bay, making these islands, knolls, etc., an island proper; but this in places has become marsh so that a person can now walk from Knotts Island to Morse's Point without going over the road-bridge that spans it; indeed, in 1728, when the line was run between Virginia and North Carolina, the surveyors said then there was but little or no creek about this road-bridge and that Knotts Island, these knolls and marshes formed a peninsula instead of an island; there is little doubt, though, when this country was first peopled by our race that this creek ran from the sound to the bay aforesaid and could have been canoed through very easily.

The soil of this Island is a light sandy loam, sand predominating; excellent trucking land, but even now little used for that purpose other than for home consumption; yet, I believe some progress is now being made in that direction. There is not a more suitable place for trucking in Currituck County than this Island, and why the whole place is not a truck-garden has often appeared unexplainable to the writer; but recently he has gathered some evidence on there [sic -- meant for thereon?] showing that the main reason why its people do not follow this modern and lucrative industry is uncertain transportation.

This Island, owing to its soil and situation, has always been famous for its apples, peaches, cherries, and many other kinds of fruit. In past days in orchards and yards there was a plenty and to spare of all these delicious fruits, and they were free to those who would help themselves.

Chapter II. First Settlers; The Revolution

When the writer was a small boy there were many startling yarns told, and had been told to many generations before, of the "ups" and "downs" of the first white settlers of this Island contending with bears, wolves, wildcats, Indians, and numerous venomous reptiles.

This Island, in its first settlement by the white race, was peopled by the English from Liverpool and London; that is, they emigrated chiefly from these

two cities, mostly from the latter. The writer's family, from what he has been able to glean from tradition, came from London. Mrs. Nye (nee Jarvis), an English lady from London, has often told him that his family name was plentiful in that city.

These emigrants from London brought with them its local historical tales, the pivot of which was London Bridge, that spans the river Thames, connecting the older part of that city with its southern neighbor.

A few of these old-time tales of the first settlers of this Island must suffice, and they are put here for the amusement of the young only, for the writer takes little stock in these exaggerated, calamitous stories.

The writer does not believe there were ever many, if any, bears or panthers on this Island, but he is sure there were once plenty of wolves there, for he has seen many holes in the forest half fill[ed] up called wolf-pits. These were found here and there in the woods; though resembling half-filled cow-holes, certainly [they] were not, for they could be seen on very high ground. The old people said these holes had been wolf-pits which their forefathers had made to entrap the wolves, and did so to their extermination. There was one southeast of N. W. Dudley's back fence corner on the Joshua Beasley wood-tract, afterwards the Malachi Waterfield tract; another on the play-ground of that old school house that will be described further on in these tales, where often our play-balls would roll themselves; while likely scores more had been filled up long since. I wonder can the depressions now be seen?

Wolves

It was said, when husband was away and his family -- wife and children -- were alone, the audacious wolves would often approach the house; then the doors would be shut and the family through peep-holes could see the ravenous, blinking orbs of the intruders searching for blood. Night falls; the husband has not yet come; the wife and children go to bed; the lightwood knot casts its last flickering rays and shadowy light within the one-room house; soon, in the spirit of the haunted night, the family could see in their dreams a ghost dance in the dim shadows; they would awake trembling with fear.

It was said wild turkeys and treacherous Indians were numerous on this Island at the time of the invasion of the whites. When the white man would go out to hunt the turkey, the Indian would precede him, get into the hollow of a large gum, and gobble. The white man would creep up to kill the turkey. When close enough, the Indian would let fly his arrow and procure another scalp.

Snakes

A certain family had built a new log house with a clay fire-place, and unluckily this fire-place had been built over a den of snakes. The family went to bed, leaving a hot fire in order to dry out the clay. The next morning this family were found all dead and swollen to a puff, with snakes in the room a foot deep. The hoop snake, too, was a dangerous reptile. This snake, when any living animal appeared near enough, would round itself in a hoop shape, give a swift chase to the unfortunate subject, and, overtaking it, would drive its stinging tail into the pursued man or beast. Death followed instantly. Sometimes a man chased would jump behind a tree for protection. In such case the sting would be driven into the tree, which would at once wither and die. The snake could not extricate its sting from the tree, and thus it would be killed.

This snake, I am sure, is a fiction snake; yet, now and then in my youth I heard some knowing ones say they had seen and killed it. Ah!

There are swamps, knolls, and marshes on the margin of this Island, and even now there is an abundance of moccasins and other snakes therein; but these are scattered over twenty-five miles of swamp land and marsh. I doubt that there is a cord of the poisonous moccasins in this area. But the above room full and Mr. Hoop-snake -- away with them!

The Revolution

Now I will leave the snakes and ravenous wild animals and spin you a yarn, a revolutionary story, based on facts, that happened on this Island.

There was in past days on this Island many short-strawed pines so thickly limbed and strawed that the eye could scarcely penetrate them.

The English in that war could not get their ships through Currituck Inlet; but, coming through in yawls loaded with armed marines, they would ransack the Island, taking and destroying whatever came to hand. So the people were driven to all manner of devices to save their property, and would often put beds and other valuables in the thick foliage of these trees; some even were driven to put their wives and children on these beds.

Eventually, Captain Shipp, to stop this worry and havoc, determined to fight. He ordered out the militia of the Island for this purpose and down to the South end of the Island they went, armed with such war weapons as they had. The company was placed near the shore, where these marauders generally landed, to await their coming. It was not long before the yawls were seen coming. In approaching toward the shore they espied some of Shipp's men behind the shore fence. They stopped, came no nearer to shore but made all manner of vulgar gesticulations in derision and contempt.

Shipp intended to get them on shore and kill or take the whole party. There was an old negro in a lock of the fence, who got so mad in viewing the vulgar behavior of the British that he took deliberate aim at the coxswain astraddle of the boat's tiller and fired; his home-made ball struck home, and overboard the Britisher went. His comrades hastily drew him in, then lay low, skeedaddled back to their ship, and returned no more.

This old negro's name was "paddle-foot," if I remember aright. Negroes in those days, on the Island, bore arms.

Chapter III. Boys, Their Occupations, Amusements, and Bad Practices

Of my early boyhood I have a vivid recollection. The Island was then more densely wooded than now. Cow-vines, grape-vines, and other climbers were in profusion on and among the thickets of myrtle, paw-paw, and other undergrowth; while the plentiful cactus, known as prickly pear-pads, covered the ground; all overshadowed by the tall, stately pines.

In these places the boys would hunt for birds' nests, and rob the innocent creatures of their eggs; the poor, chattering mother and mate, bewailing the destruction of their offspring in embryo, would be ruthlessly clubbed away.

The boys knew precisely how many eggs each kind of bird lays; and when the mother bird had deposited that number in her nest, which perhaps had been previously found and watched, the boys robbed it. When a nest was found with its complement, the eggs were first tested to see if they were sound; if so, they were taken possession of; if not, they were destroyed, often with young birds in them. This was especially so as to cat-birds, for these the boys hated.

The wren escaped because a superstition prevailed among the boys, handed down by previous generations, that if one killed this bird or robbed its nest he would suffer a broken limb.

The writer never robbed but one, and shortly afterward broke his arm -- a strange coincidence. His playmates at the time accused him of robbing a wren's nest; with fear and remorse he confessed the truth, and never again molested a wren.

This coincidence carried conviction to the superstition.

If sorrow and regret of later life can atone for aught, perhaps he may be forgiven for his part in this boyish mischievousness. No bird, except the hawk, crow, and the large chicken owl, are killed at the writer's home, and no bird's nest robbed.

The people of this Island were, and are yet, born hunters. While the older heads were killing ducks, geese, swan, otters, mink, and other game, it was natural enough for their boys to catch and kill birds, and even to deprive them of their eggs; this they did without parental protest. None looked upon such as very harmful.

Every boy had his myrtle "birding club," cross bow and arrows, his springs [sic] for rabbits, his traps for birds, in every briery fence-lock. By this means hundreds of strings of dead birds, even sparrows, were shipped to market by the boys, whence were obtained ginger-cakes, tops and chords [sic], and other trinkets.

Every boy, with top and chord in pocket, would fly out on Sunday mornings to some conspicuous place on the public road, for top spinning. Every top had its brass head in its crown. Some clear, hard place was selected; a circle from two to three feet drawn; the chords measured from center of circle out where a mark was made. The rule was: Stand at your mark, throw your top spinning to center of circle. If any top didn't have activity enough to throw itself out of this circle at its dying gasp, it was placed in the center of the circle, and all the smart ones had leave of one trial to play at that lazy, humiliated top. That top might be fortunate enough to receive a side-box and knocked out without injury; or it might get a hole in its crown, which could be easily repaired with putty; but worse still, it might be split in halves.

Our friend Caleb Beasley had a turning-lathe, and, with the aid of his brother Joshua, made us very nice tops. These were considered better for plugging purposes than the bought ones.

These two men took a pride in making our tops and good cross-bows and we took delight in doing chores for them in return; but, when in their presence, we had to conform to prescribed rules of good behavior, which restrained our proneness for the mischievousness.

Later on they introduced the tumbler-and-trigger cross-bow which was a great improvement on the trip-with-the-finger one.

Besides spinning tops, birding, and bird-egging, there were episodes interjected for recreation, to keep monotony away: playing rabbit, fox and dog, "whoop and hide," jumping-the-rope, all manner of ball games, wrestling, boxing, running races, and searching for yellow-jackets' and bumblebees' nests. On the Sabbath we hid ourselves to the boat landings, where we waded in the water and besmeared with mud the Sunday-clothes put on clean in the morning. The penalty for this latter offence was to dance to the tune of a chickapin switch early Monday-morning. For be it known that while the boys were carousing, the parents at home were reading the New Testament and Psalms, or worshipping at church or at a prayer-meeting in a neighbor's house. They kept the Sabbath holy, and dared not whip their children on that sacred day.

Chapter IV. Storming Yellow Jackets' and Bumblebees' Nests on Sundays

During the week the boys kept a bright lookout for jackets' and bumblebees' nests, which, when found, were reserved for the next Sunday's sport, to be then besieged and stormed.

These nests on the Island, in past days, contained such swarms as I have never seen elsewhere. Since the writer left the Island over a half a century ago, he has lived near large forests, where naturally the rotten fallen logs, stumps and underbrush afforded thousands of suitable places for these nesters to rear their young; but in all these years he has seen but one nest of these bees, and that was a small one in the deep swamp. They seem to pair here (Coinjock) like birds, get into an old post by boring a hole therein, and rear one offspring or two. Jackets are less so, but they have generally a very small flock in their nests here. Bumblebees, here, then, are not gregarious, but rear their families like birds.

On Knotts Island seventy years or more ago it was quite different with both bees and jackets, for their swarms were prodigious. I have seen two hats filled with comb, bee-breads and young bees from one nest; the cups are large, the honey of a greenish tint. Some people have said that this honey was poisonous and would make one blind after eating too much of it. I have never seen such effect, but have seen a boy sick after eating too freely of it. This large quantity, spoken of above, came from a nest in an old manure heap of straw and soil in the woods.

There may have been several reasons for the large swarms on this Island in these days: Probably the first and natural reason is that having there a smaller number of suitable places of abode, they must of necessity have a larger number of occupants; or, it may be that the various smaller tribes all preferred the most suitable habitations, but since none might be able to obtain it without fighting, perhaps to annihilation, they compromised by occupying the desired abode jointly. Lastly, it may be that they united under a single military leader in mutual defense against the common enemy -- the boys. Who knows?

The next Sunday after the nests were found, the crowd of boys were on the ground ready for the fight. The mode of procedure was this.

Each boys procured a pine bush, save one, who acted as puncher and was armed with a pole from fifteen to twenty feet long for that purpose. One half,

armed with bushes, would gather around the nest -- bushes erect -- while the puncher was stationed at the farther end of his pole, the other end being at the nest.

The momentous martial question rang out from the puncher: "Are you ready?" "Yes," would be the invariable answer. The puncher punched a little way from the exit of the hole; the jackets or bees would swarm out for fight; the invaders would bear down with the bushes, swiftly and hard, until the bushmen, stung sharply, would have to retreat to a pine or paw-paw thicket in order to brush off the yellow-jackets or lose themselves from the hundreds that were on them or following them in their retreat.

At the same time the reserve bushmen took the places of the retreaters, and continued the assault, while the retreating forces rid their hair, collars and pants legs of the dead and wounded enemy, counting the number of stings. After this, they were ready to renew the battle and relieve the reserve. Woe to him who said enough -- a coward.

If the fort was very strong and well manned, it would often take hours to subdue it; and when done, it was at the cost of many wounds inflicted by the defenders, for with them it was victory or death. They were often found up a pants leg, at the last gasp, still stinging.

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[Characters of Knotts Island]

Joseph Grimstead

[Vol. I, pp. 70-71]

One of the first old men whom I recollect taking particular notice of, was a tall and wiry old fellow named Joseph Grimstead.

This old man made no pretension as a leader in shaping society; but he helped to make history, for which the Island people paid him due respect. He had been in the Navy of the United States, in its infancy, in the War of 1812. It was about twenty-four years after this war when I first knew him; yet, with groups of the Islanders he would still sit and recall the agitating scenes of that war as though they had happened but yesterday. For be it known that Grimstead was gunner on the frigate Constitution, with Captain Hull, off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, August 19th, 1812, when that desperate and bloody engagement took place between the Constitution and the British man-of-war Guerriere, which resulted in a great victory for gallant Hull and his crew.

So you see he helped to kill the British Captain Dacres and forty of his crew, while sixty-four more lay bleeding from wounds. He also did his party in blowing up the disabled Guerriere. So this old man was a hero. His graphic descriptions of this battle and other engagements in that war were immovably fixed in the minds of the people of this Island when I was born. On the Island, even as late as my birth, if any person in the Revolution or the War of 1812 had drawn British blood, he was considered a hero. I am sure Grimstead was quite a boy in the war of the Revolution, for he could recount vividly the capers cut by Paul Jones and other celebrities in that war. All the national airs and social play-songs were drawn from the ever memorable events of these two wars: As, "Yankee Doodle," "We Are Marching down to Old Quebec," "John Anderson My Jo John," "O John, Don't Cross the Main," etc.

I must not pass without mentioning a few of the good old women of my neighborhood who helped the young ones in many ways.

Aunt Tishy White was a good and kind widow-woman. She had married twice, and by her first husband (Beasley) was the mother of at least four children, two of each sex. The boys, Caleb and Joshua Beasley, were the top and cross-bow makers mentioned elsewhere.

Aunt Tishy attended our mamas at our births and did not forget the offsprings thereafter. She was a great herb-doctor -- second to none in this respect, so the people thought. Especially efficient was she in preparing the proper teas for the mamas, and doctoring the young ones for stone-bruises, boils and sore throats, and many other maladies. From her herbary, with her skill, came a balm, soothing and curing the young ones. For sore throat, rub it upward with mutton suet, followed by a poultice of febrifuge stewed in vinegar. For stone-bruises, apply fat salt meat; boils, a poultice of "low-life-everlasting." When suppuration was produced in boils and bruises to the breaking or picking point, apply a sweet scented salve composed of sweet-gum, beeswax, and the buds of the balm of Gilead, which assuaged, soothed and cured. This good woman never made a charge for her services in this respect, but we boys would go and help her and her daughters to pick cotton and do other chores.

[Masculine Attire on Knotts Island]

[I, 160-161]

The women's work at this time was about the same as in past days. They still spun and wove, and were very particular in preparing a nice homespun winter suit for the husband and grown son, each vying with the other in producing the cloth. Ezekiel Beasley was the tailor that usually cut and made these Sunday suits; and when made to fit well the wife could fully enjoy the meeting-house trips with her husband on Sundays.

The men would allow no innovations on previous fashions, and the big-leg trousers prevailed, especially the home-linen ones in Summer. With an eye to the past I can sit now and see one of the old-timers coming down the road to Church on Sunday, with a pair of these big-legged, home-linen pants on. When ironed the wrong way, as they frequently were, they resembled a schooner coming bow on with a full-set sail on either side. When the new fashion came along of wearing pants with a single vertical opening in front, as they have now, these old fellows made bitter protests and could not be induced to change the flap let-falls for this vulgar innovation. None, they said, but a Britisher or a Downeaster would introduce such a fashion. They continued till death to wear trousers with the single side-flap; and a few of the older ones stuck to and continued to wear the double let-falls that looked like a big door with a window in the center.

.....

As time wore on, foreign manufactured goods became more plentiful; people began to purchase for the boys "Kentucky Jeans" for Sundays, and "shall-you-go-naked-or-will-you-wear-that" for everyday wear. There were calico and other fabrics for the girls. So carding and spinning grew less. These manufactured goods were mostly from Downeast, for there were little wanted from England,

except the broadcloth coat. To wear these coats was considered patriotic and heroic, for didn't General Washington wear one in the French and Indian Wars, and in the Revolution as well, and also in civil life? Furthermore, didn't our grand-papas and great-grand-papas bring these coats with them from England with them when coming over to this country from England? These coats were held in great veneration; were passed down but little the worse for wear, from generation to generation. Some of these coats were brought from England to this country for sale; others were made from the "last-forever cloth," in this country, especially for officers in the military service. I should not wonder a coat of this cloth could be found in Currituck today, in some old chest long stowed away in garret, for who would replenish the rag carpet?

A Conjure Yarn

[Vol. I, pp. 100-101]

In the writer's first recollections, there was as much ado on the line of conjuration as of witch-craft; indeed, the craft of the conjurer was continually invoked to take off "spells" that had been put on persons, stock, chickens, and other living creatures. Dozens of startling yarns of general circulation could be brought forward in this department.

I will give you one which will afford a clear insight into the many demands for conjurers and the methods of relief practised by them.

There was a good old man on the Island, a leader in the church, who handled not and touched not the things unclean; yet, he believed in conjuration, and on one occasion went across the Sound to Currituck Courthouse to get an old juggler residing thereabouts to go home with him and take a "spell" off his chickens.

These old conjurers were always prepared for such calls, and their pockets and wizard-sacks were habitually stored full of bundles, great and small, wrapped up with unsightly rags, and containing hair, toe-nails, salt, feathers, rusty nails, and other conjuring materials.

I recollect the morning that this good old man arrived with his wizard -- named "Blue Foot." The old fraud surveyed the premises, crawled under the barn or crib, and when he came out he had a bundle wrapped and stuffed as aforesaid. He then told the old man that it was this bundle, put there by a witch, that had so affected his fowls; and he then named the witch that did it.

It was not hard work for this fakir to pump dry this old man while journeying home with him; and at the time of performing the operation he, no doubt, could have named every one on the Island accused as witch by this credulous old man.

He now told the old man to draw this witch's picture on a board, and shoot it with silver money cut into pieces.

The picture was roughly drawn and shot with the fragments of a nine-pence, and the figure was struck on the knee.

So it was said by the believers, upon that very night this witch was taken with a pain in the knee, which continued to her end.

The writer, then a small boy, knew this person called a witch; and he now knows it was a case of rheumatism pure and simple, just like scores of others,

and he knows she was suffering from it long before the shooting.

No more chickens died, it was said, for there was no bundle of witchcraft for them to walk over.

[The Bewitched Rosemary Bush]

[Vol. I, p. 102]

Mac Ansell and I were cousins and chums. We were small boys and lived near each other.

We would seek the company of the old folks of the neighborhood, who would spin us yarns about Indians in the first attempted settlement of this country, Jack and his house in the bean-stalk, and of witches, haunts, and ghosts.

Often of nights we could be found at the home of Uncle Johnny Beasley, who would tell us many old English legends and stories, purporting to have happened in the olden time, about London bridge, that spans the River Thames, stories that were brought over by our forefathers.

He told us why some people in scenting their lard at hog-killings would not use rosemary. It was because the bush was brought to America by a witch, in a small bark boat. One morning, at the rising of the sun, this witch was seen coming up from the ocean, through old Currituck Inlet.

This Inlet was not the old Currituck Inlet we hear so much about now, whose North and South channels encompassed "Betsy's Marsh," and, when joining, passed to the South of Swan Island; but this one was the Inlet where the states line of Virginia and North Carolina was run in 1728, being 6 miles North of this South Inlet.

This rosemary bush was set in the soil of Knotts Island by this old witch; it was witchy, and many, no doubt, to this day will not use it on this account; and Coinjockers don't like its flavor -- ah!

[Teach and Kidd]

[Vol. II, pp. 66-68. In his chapter "Pirates & Unlawful Traders in North Carolina" (pp. 58-68), Ansell adds to the usual historical accounts of the pirates Teach and Kidd what would appear to be local legends.]

As I have said before, Teach was the pirate for Carolina, he would keep his flat bottomed boats with his agents, his large vessels, that were sometimes unable to cross our sandbars and when pressed would sometimes burn the large ones. With these sloops Teach and agents would traffic in our waters, (who dared to hinder) make sale of their cargoes, divide up, make presents to Governor, Knight and other officials who had full contrroll of government. They all needed such goods. Now, Kidd's vessel was a large one and could not come into our waters, like Teach, but would have stopping places on our coast and that of Jersey.

It was said Kidd would stop outside of the mouth of our inlet where the State line commenced and bring to shore large chests of precious mettles, gold bars and Spanish mill dollars and bury them on Sheep-house hill near the margin of the inlet just north of the State line. This place at that day was a very secure

place for Kidd to hide his treasure, for there were few inhabitants here and they full of superstition, for it was said Kidd had made contracts with the Devil and that the Devil would get after anyone who attempted to molest his chests of treasures. So when Kidd loaded up he resorted to such haunty places for his deposits. But didn't the foreparents of Knotts Island soon after Kidd's execution, often dig after Kidd's money on Sheep-house hill, and it was said often got to the box containing it, and just when they were ready to grab and haul out a trunk, there would be seen, swiftly whirling, just above the heads of the diggers, a mill stone, six feet across, hanging and turning and held only by a small threaded strand at a breaking point, then squalls and yells would follow, then these haunted boxes would sink out of sight. By accounts, this digging was so often repeated with the same result as the first, these chests must have buried themselves below the surface of the sea.

Old man Luke White and many others would sit for hours, when the writer was a child, and tell this yarn to the boys. These old people, especially those steeped in superstition believed it. I remember well this Sheep-house hill it was in a forest of Washwoods, studded with large trees with all manner of hieroglyphics cut upon them denoting the Devil's vocabulary, for it was said that Kidd, the Blackbeard, was in league with the Devil. So tradition said, and secrecy had to follow the digging to reach Kidd's treasures -- no talking, if so, down farther the boxes went, so you can see the contract that Kidd and the Devil made in part by the mill stone. So in past time the cry was: -- The pirates and Devil in league. His Majesty (The Devil) having been described to the children by the old people, as an unsightly, black monster, his agents were dubbed Blue-beard, Black-beard, and so on. There was a pirate, if my recollection serves aright, named Charles Gibbs, and I believe was hanged in New York.

Black-beard Kidd was sung in song when the writer was a small boy. It ran something like what follows:

My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd as I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd, most wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid, as I sailed.

I cursed my father dear and she that did me bear
And so wickedly did swear as I sailed, as I sailed,
And so wickedly did swear, as I sailed.

I had a Bible in my hand at my mother's great command
And I sunk it in the sand, as I sailed, as I sailed,
And I sunk it in the sand, as I sailed.

And being cruel still I did my gunner kill
And his precious blood did spill, as I sailed, as I sailed,
And his precious blood did spill, as I sailed.

I had ninety bars of gold and dollars many folds
And by them lost my soul, as I sailed, as I sailed.

When the writer was a boy whenever a pirate tale was told, likely the above song would be sung. The writer knows the tune now. He don't know that the above is all of it.

Kidd's ship mates told the way in which lost treasures grew by rumor. Capt. Kidd's hoard is instructive as rumored by his ship mates. Capt. Kidd's first hidden plate &c was \$1500, the last of which was \$5,000,000. I have no doubt Kidd buried treasures for he got millions it was said about the Red Sea. Was Kidd sharp enough to pick uneducated crews that did not know the places of deposits. He may have extended from the first in London to go the pirate -- got a bloodthirsty ignorant crew that did not know the where abouts of deposits, or if not I should think his ship mates would have gathered up such bounty, or were they all hung as Kidd.

THE DECEMBER 1958 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-seventh annual meeting in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, on December 5, 1958, Mrs. Betty Vaiden Williams presiding.

The theme of the public program was "Our Scottish-American Heritage." Mr. Donald MacDonald, who, with President Williams, had planned the program, was master of ceremonies and an active participant. His running comment on many of the features was lively and informative.

Scottish dances of several varieties by dancers in appropriate costumes were performed. The histories of several of the dances and some account of the costumes were given by Mr. MacDonald. Country dancing was illustrated by the Fayetteville High School Dancers, with Mrs. William A. McMillan, Jr., and Mrs. Hubert Black as directors, and by The Queen City's Own Scottish Dancers of Charlotte, with Miss Sally Southerland as director. Highland dancing was demonstrated by The Benhaven Scottish Dancers of Olivia, directed by Miss Martha McLeod. Pipe Major Jack Smith of Winston-Salem provided bagpipe music for a number of the dances.

Mr. Philip Kennedy of Charlotte sang two songs in Gaelic and several Scottish favorites. Mrs. Williams sang a number of Scottish-American songs.

The audience, taxing the capacity of The Virginia Dare Ballroom, was the largest attending a Folklore Society meeting in twenty-five years. Its reception of the program was enthusiastic. A considerable number of people were attracted to membership in the Society.

Officers elected for 1959 were: President, Mr. Donald MacDonald of Charlotte; first vice-president, Mr. Norman C. Larson of Raleigh; second vice-president, Mrs. Earl H. Hartsell of Chapel Hill; secretary-treasurer, Dr. A. P. Hudson of Chapel Hill.

LEGENDS FROM BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA

By Tucker R. Littleton

[A graduate of Wake Forest College (magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa), Mr. Littleton is head of the department of English of Beaufort High School and pastor of Grace Baptist Church, Swansboro. He is the author of Shore Songs (New York: Exposition Press, 1958). He writes: "The material in this article is based on a folklore project conducted with the sophomore English class of Beaufort High School, 1957-58." He adds that Decatur Gillikin, the hero of most of the following stories, was born in 1811, lived at Otway, North Carolina, and died in 1888.]

Perhaps the most illustrious and best-known character in the folklore of Beaufort, North Carolina, is Decatur Gillikin. It seems that the people of the area love to brag about their strong men and that Decatur got the reputation for being the strongest. A number of legends have grown up about this figure.

One of the best-known tales tells of Decatur's delinquent taxes. As was his custom, he sailed to Beaufort one day to purchase groceries and other supplies. After Decatur had left his boat, the mayor hired twenty men to pull it up on the courthouse square, and there he tied the boat, to remain until Decatur paid his taxes.

Upon returning, Decatur missed his boat. Locating it in front of the courthouse, he simply put his supplies in the hold, grabbed the painter, and dragged her to the river, whence he sailed away free and unbothered.

A second tale about Decatur involves a circus character. Some circus had come to town with a man who claimed to be the strongest man in the world, a title which Decatur Gillikin had held in these parts for a long time. After the taunting townspeople had informed the circus man that Decatur was stronger than he, the circus strong man decided to ride his horse out to Decatur's and investigate the matter.

Upon arriving, the circus fellow found the Gillikin home place bounded by a hedge eight or nine feet high. Haughtily he entered and informed Decatur that he--the circus star--was stronger than Decatur. But Decatur was a man of few words--he simply picked up the 300-pound man from the circus and threw him over the hedge. The circus man, beginning to give in a little now, retorted feebly: "Now, sir, if you'll only throw me my horse."

Another version of this incident is told at Swansboro. According to this account, the circus man inquired for Decatur at the Gillikin home and was told that Decatur was away. Decatur's sister had answered the door and was entertaining the guest, who was waiting for Decatur's arrival. However, the gentleman grew thirsty and asked for some water. The good lady conducted him into the yard and politely consented to lift up and tilt the rain barrel while the visitor drank from it. The stranger, seeing a woman raise a barrel full of water for him to drink from, decided that he didn't want to meet her brother, finished his drink rather hurriedly, and departed.

Other less colorful accounts abound in this area. One is that Decatur used to go into the woods, cut down trees, carry them on his shoulders back to the farm, and there make a fence out of them.

One other incident relates to Decatur's farm. It seems that part of his field

was bisected by an old fence. While Decatur was plowing one day this fence suddenly appeared in his way. Rather than drive the team of oxen around the fence, which would have been a great distance, he simply lifted his oxen over it and then climbed over himself.

Mr. Gillikin was also a fisherman; and one story tells of his love for fishing in government-prohibited waters. One day a Navy patrol boat caught him at his old stunt. The Navy boat came up, and an authoritative voice announced, "We're the Navy!" With equal authority Mr. Gillikin replied, "And I'm Decatur Gillikin!" A word for the wise was sufficient, and thereupon the Navy boat hastily departed.

One other such tale has its setting during the Civil War. Decatur, being chased by a Yankee boat, simply led the Yankees on a wild goose chase and in a few minutes had them harmlessly grounded on an obscure shoal that was too shallow for them but deep enough for Decatur.

Our strong man occasionally got in a fight; and when he did, it was bad for somebody. The local people use very vivid language in describing such bouts. They tell that Decatur once hit a man so hard that the blow knocked the gentleman end over end and he saw people that hadn't been seen in Beaufort in three generations. Another version has it that Decatur hit the man so hard that the poor fellow starved to death before he could quit rolling.

Once while Decatur was plowing with his ox the ox made a wrong turn. Mr. Gillikin, becoming suddenly angered, hit the ox a little harder than he realized; and the poor ox died before he ever found out what hit him. When Decatur realized that he had killed the beast, he picked the ox up and took him home for decent burial.

None of the other strong men were ever able to gather the glory that was given Decatur. Beside Mr. Gillikin, the others are dwarfed. One story, however, tells of a Negro named Jim, a strong man who lived around Core Creek.

All of the hired hands were excited, for they were about to finish the baling of the hay. This strong Negro man bet his men that he could pick up the 600-pound baling machine and put it on the truck. Bets were quickly made. The man succeeded in this task, but the strain was so great that he died soon after; and all the money which he had won did not even meet the cost of burial.

An obscure figure is a man who once lived at Cedar Island and reportedly used to pull his boat from the causeway to what is now the Beaufort Post Office, a distance of three miles.

Not all of Beaufort's heroes were heroes because of their strength, however. At least one is well-known for his ability to spit. This gentleman lived in Beaufort and frequented the bar. One day, while in the company of several others at the bar, this man saw a fly flit by. He spat at the fly--which by this time was five feet away--and hit him. Thereupon, his working days ended, and he made his living thereafter by spitting. People paid him just to spit, and it is reported that he eventually reached a spitting distance of 127 feet.

There has always been a rivalry between Beaufort and Morehead City. The following wholly unfounded story is someone's attempt to explain how the two towns came to be such rivals--as in days past when the older folk used to refer to Swansboro and Jacksonville as Sodom and Gomorrah.

A man named Tom Morehead once resided in Beaufort, but left by force of the mayor. This act of force so angered Tom that he said he would divide Beaufort from the rest of the world. According to the story, he pushed Beaufort away, forming what is now known as the Beaufort Channel. Crossing this channel, he founded the rival town of Morehead.

A Beaufort figure who died not very long ago was John Bunyan. According to reports, he would slip into someone's collard patch at night and steal collards and then sell them back to the owner the next morning. Legend has it that he had the ability to hypnotize chickens and sheep, which he likewise stole and sold for a living. Reportedly, after many years of stealing, John turned to selling lemonade on Beaufort's streets. His familiar call went something like this: "Lemonade! Lemonade! Get your ice-cold lemonade. It does you good all the way down and half the way up again."

Another former inhabitant of Carteret County was a man affectionately called "Uncle Alfred." Uncle Alfred was slightly cracked, but he had a good disposition. On his farm he had an ox that he thought a lot of. One day some boys wanted to play a little trick on Uncle Alfred; so they caught his old ox and white-washed him. When Uncle Alfred returned, he didn't recognize his ox and tried to run him off. However, the ox, knowing that he belonged there, kept coming back as fast as Uncle Alfred ran him away. This contest kept on; and when people found them, both Uncle Alfred and his ox had collapsed. They had run each other to death, and some people avow that this episode gave rise to the proverbial statement "He's as stubborn as an ox."

One river in Carteret is now known as "the river with no bottom." It got its name from an accident which occurred one dark, dreary night. A man was traveling the Core Creek Road and came to a curve in the road. Instead of turning, the man and his horse went straight ahead into the canal. People dragged the canal for the bodies of the man and his horse, but all of the many attempts to recover the bodies failed. Thus the river got its epithet.

There is another tale about a Mr. Physiock, who was supposed to have been the ugliest man in Carteret County. At one time this man worked on a fish boat. One day while the boat was docking, Mr. Physiock stuck his head out of the port-hole to see whether the boat was docking properly. A bright lad who saw Mr. Physiock stick out his head hollered, "You can take off that old mask, mister. It doesn't scare me!"

GRAVEYARD WISDOM

By Alonzo C. Hall

[Emeritus Professor of English of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Hall contributed "Grave Humor in North Carolina" to North Carolina Folklore for December 1957 and was the subject of a brief biographical sketch in that number. He has continued living in retirement at Greensboro and has retained his lively interest in North Carolina epitaphs.]

In the December 1957 North Carolina Folklore my article on "Grave Humor in North Carolina" was slanted toward the odd, curious, unconsciously humorous epitaphs found in our state. In the present adventure it is my purpose to note folk ways and wisdom as revealed in our graveyards, with the hope that the reader may be stimulated to find a larger folk interest in the older burying grounds. Since speaking to the North Carolina Folklore Society some years ago and since writing for North Carolina Folklore last year, I have thought more about epitaphs from the broader viewpoint and wish now that the look for the merely humorous had been coupled more with a look for the wider folk elements. Anyway, in preparation for this discussion, I visited again many of our most famous churchyards, west and far east; but, for the most part, the epitaphs referred to are found in Mecklenburg, Guilford, Orange, and older eastern counties.

Strange Customs

The discerning wanderer in any of our oldest cemeteries will find that customs have changed a great deal through the centuries in the kinds of memorials and in the wording of epitaphs. What does not meet the eye, however, though very interesting, are the changes in funeral practices. Many of the ancient eastern customs strike us today as horrible: for example, the sacrifice of animals and servants at the death of the master, a practice which never came to England or America. But many of the customs connected with death, like burying at night, employing professional mourners, burying criminals at cross-roads, did enter England. There was at least one instance of professional mourners being hired in New England.

Some of the widely prevailing funeral customs of early American are almost unbelievable. A few of these lasted until recent times. In view of the former somber attitude toward death and toward the world as a low-ground of sorrows and a vale of tears, it is amazing that funerals at one time were regular drinking parties. Indeed, they became so noisy in Boston that the authorities forbade Sunday funerals. When a minister died the town honored him with the meats and drinks. Where a person was very poor the town would furnish the rum and hard cider. You read in the old journals that the alcoholic stimulants consumed at a poor person's funeral often cost five times as much as the coffin. Naturally, from the viewpoint of old times, the drying up of funerals ruined them!

Another custom which grew to fantastic proportions was that of sending gold rings, kid (and other kinds of) gloves, and various kinds of mourning jewelry by way of invitation to the funeral. Only the well-fixed, of course, could indulge this way of inviting friends to a funeral. Pride was, is, and shall be! For instance, the wife of Waitstill Winthrop spent one-fifth of his estate on his funeral. Translated into present dollar values it equaled \$25,000. Solid gold mourning rings, appropriately engraved with "Prepare for Death," "Death parts United Hearts," "Death Conquers All," et cetera, were quite expensive, as were kid gloves. Those people of a position equal to Winthrop's were sent gold rings;

others received jewelry or gloves according to their rank. One Puritan divine collected during his life a quart measure full of gold rings, not to mention over 2000 pairs of kid gloves! The plain fact is that mourning dress, meat, drinks and other funeral expenses got so out of hand that the state passed laws limiting funeral expenses.

In earlier days, the place of interment was determined by one's position in the community. Certain classes were ruled out of churchyards altogether. Burial within the church itself created unseemly rivalry, as did the seating of the living. Though within a few old North Carolina churches there are graves with flat stone markers, I know of no epitaph that reflects jealousy. One outstanding thing about our cemeteries -- and many epitaphs -- is that death is an equalizer, even if there is a pauper's section and even if there is great disparity in the costs of the monuments. An epitaph from England illustrates a very human element:

Here lie I at the Chapel door;
Here lie I because I am poor;
The farther in the more you pay;
Here lie I as warm as they.

Some of the trappings of death and the customs connected with it, like stationery with a band of black, and mourning cards, like turning pictures and mirrors to the wall and closing the shutters of the parlor, like men wearing black crepe on the hat or arm, like burying valuables with the dead (grave robbers stopped that), like tolling the bell during the funeral procession to and from the church, like that of women wearing mourning for months, like the dark oblong boxes and the tasseled hearses -- have passed away, some in our day. Some of the words, however, remain; but their meanings have changed, as hearse or pallbearer. The pall, a large black cloth which was carried by pallbearers over the coffin and the heads of the coffin or under-bearers, long ago ceased to be used; but the term remains, even if there is no pall.

Not only these trappings, but the services, too, have changed. In the earliest days there were no funeral sermons, or even a prayer; ministers were present, but the memorial part consisted of verses, usually puns on the name, tacked on to the coffin or published in broadsides. From a rather secular funeral there was a gradual change to a funeral service of an hour or longer; and from that to a 20-30 minute dignified service of song, reading, and prayer. The funeral is no longer so funereal. In old New England and no doubt in old Edenton and New Bern, children were required to attend funerals, to look on the dead and to hear the rattle of dirt on the boards, the idea being to prepare them to follow after. When has the reader seen a child on such an occasion! Or how often has he seen the minister use a handful of dirt or even a flower, or heard him say "dust to dust"? An epitaph reading "Dust unto dust" in time may need as much explanation as does "well sweep" in Whittier's "Snow Bound."

I am mentioning these changes (among many) to lead up to changes in the tombstone itself and to the grave wisdom found thereon. The earliest stones in North Carolina (and America), hard slate imported from England, were humble enough; but the striking thing about these is the non-Christian symbols: skulls, death masks, crossbones, and chubby cherubs. Christian symbols came later. The carvings on these early stones are, however, often quite original and artistic. Except for the odd, curious, humorous, most of the epitaphs, while representing folk thinking, do not pretend to be original. Conformity seems to have been the chief virtue--conformity in wording and in thinking. Hence the delight in finding an epitaph unconventional both in wording and in thought.

One custom has remained constant from centuries before Christ to the present, namely, burying the dead facing the East. The belief was that the call to judgment -- the proclamation of Doomsday -- would come with the rising sun. This idea was common among American Indians (the Navahos even have the entrance to their homes facing the East). To the Christian, the rising sun was symbolic of the Resurrection. The idea of a return to living here must explain the small, equipped houses over the graves of Indians at White Horse on the Yukon.

So far as I know, there have been only two perpendicular burials in North Carolina: one was of a soldier at Beaufort, and another, according to Miss Gertrude Carraway of New Bern, was that of A.I. Credle, 1844, at St. George's Episcopal Church, Hyde County. Credle had suffered all his life from asthma and by specific request was buried "standing up," since he "couldn't rest lying down." There is a significance of another kind, however, in the sitting position of American Indian burial, like the embryonic position of Palestinians centuries before Christ. Both positions suggest a belief in a physical resurrection or re-birth.

Infant Mortality: Pattern of Words and Thought

Anyone's faith (and a people's) is surely tried in the death of a child or young person, and in the 17th, 18th, and most of the 19th centuries religious beliefs often rescued parents and friends from despondency. Naturally these epitaphs for the young are found throughout our state and the further back in time the greater the number of infant graves. Naturally, too, these epitaphs are personal, emotional, often poignant, and sometimes really poetical; but religious hope and consolation is common to them all, and "predestination, election, and eternal combustion," notwithstanding, I have never seen an epitaph for the very young that was not triumphant in faith. No inscription at all is necessary, however, as to pathos when you see five infant graves by those of William Alexander Graham and wife, Hillsboro, or at Brunswick, five by their parents, William and Margaret Hill. Infant mortality was so common in early times that one can understand why elders began preparing the young for early death. The ABC's of the primer emphasized the shortness of life. It was a long time before K stood for "It is youth's delight to fly a kite"!

The following are representative of the imagery and religious connotations of epitaphs for children found throughout North Carolina, no matter what the church affiliation.

New Garden Burying Ground, Guilford College:

"Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." This scripture is a common comfort. "Safe in the arms of Jesus"; "Asleep in Jesus"; "A bud on earth but a flower in Heaven"; "Budded on earth to bloom in Heaven" -- dozens of variations of this. "Death comes like a wintry day and cuts the lovely flower away"; "A jewel on earth but an Angel in heaven." More philosophical: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

This from Washington is much more elaborate and unusual in its imagery:

Here lies interred
Arabella Fohey
Who went
Where no traveler returns
Oct. 28th, 1803
Aged 2 years and 58 days

The soul secure, in her existence smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away - the sun himself
Grown dim with age and nature sinks in
vain

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of nature and the crash of
world.

A disconsolate Mother
Caused this monument to be
erected
to the memory of a
favorite and only child.

In a number of inscriptions some consolation seems to have been found in the
child's escape from this world's woes:

Greenville --

Just as the morning of her life
Was opening into day
Her young and lovely spirit passed
From earth and grief away.

Fayetteville --

Evelyn Duncan
A sweet little flower too tender
to stay
From this world's chilly blast was
hurried away

St. James Churchyard, Wilmington--

Sibly Ann
their daughter
D. 1817 A. 13
months and 19 days
Let the mourner check the murmuring
sigh,
For 'tis best when youth and virtue
die
Let those who live religion's path
persue
By that alone is happiness secure.

New Garden --

"Taken from the evil to come."

Death, an Escape

It is striking that hundreds of "last words" suggest that the deceased had a
pretty hard time on earth; and no doubt many did, especially one-hundred-odd
years ago.

Deep River, Friends Burying Ground, High Point --

Dear mother, now gone to rest,
Thy toils and cares are o'er
And sorrow, pain and suffering now
Shall ne'r distress thee more.

Buffalo (Presbyterian) Greensboro --

Mary Ann Paisley
second daughter of Rev. Wm. T. Paisley
Who departed this life the 27th day of July, 1830
in the 28th year of her age.
Far from affliction, toil and care,
Her happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here
Among the silent dead

Gloomy Contemplations

In days of stricter orthodoxy death is pictured in realistic fashion.

Sugaw Creek Presbyterian, near Charlotte --

Elizabeth Orr
Died February 30, 1798
32 years old
"Let Worms devour my wasting frame
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God will raise my frame afresh
At the revival of the just."

John McCord
Died April 3, 1809
Aged 68 years
"Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping Mortal lies
And pants away his Breath.
His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then speechless with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu."

Happier Contemplations

There are more like these, calm philosophical appraisals:

Deep River --

Mary L. Scott
1824-1904
Gathered in a good old age
to the assembly of the
righteous.

New Garden --

Franklin G. Frazier

1838 - 1923

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a ripe age, like as a shock of
corn cometh in his season.

Waynesville --

Colonel Robert Love

A lieutenant in the struggle of 1776
was a member of the Presbyterian
Church

died July 17th, 1845

The hoary head is a crown of glory
if it be found in the way
of righteousness

Hillsboro --

In the old Presbyterian Churchyard of this historic town (William Hooper, one of our three signers of the Declaration, William Alexander Graham, Archibald Murphy, Berry, Brown, Nash, Strudwick, Hooker, Webb, Holt, and other state builders buried here) there are many Bible epitaphs. One of the most striking of these is on the monument of

Dr. Michael Holt

April 11, 1811 - May 16, 1858

At the top of the marble, beautifully chiseled and perfectly clear after a hundred years, are the following symbols: A palm, a cord loosed, a broken bowl, a fountain with a broken pitcher by it, a cistern or well with a broken wheel. Below the above name and dates:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern:
And the dust return to the earth as it was,
And the spirit return unto God who gave it.
Ecclesiastes, C 12 V 6-7

In the same churchyard there is an epitaph somewhat like one in New Bern:
Judge William Norwood:

This simple stone,
What few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man.

Most-Repeated Inscriptions

No doubt the most frequently found inscriptions on both humble and fine markers is this: "Gone but not forgotten." These brave words are pathetic in their irony when the grave is covered with weeds and the stone itself topples to oblivion. A close second in frequency are these words: "He [or She] is not dead but sleeping." Death, it would seem, has always been likened to sleep and rest. Hence "At Rest" is a very common epitaph. Incidentally, the word cemetery means a sleeping place. Lines from the Psalms occur frequently: "He giveth his beloved sleep," for instance.

Folk Beliefs -- and Doubts

Naturally epitaphs suggest many religious faiths and sometimes a lack of any religion, though I have found no atheist's memorial in our state. Often, over the entire state, membership in a certain church is emphasized, the Baptist church for instance in Cedar Grove, New Bern. Sometimes there is a single departure from the faith, as in Deep River (Quaker):

William Freid

1839 - 1900

He was a Confederate Soldier

and at New Garden (Quaker):

William Thomas Parker

Nov. 21, 1861

July 6, 1922

"A life long Friend, but never a Pacifist."

St. James --

In Memory of

Mrs. Mary Clay Poole

Who departed this life Nov. 9, 1792, aged 27 years

From this last tribute of affection from an
afflicted husband to a beloved wife,

Learn, Reader, the uncertainty of human
comforts, and the vanity of human life.

Cornelius Harnett

April 20, 1781, Aged 58 years

Slave to no sect, he took no private road,
But looked through nature up
to nature's God.

In

Memory of

Capt. Daniel Durfey

Who departed this life

Nov 10, 1793

in the 42 year of his age.

Great God is this our certain doom

And are we still sure

Will walking downwards to our tomb

And yet prepared no more

Last Words and Death-bed Requests

These are often reflected in epitaphs and are usually put in quotation marks. In olden times great importance was attached to dying words. An interesting request (among many) carried out is found in New Garden:

Althea Coffin

1798 - 1891

Died in Indiana, 1891. Buried in her wedding dress made in 1817.
Brought back here according to promise by her son, Addison Coffin,
at the end of ten years. A widow 65 years.

Occasionally the epitaph was written by the deceased, for instance, Rufus Powell,

Raleigh --

"Going I know not where
To contend with I know not what"

Deep River --

B. F. Briggs
1829 - 1864
"I would not live always"

(Which reminds me of a very human, if humorous, epitaph from Georgia:

"I told you I was sick.")

In Deep River, also, the famous dying words of Stonewall Jackson must have been on the lips of another--B. F. Briggs:

B. F. Briggs
1835 - 1883
Let us pass over the river
and rest under the shades of
the trees

Others -- "Mark the Perfect Man"; "Write me as one who loved his fellow men."

Sermons and Warnings

On numerous monuments the dead are represented as admonishing or instructing the living:

Buffalo Church, Greensboro --

Thankful Ann
Consort of Joub Hiatt
died January 28, 1829.
I have found redemption in the Blood of the Lamb.
Reader, hast thou?

Hannah Kerr
Who was born
Feb. 18, 1801
and departed this life
July 17, 1835
The while ye hear my heart strings break,
How sweet
My minutes roll!
A mortal paleness
Upon my cheeks
And glory in my soul.

There are hundreds of variations of this in our state:

Perquimans County --

Stop, blooming youth, as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so must you be.
Prepared for Death and Eternity.

Beaufort --

James Bust
1792 - 1865
Boast not thyself of tomorrow

St. James Churchyard, Wilmington --

M. Eliza Hobbs
Late consort of Joel
C. Hobbs
D. 1808 Age 31 years
Transferred to heaven Eliza has no
share
In the dull movements of this world
of care
Ye thoughtless fair her early death
bemoan
And while ye mourn her fate think on
your own.

Fayetteville --

Robert Adam
Merchant
Died 1801 age 42
Stranger: welcome to this Scene;
The last in nature's course;
The first in wisdom's thought.

Folk love of old hymns, especially revival ones, and purple passages from the Bible are abundantly shown in our cemeteries. Think of any widely used quotation or hymn; it may be found on a tombstone!

What's in a Name?

There is a great deal in a name when it comes to first names on tombstones. Consider what moral values are suggested by these unusual ones: Supply, Submit, Brevity, Unite, Remember, Charity, Hope, Humility, Faith, Patience, Love, Thankful, Wrestling (with evil, of course), Constance, Waitstill, Hopestill, and naturally many Biblical characters. Two illustrations of Biblical names in New Garden:

William Hunt - Sarah Mills Hunt
Children: Uriah, Isaiah, Nathan, John,
Eleazar, Margaret, Hannah & William

Eleazar Hunt - Lydia Hunt
Children: Zadoc, Ithamar, Ashur, Asahel,
Beulah, Zimri, Hiram, Stephen, and John

One trembles to think what the results would be if we named our children after what is uppermost in our minds! Suffice it to say there would be lots of "Mortgage Johns" and "Installment Anne's," and little "Cadillac Henrys" and "Washing Machine Marys" running about.

Grave History

Something valuable has been lost not only in quaintness but in biographical facts, in the current fashion of inscribing only the family name on a tombstone. Consider, for illustration, St. Philip's Church at Brunswick. The name of Brunswick is not even on your map. Yet this was a thriving and important port two hundred years ago. Only the stone foundations of the houses remain -- and these only recently brought to light; only the earth breastworks of Fort Anderson; only the thick walls of long-ago-roofless St. Philip's Episcopal Church stand, but the walls stand in majestic beauty and telling silence; within the walls of the old church and especially outside are graves covered by costly full-length marble slabs, with detailed facts and touching epitaphs which give one an eerie feeling as well as a look into one of North Carolina's earliest and most promising towns. Anyone who visits Orton Plantation below Wilmington should go a mile or so below to Brunswick, founded by Maurice Moore, 1725, and see what, under the direction of our State Department of History and Archives, may become only second in historical interest to Tryon Palace at New Bern. Note this epitaph, for instance, from this quiet depth of tall pine and creeping vine:

Alfred Moore (after whom Moore County was named)
Born May, 1755 - Died Oct 15, 1810
Captain of First Regiment, Continental Line
1775-1777
Attorney General of North Carolina
1792-1798
Judge Superior Courts
1798-1799
Justice of U.S. Supreme Court
1799-1805
A Grandson of the founder of Brunswick

Generalities - Conclusion

Within the limits of this article it has not been possible to illustrate fully the observations made, or to discuss and illustrate all the family relationships, the professions, trades, peculiar persons, certain superstitions, unusual "dying requests," much less the epitaphs of distinguished colonial leaders, of famous events and persons, or tombstone poetry, or historic old graveyards themselves (Edenton, Bath, Brunswick, Washington, Wilmington, Plymouth, Buffalo, Sugaw Creek, Steel's Creek, and others). So, the conclusion of this article is a generality: Epitaphs of another day reveal past or passing folk ways, language, and thoughts; they involve most human relationships, and human hopes and fears as to the hereafter.

TALES OF THE STORM

By Dallas Mallison

[Mr. Mallison was born and schooled in the North Carolina coast country. A graduate of Atlantic Christian College and North Carolina State College, he also studied at Cornell University and George Peabody College. He has had extensive experience in educational work and public service in North Carolina and has done some free-lance writing. To North Carolina Folklore for December 1958 he contributed an article, "Neuse River Lighthouse: The Old Lightkeeper and His Tales."]

Devastating tropical hurricanes have visited every generation of eastern North Carolina folk one or more times. Thus, nearly all coastal residents have had personal experience with these hurricanes. In addition to the big blows which occurred before 1900, some within the memory of living residents, major tropical storms within this century have taken place in 1913, 1933, 1953, 1954, and 1955. "Hazel" of 1954 and "Ione" of 1955 are vividly remembered for their great ferocity and extensive damage.

These hurricanes have been a great stimulus to the folk imagination. Numerous stories have been told about what happened. Embellished and exaggerated through re-telling over the years, many of these stories long ago outstripped fact and took on something of the quality of the tall tale.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to assess truth and fiction in these stories, but merely to relate some of them in their present forms.

The Babe in the Crib

One of the most fantastic of these tales of the storm concerns the aerial flight a baby is said to have taken at the height of the 1913 storm, believed to have been one of the most ferocious of the century. The locale of this story is variously given as Neuse River, Bogue Sound, or some other large body of water in coastal North Carolina.

It is told that when the wind was blowing one hundred miles per hour or more the roof of a house near Neuse River (or Bogue Sound or some other large body of water) was snatched off, and the crib of a baby sleeping below was lifted high in the air, blown across a seven-mile stretch of water, and then gently deposited on the sands of the opposite shore. Not only was the baby unharmed and none the worse for its experience of having been transported for several miles high on the bosom of the storm; it was not even awakened. It was still sleeping soundly and peacefully when, a short time later, it was found by persons living near the spot where the crib landed.

Islanders or others not acquainted with hurricanes are inclined to award to "The Babe in the Crib" first prize for the biggest lie of the year. Yet there are many similar stories in eastern North Carolina, tales of persons being bodily picked up by the wind, carried aloft various distances, and then deposited, uninjured, on the ground below.

The Flying Calf

Sometimes similar tales concern animals. One concerning a three-months-old calf is related as having taken place during the 1913 or the 1933 storm, and its locale varies among the eastern counties.

A baby calf was lifted high on the wings of the storm from a clearing in which it had sought refuge, carried aloft in mid-air for at least three miles, and then gently let down, unhurt, on a plowed field. There it was found after the storm subsided, and returned to its mother.

Grass in the Wood

Found circulating widely in coastal Carolina counties are accounts of fragile blades of grass or bits of weeds found driven clear through pieces of wood or planks, or deep into live trees.

One instance of this phenomenon of the 1933 storm is given by a still-living ex-school teacher and member of the Whartonsville Free Will Baptist Church of Pamlico County. He stoutly declares that after the storm was over he picked up a plank through which several blades of grass had been driven. He says that the plank was of oak or gum, and that there was no evidence of knotholes or breaks at the points of entrance.

Similarly, a Pamlico farmer, still living, affirms that he saw wheat straws, blown from a field nearby, driven through the bark and into the wood of a live oak tree. Other variants of the story involve pieces of wood, poles, or live trees.

Churches on the Move

It is to be expected that tales of the storm include stories relating seemingly miraculous happenings to churches and their contents during tropical hurricanes.

Under a Swan Quarter date-line, a roving Tar Heel reporter, Johnny Corey, came up with what may be a classic example of this type of story. He told it in a state-wide release several years ago. Since it is doubtful that his way of telling it can be improved upon, it is re-told here in his own words, with due credit to his authorship.

"The only noticeable general difference between Providence Methodist Church of this coastal village and any other Tar Heel Methodist church is the picturesque canal flowing by its entrance.

"But there's a greater variance, although not seen by the eye. Providence Methodist Church is spoken of as a 'church moved by the hand of God.'

"It got the title in 1876, according to an article by Kate Smith, when Swan Quarter Methodists appealed to a rich landowner to donate a choice lot for the new Methodist Church. Money was scarce in 1876 and he sharply replied, 'I can't help you. I have plans for that land.'

"Discouraged, the people acquired a lot on a back street and built a modest wooden structure on brick pilings.

"On dedication night, a terrific storm burst over the village, angry tides and whining winds ripping the area. By morning, waters flooded the streets everywhere.

"Finally, the winds subsided, but the turbulent waters still swirled through the streets of this Hyde County village.

"Then a strange thing occurred.

"According to author Smith: 'The new church shuddered, then floated from its spindly brick pilings. Sluggishly it moved down the street, gaining speed as it drifted. At an intersection, it paused in the churning waters, then veered sharply, continuing its voyage to the heart of the village.'

"Author Smith continues: 'Moments later it slowly settled -- on the very plot of land the rich man had refused to donate to the congregation!'

"The first man at the office of the register of deeds next morning was the rich man himself. He deeded the property to the Methodist Church without cost.

"The rich man said, 'I had plans for that land, but it appears that God had His, too!'

"Present pastor of the church is the Rev. A. H. Stone."

The Greensboro Daily News carried the story on April 22 under a two-column headline, "Village Church Moved 'By the Hand of God.'" The headline writer appropriately sub-titled the story "To the Chosen Land."

Faces Another Street

What happened to the Oriental Free Will Baptist Church during the 1933 hurricane is well-known to the older residents of that Neuse River town. While the broad outlines of this story are well authenticated, there are some aspects that border on the fanciful or imaginative. For that reason it is worth recalling here.

During the decades of its worth-while existence, the church prior to the 1933 hurricane had faced west at its location on the main street at a residential-street intersection. The high winds and the six-to-ten-foot tides swept the building from its foundations in the 1933 storm, turning it halfway round, so that the next morning it was facing south and the side street.

Members of the church found it easier and cheaper to let the building remain where the storm had deposited it, placing it in its new position on a new foundation. Ever since, it has faced south and the intersecting residential street. All this is a matter of history.

Certain living prominent members assert that some extraordinary things happened as the building was being torn from its old foundations and moved halfway round. A leading member, wife of a veteran ex-county commissioner, asserts that, despite all the motion caused by the moving of the building, a vase of freshly-cut flowers on the piano remained undisturbed. (The storm swept in over the week end.) The vase was found still standing upright on the piano, with every flower in place and not a single drop of water spilled! This lady also declares that a tray of freshly-washed communion glasses, placed on a table just before the storm, preparatory for an early service, was found still resting on the table, with every one of the tiny glasses in its right position, not one broken or turned upside down. Moreover, the wine which had been poured as the storm approached remained in the glasses, with not a tiny drop spilled out on the table.

During the storm of August 1933, this same church suffered the loss of a beloved huge tree which had stood near the building for many decades. Used,

brilliantly lighted, as a Christmas tree by several generations of members, it is sadly missed.

The Church Balcony for Slaves

In this same storm a large and ancient tree which had stood by the side of historic old Kershaw Methodist Church, located near Oriental, was blown down, falling across the middle of the old building. Though rebuilt soon thereafter, the structure is no longer in use, since the church organization, reputed to have been the oldest Methodist congregation in Pamlico County, was recently formally dissolved.

The remarkable feature of this incident was that in falling across the old building's center the tree left completely undamaged the balcony at the rear, which tradition says was used for the better part of a century by Negro slaves who worshiped together with their white owners. Thus, some members of the congregation felt symbolical significance in the fact that a tempestuous outburst of nature left untouched the spot where men of dark skin sought their Creator with men of white skin.

Moving Goes Nowhere

In both the 1913 and the 1933 storms the Pamlico Methodist Church, located on Broad Creek, not far from Oriental, was shifted from its foundations. Moved only a few inches, it may be said, in comparison with the Providence Church in Hyde County and the Free Will Baptist Church at Oriental, to have got nowhere. It stayed put. Despite several tropical hurricanes, it tenaciously clings to the same position it has occupied for most of this century, facing the main street of the tiny fishing hamlet.

The "Sarah Jones" Rocking Chair

Still in service on the little front porch of the general store run by an ex-postmaster (now in his seventies) in the Whartonville fishing hamlet, situated just across Broad Creek from Pamlico hamlet, is an old rocking chair. It is a huge chair, originally made of oak but patched with cedar. There is a tale of how it came to rest where it is.

The old chair is believed to have made a long journey thither during the 1933 storm. As the waters receded, the eldest son of the old storekeeper noticed a large object floating around in front of the store. It was a rocking chair, not badly damaged, and was easily repaired. Carved on it was the name "Sarah Jones." This was the only clue to where it came from and who its original owner was.

At that time there were several Sarah Joneses in the general vicinity. One was a young girl living at Florence, a few miles away. Several miles away, and across Bay River, was the Mesic community, where lived a number of Joneses, including more than one Sarah. Apparently the chair belonged to none of these.

It was concluded that the most likely "Sarah Jones" was a Negro woman living in the colored section of the "Down-the-Neck" community. This community was situated on the other side of spacious Broad Creek and on the other side of still another creek, in a heavily-wooded section. This Sarah Jones was an old woman at the time, well-known as the occupant of the rocking chair. It

is difficult to figure out how the chair made its long and circuitous land-and-water journey.

How it did so is a matter of pure conjecture or "rocking-chair" logic. In a hurricane, "Finders are keepers." No serious effort was ever made to locate the real Sarah Jones who owned the rocking chair.

THE ELEVENTH CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

The Eleventh Carolina Folk Festival, sponsored by the University of North Carolina Folklore Council, was held in Memorial Hall of the University campus on Saturday evening, May 18, 1959. The program was planned by a committee of the Council composed of Messrs. Norman Cordon (chairman), I. G. Greer, John E. Keller, Donald MacDonald, and Mack J. Preslar. Messrs. Cordon and MacDonald acted as masters of ceremonies.

There was a variety of dances. The Glenn School Dancers, directed by Mrs. Catherine Wynne, and The Dixieland Square Dancers of Raleigh, directed by Miss Ruth Jewel, performed American dances in the main. The Queen City's Own Scottish Dancers of Charlotte, directed by Miss Sally Southerland, and The Scottish Country Dancers of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, directed by Miss Barbara Gowitzke, exhibited several varieties of Scottish dances, including "America" and "Petronella." Pipe Major Jack Smith of Winston-Salem furnished the music for a number of these. A team of University of North Carolina athletes, directed by Miss Ruth Price, performed the Flamborough Sword Dance. Mrs. Katherine Cate of Raleigh described a number of Brazilian folk dances and illustrated some of them in costume.

The number and the range of folksong offerings were rich. Mr. Forrest Covington of Burlington sang three of the Child ballads. Miss Joan Moser of Swannanoa also sang several of the Child-ballad favorites, including "The Farmer's Curst Wife." Mr. Herbert Shellans of Chapel Hill sang two more recent folksongs and gave a place on the program to Mr. Philip Kennedy of Charlotte, who sang "John Henry." Messrs. Gilbert Kushner and Michael Merbaum, University of North Carolina students, presented a number of songs, including one of Israeli origin.

A unique feature of the program was an interpretation of Negro character and folklore by Mrs. Lucille Turner of Forest, Virginia. This consisted of anecdotes about Negroes, Negro prayers and monologues, illustrations of the rhythm of Negro music and dancing by means of tin cans used as drums, and several songs. Her accompanist was Mr. Joe Tanner.

Attendance at the festival was good. The audience was receptive and appreciative. Individuals who have commented on the program have praised its variety and quality.

THE BALLAD-HUNTING HENRYS

By Mrs. Mellinger E. Henry

[Mellinger E. Henry, a New Jersey schoolteacher, was an indefatigable collector of folksongs of the Appalachians, and edited and published several collections of them. He was assisted by his wife, who is now living at Montreat, North Carolina. Last year the Editor of North Carolina Folklore invited Mrs. Henry to write some reminiscences of the Henrys' adventures as ballad hunters. She did so, with the assistance of her sister, Miss Julia Stokes, who lives with her.]

Mr. Henry and I were married on August 3, 1921, in Atlanta, Georgia. We lived in New Jersey and spent our summers in Montreat and Blue Ridge, North Carolina. One summer while in Blue Ridge, we attended a lecture on the ballad and folksong by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, who was a professor of Annapolis and had been president of the Virginia Folklore Society. He told his audience to go out and collect ballads. He spoke as if one could pick them like apples from a tree; but such is not the case.

While we were spending some time on the North Fork Road, out from Black Mountain, we asked our host about getting some mountain people to sing for us. He promised to do so. That night, when his neighbor, Mr. Riddle, arrived he would not sing if we had a light on the porch. It was hard for me to write the texts of the songs in the dark. However, we did secure several songs, and Mr. Riddle said he knew many more. We followed this start with visits to the Riddle home. Mr. Riddle had several children who knew the songs and sang for us.

One day while we were driving over the mountains in Eastern Tennessee to Cades Cove, we picked up a mountaineer and shared our lunch with him. He told me of some friends of his who knew old English ballads. We called on these friends, who turned out to be some of our greatest singers. They were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, who visited us often. When we first met them they lived in what is now the Great Smoky National Park. From this family we obtained over one hundred folksongs, some of the rarest kind; in fact, we obtained one ballad that had never been found in America before. This find created quite a stir among scholars. The rare ballad was "King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France." This is especially interesting as Sir Laurence Olivier has made a brilliant moving picture of Shakespeare's dramatic treatment of this conquest. Mr. Harmon sang the song straight through -- the sending of the tennis balls and all. Mr. Harmon said he could sing all night and narry (never) repeat.

In the ballads the words are almost always sad, even tragic, but the tunes are lifting. Often the words have been changed in the repeated singing of the ballads. I remember that, as a child, I often heard a song or hymn sung with the words mixed. I remember our church often sang a song with the phrase "Bringing in the sheaves." I used to sing it "Bringing in the cheese." So do the ballad singers often get their words mixed.

I asked Mrs. Harmon to sing the oldest song she knew. She said the oldest song she knew was "Bolakin." This turned out to be "Lamkin." She also said she knew "The Rich Man's Extra Tire." There was nothing about a tire in the song; it turned out to be "The Rich Man of Exeter."

We bought Professor Child's book and studied it very much, also Professor Hudson's collection of Mississippi folksongs. We soon felt we could identify any

version of any ballad we found. When we came home from a collection tour, we would sit down to identify the songs we had collected. We tried to find if our version was like any that had been found before, and we searched through all available books and magazines containing ballads. We went through all folklore magazines in the New York Public Library. If we could not find any exactly like ours then ours was "the Henry version."

Each summer when we went to Montreat we always drove over to Cades Cove in the Smokies and always stayed with John Oliver and his family. Oliver had a sign in front of his place which read "Oliver's Camp - Drunks and base characters excluded."

He was a Primitive (Hardshell) Baptist and very strict about music. Mr. Harmon would never bring his banjo when he came to sing for us, as he said Mr. Oliver did not like having a banjo played on his place. Oliver was the R.F.D. mail carrier for Cades Cove. One summer when we were there we were paid the highest compliment a mountain man ever paid anyone. While Mr. Oliver was talking to us he said, "Mr. Henry, we like you and Mrs. Henry; you are so nice and common." Now, he used the word as you speak of the Book of Common Prayer. We were very glad to hear this term used for us.

Oliver was the dictator of the place and tried to get rid of the blind tigers in the cove. We believe that our interest in the ballads did win over Oliver somewhat to see some good in music.

We always visited the Harmon family each summer. Mrs. Harmon told us that the Harmon grandchildren always looked forward to seeing the Henrys and would go to the highway about the time they expected us to come and would sit down on the side of the road and watch for a New Jersey car. When we drove up, the children always jumped up and down and gave us a great welcome. Mr. Henry always brought them some presents.

One summer we heard that the Harmon family had moved into North Georgia. We sent word through their friends that we had arrived. We invited them to come and visit us and be our guests at Oliver's Lodge. They arrived, fifteen strong, in a small Ford truck. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon were our guests, but the others visited friends and relatives in the Cove.

Mr. Harmon said, "We have seen a sight of things. This world is a mighty big place." The Harmons were among the first to sell out to the Great Smoky Mountain National Park and had moved a short way over the state line into Georgia.

The Music Division of the Library of Congress always kept on file a copy of all the songs we collected. The officials wanted to furnish a recording machine for our use in recording our singers, but Mr. Henry did not want to do this. So the library finally sent out a truck and a man to help us get the recordings. We met him one day and took him out to the Harmons' for Mr. Harmon to sing. Mr. Harmon was very timid at first but as soon as the ice was broken he sang several songs which are now in the Library of Congress.

When the man from Washington came out with the recording machine, we decided to take him out to let Mr. Harmon sing for him. It took us some time to get Mr. Harmon to understand what we wanted him to do. I kept telling Mr. Harmon to say his name and then sing his song. After a while he blurted out, "I'm Samuel Harmon" (fairly screaming his name). I said, "Sing, Mr. Harmon,

sing." He then started singing some old favorite like "The House Carpenter" and sang it to the end. Every now and then a cock would crow or one of the children would cry out. When he finally finished we asked him if he wanted to hear himself sing. He did; so we played the recording back to him. At first there was not a sound; then all of a sudden the record player screamed, "Samuel Harmon!" Mr. Harmon was so surprised he thought someone was calling him; so he answered "Yes, sir." Then when he realized it was his own voice he had the good humor to laugh at himself.

Ballads are still in the making. We have one on the sinking of the Titanic. Also we have one on the death of Floyd Collins, who was killed in a mine cave-in. I read in an Asheville paper not long ago that it had been 25 years since the death of Floyd Collins.

We have a ballad on the death of President Garfield. There is one about the young man who cannot find a job, so is looking for a wife with an old-age pension check.

There is a striking similarity in tone and plot among the ballads not only of England and Scotland but of Denmark and of other European countries as well. Composed before the time of Chaucer on, ballads played a familiar part in the lives of the plain people in that time as well as in our own mountains. Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher and other Elizabethan dramatists quote numerous ballad stanzas and tags in their plays.

This collecting of ballads was a vacation hobby with us for many years. We spent about fifteen summers in collecting the songs and in checking and re-checking their history. Collecting folklore is a fascinating hobby and very rewarding. The interest deepens the more you go into it. We published two collections of songs, Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands and Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians; also a song book with Maurice Matteson called Beech Mountain Folk-Songs and Ballads.

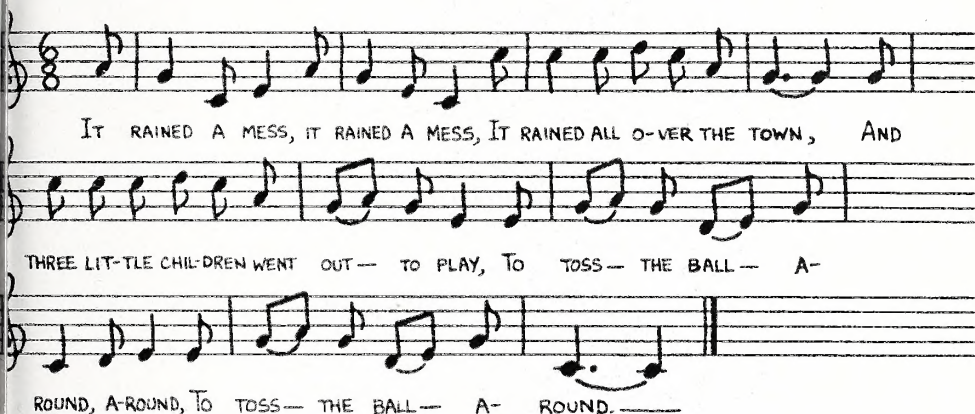
Mr. Henry died in January 1946. He knew I'd want to move South; so he said he was sorry he could not go with me. In October of that same year, my sister and I drove down to Montreat. Early in March of the following year I bought the house we are now living in. We are very much pleased with our adopted state and have enjoyed each day we have spent in North Carolina. The springs are lovely, the summers delightful. Montreat is beautiful beyond words and the winters are very pleasant. As I lived twenty-five years (all my married life) in New Jersey, we think the winters quite mild in comparison. We wish everyone could enjoy the beauty and loveliness of this place. The people who live here are wonderful. The conferences held in Anderson Auditorium each summer are very fine, entertaining, and educational. The summer people are delightful and friendly. Montreat College is very fine and attracts students of high rank. The fall season is best of all, with nature's paint brush over everything. The view from our porch is like that of a cathedral with colored windows. The beauty is out of this world. We never fail to exclaim over the beauty of the mountains. No wonder the mountain people love to sing.

A VARIANT OF "SIR HUGH"

By Walter McCraw

[A graduate of Elon College, and a teacher of English in the Roanoke Rapids (N. C.) High School, Mr. McCraw is pursuing graduate work at the University of North Carolina. For other North Carolina variants of his ballad, see The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vols. II, pp. 155-160; IV, pp. 82-83.]

This variant of Child ballad 155 was obtained by me from my sister-in-law, Miss Irene Rush, of Burlington, North Carolina. She learned the song from her mother, Mrs. Flora (Hooker) Rush. Mrs. Rush, who grew up in Carroll County, Virginia, had, in turn, learned the song from her mother. The ballad has been used, for as many generations as anyone can trace, as a lullaby.



IT RAINED A MESS, IT RAINED A MESS, IT RAINED ALL O-V-ER THE TOWN, AND

THREE LIT-TLE CHIL-DREN WENT OUT— TO PLAY, TO TOSS— THE BALL— A—

ROUND, A-ROUND, TO TOSS— THE BALL— A— ROUND. —

It rained a mess, it rained a mess,
It rained all over the town,
And three little children went out to play,
To toss the ball around, around,
To toss the ball around.

They tossed it high, they tossed it low,
They tossed it all over the ground,
But one tossed it over in a hard woman's yard
Where no one was allowed to go, oh, go,
Where no one was allowed to go.

"Come in, little boy, you shall have your ball,
Come in, you shall have your ball."
.....

"I shan't come in, I shan't come in,
Unless my playmates come too,
For I have been told that if once you go in,
You'll never come out any more, any more,
You'll never come out any more."

She showed him a bright red apple,
And then she showed him a chain,
And then she showed him a diamond ring,
To invite the little one in, oh, in,
To invite the little one in.

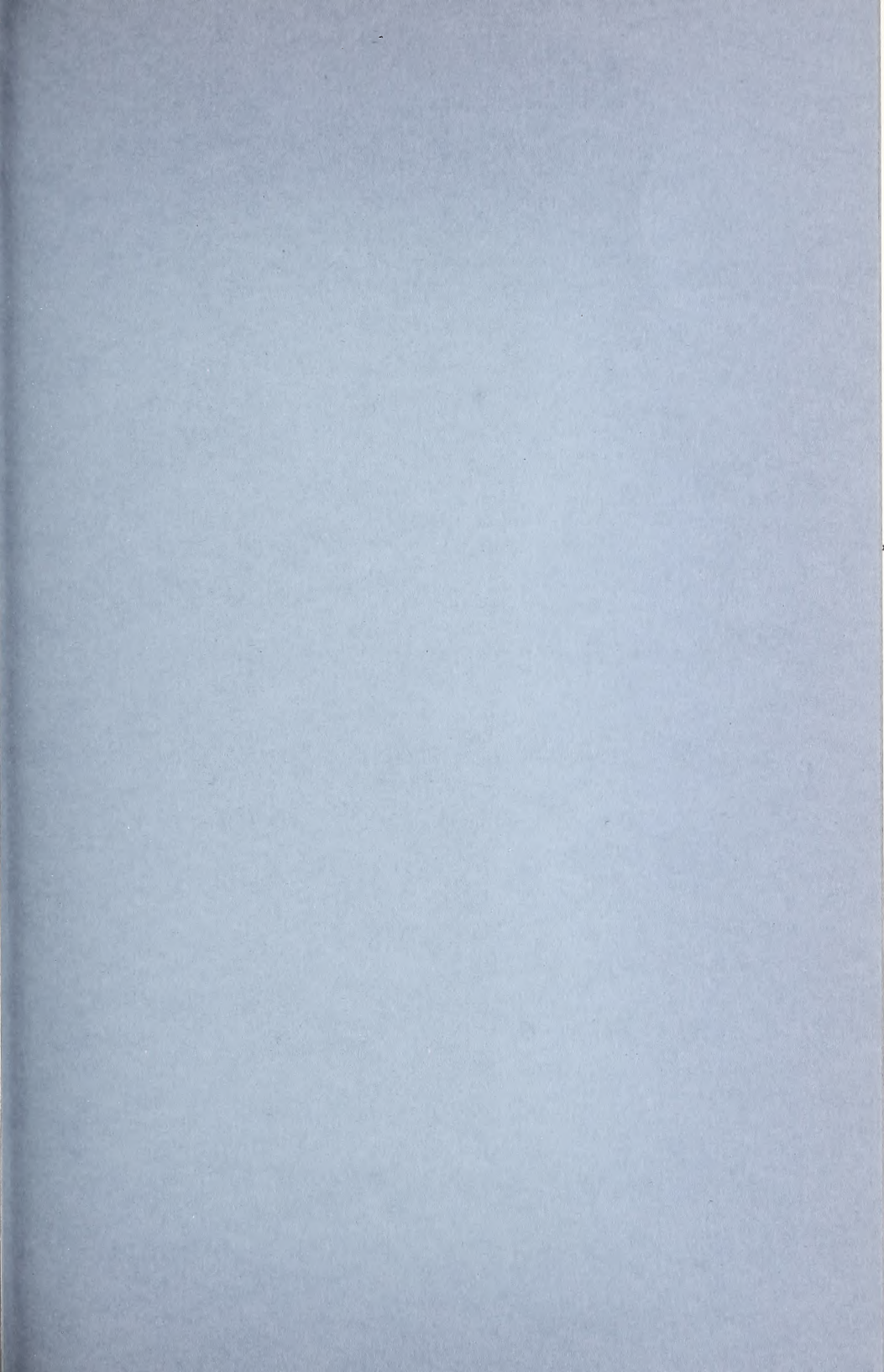
She took him by his lily white hand
And led him through the hall
And then into the dining room
Where no one could hear him call, oh, call,
Where no one could hear him call.

"Oh, please spare my life, oh, please spare my life,
Oh, please spare my life," he cried,
"And if I live to be forty years old,
My treasures will all be thine, oh, thine,
My treasures will all be thine."

"Please put my prayer book at my feet,
The Bible to my head,
And when my playmates call for me,
Please tell them that I am dead, oh, dead,
Please tell them that I am dead."

She pinned a napkin over his face,
She pinned it with a pin,
And then she took a carving knife,
And carved his little heart in, oh, in,
And carved his little heart in.

She put the prayer book at his feet,
The Bible at his head,
And when his playmates called for him,
She told them that he was dead, oh, dead,
She told them that he was dead.





NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE ALLEN FAMILY OF HILLSVILLE, VIRGINIA

By Robert M. Rennick

[For a number of years Mr. Rennick has been engaged in collecting and singing folksongs. He holds the B.S. and the M.S. degrees in rural sociology from the University of Wisconsin and is pursuing the Ph.D. degree in sociology at the University of North Carolina.]

A substantial number of native American folk ballads have been composed to commemorate what mountain folk are wont to refer to as "family troubles." These ballads, like the "Rowan County Troubles," celebrating the Martin-Tolliver feud, and "J. B. Marcum" and "Bloody Breathitt," in which the Hargis-Cockrell wars of Eastern Kentucky are related, reflect the avid interest such local personalities and events seem to excite among the inhabitants of American rural communities. This manner of treating local occurrence is an old-world trait brought to this country by the immigrant ancestors of our contemporary mountaineers from the British Isles, where, particularly in Scotland, the accounts of the exploits of leading families have long been celebrated in ballad and song.

Family troubles, among American back-country folk, as among the inhabitants of the Scottish Border region, are seldom referred to as "feuds," although they are essentially feuds. In the days when men were used to taking the law into their own hands, and insults, hurts, and differences of opinion were regarded as legitimate grievances neither to be forgiven nor forgotten, entire family groups or clans often took upon themselves the cause of one of their members. In many instances, this practice involved difficulties with other families which were not settled until a lengthy war of revenge had destroyed most of the members of both families, for such matters were affairs of honor, and one could not rest until his family's name had been vindicated.

Some difficulties, on the other hand, involved relations with the law. Here again, the entire family would come to the loyal support of one of its members who had got into trouble. If they felt he had been wrongly accused, which was true much of the time, they would openly defy the sheriff and the court, release their kinsman from jail, or hinder the orderly course of justice by kidnapping a witness or juror or by "shooting up" the courthouse.

The Allen Family tragedy was just such an occurrence. To show their contempt for the legal proceedings against Floyd Allen, one of their number, several members of his family proceeded to "shoot up" the courthouse in which he was being tried, killing or wounding at least a dozen persons. The event and its antecedents occurred in Hillsville, the seat of Carroll County, Virginia, in 1911-12.

This paper is an account of the Allen incident, the personalities involved, the events leading up to the shooting, and those which ultimately occurred as justice took its legitimate course. The writer's sources of information are contemporary court records from the Commonwealth of Virginia, hearsay evidence, and isolated, though significant, elements of folk tradition. For the sake of Allen family members and their friends who are still alive, informants must remain anonymous. The reader should also be warned that the description of the case as presented in this paper may not be in total agreement with other interpretations, for, as in most of such occurrences, eyewitness reports often differ from informant to informant, official records may not be complete, and the passage of time often dims the memories of even the most astute observers.

The Incident at the Courthouse

On the morning of March 14, 1912, in the courthouse at Hillsville, Virginia, one Floyd Allen, a fifty-five-year-old farmer and storekeeper, was tried and sentenced to one year in the state penitentiary on the charge of malicious obstruction of justice. As he stood at the bar with his defending counsel, Judge D. W. Bolen, the latter made a motion for a new trial on the grounds of newly discovered evidence. The presiding judge, Thornton L. Massie, agreed to hear the testimony of new witnesses on the following morning but refused to release the prisoner on bail until then. Claude, the defendant's son, was then called to the bar and given instructions by his father as to the procurement of the witnesses. As Claude walked away, Judge Bolen put his arm on the defendant's shoulder and said to him: "Now take it quietly, Floyd; there's a brighter day coming for you." "Oh, I'm going to take it calm," Floyd answered, "but I hate it on account of my boys."

The sheriff was directed to take charge of the prisoner, and as Sheriff Lew Webb stepped forward to place Floyd in custody, the defendant, who was then seated, rose slowly and told the court, "Gentlemen, I just ain't goin'." As he walked to the end of the bar, he felt under his sweater for his pistol. As if he had given a signal for the action to begin, he no sooner had his pistol in hand than a shot rang out from the northeast corner of the courtroom, and Judge Massie, on the bench, clutched his right shoulder in pain. As he turned to the direction from which the shot had been fired, a second shot issued from the same location, and the judge, now mortally wounded in the stomach, sank into his chair. Spectators, turning their attention to the northeast corner, spotted Claude and his uncle, Sidna Allen, standing side by side with guns in their hands. Claude, it was later brought out by witnesses, had fired the first shot, Sidna the shot which had killed Judge Massie.

Then all Hell broke loose in the Hillsville Courthouse! Law officers had by now drawn their guns when other members of the Allen family began firing as if at pre-selected targets. Floyd fired several shots into the sheriff. Young Friel Allen, Floyd's nephew, found his mark in Commonwealth's Attorney William M. Foster, who had prosecuted the case against the defendant. Shot in the head three times, Foster walked past his assailant and into the jury room, where he lay down on the jury table and died. Two other nephews, the Edwards brothers, Wesley and Sidna, who, as we are soon to see, figured prominently in the case, also had taken up positions in different parts of the room and were firing upon other members of the court. Somebody's guns found their mark in Dexter Goad, Clerk of the Court, wounding him, though not seriously. "From all parts of the room guns flashed and roared. Men cried out in fright, women screamed, and the wounded groaned in agony. The room was fast becoming a shambles."¹

When the firing was over and the smoke had cleared, Judge Massie, Sheriff Webb, and Attorney Foster were dead. Killed also, apparently by stray bullets, were C. C. Fowler, a juror, and a seventeen-year-old girl, Betty Ayres, who had appeared as a witness for the defense. A number of persons were wounded--two jurors, three spectators, Clerk Goad, and the two Allen brothers, Floyd and Sidna. Although Sidna Edwards was alleged to have fired at Goad, he had succeeded only in wounding him in the face. The clerk continued to fire at the Allens, following them out of the courthouse and into the yard as they sought to make their escape. Exchanging shots with Sidna Allen, Goad was hit in the leg; Allen was shot twice but not seriously. Floyd had also been shot in the leg, presumably by Goad while still in the courthouse. He stumbled out into the yard and tried to join his kinsmen, who were heading for their horses. The pain in his leg so impeded him, however, that they thought it best he stay behind as the others made their escape. Floyd was carried by friends to a nearby hotel where he remained with another son, Victor, until their arrest.

Who Were the Allens?

The Allens and many families like them residing in the Southern Mountains have always been much of an enigma to the Flatlander. His popular conception of a mountaineer is often that of uncouth, illiterate, half-civilized people inhabiting isolated mountain coves, engaging in the illicit manufacture of corn liquor, and making periodic forays into settled communities on "court day" for the purpose of getting drunk and "shooting up" the town.

Yet such a portrayal is hardly fair to the large majority of mountain folk whose industry, thrift, resourcefulness, and self-sufficiency have created a life for themselves amid the hardships of a rugged mountain wilderness.

Like their Scottish forebears, they are fiercely independent. Isolation has made them self-reliant, beholden to no one for what they cannot do for themselves. They are a stubbornly proud race of people, resisting any encroachment upon their simple way of life. As home and property owners, though they may be worth very little, they claim the right to dispose of what is legally theirs in any manner they see fit. The chief argument a mountaineer invariably uses in defense of his right to produce corn liquor on his own land is, "It is my land and my corn--why can't I do with my crop whatever I please?"² Because of their tradition of self-reliance and independence, mountaineers are contemptuous of all laws and government that are not of their own making. They place personal honor and family loyalty above any legal principle whose meaning and implications they do not understand. They are a "stalwart, a fearless people," writes Jean Thomas, proud of their heritage and their independence. Yet they are exceedingly noble in the common virtues of Christian living. The wealth of kindness and generosity is theirs, and no man, woman, or child who is in distress need ever be in want of a helping hand. Neighbor and stranger alike are welcome under their roof, "no matter how humble the fare."³

The Allens were typical of Virginia mountain people. Of Scottish descent, their ancestors had settled in the new world to escape the oppression of the old and to begin life in a country where men were free to live as they would. Like many of their fellow settlers, they fought in the Revolution that led to the development of our democratic nation. One of them, William Allen, Jr., passing through the lovely Fancy Gap region of Virginia on his way to the Battle of Guilford Court House, was attracted by the beautiful rolling countryside and settled there upon his return. There, in Carroll County, he raised his family to be fine, upstanding citizens, good farmers and businessmen--well-liked by their neighbors and fair in their dealings with others in the community.

But like other mountain men, they possessed the fierce determination to resist any interference with their personal affairs or those of any member of their family. They particularly resented legal restrictions upon their natural behavior and, although they had a solemn respect for the law in general, they saw numerous occasions of the flagrant violation of the personal rights of men by those elected to safeguard them. And like the fiercely independent men of the old Scottish tradition, they, too, often took the law into their own hands.⁴

Several instances of such self-enforcement by quick-tempered men such as the Allens led to their reputation, among those who were not personally acquainted with them, of being dangerous men with no respect for the law or regard for human life. They were popularly portrayed as "outlaws"--gangs of rough, uncouth, callous men bent only upon the destruction of life and property and the perverse flouting of civilized codes of morality. Most of them were, in truth,

none of these things.⁵ Though they lived by the moral code of retribution for a wrong (with Old Testament sanction), they were fair to those who treated them fairly and loyal to those who were their friends. They merely resented being taken advantage of and preferred to settle their difficulties in their own way.

It was their fiery, uncontrollable tempers, however, which were ultimately to get the Allens into trouble. Floyd had once said that if he were ever sentenced to prison, he would shoot the judge and the officers who held him. On another occasion, he and his brother Jack had got into a bitter argument and, losing their tempers, pulled their revolvers and began firing pointblank into each other's body. The duel ended only with Jack's loss of consciousness. Brother Jack had made some enemies as a local politician and businessman, and met his death several years after the family tragedy in a pistol exchange with one of them.

In view of their unsavory reputation, numerous crimes were attributed to members of the family. Sidna Allen was once brought up on a charge of counterfeiting but acquitted for lack of evidence. Young Claude, never in any serious trouble before the tragedy, may have operated a still near his home in violation of the revenue tax laws. His two cousins, the Edwards Brothers, Wesley and Sidna, had got into numerous fights with other young men of the neighborhood, and out of one of these grew the situation resulting in the Courthouse tragedy.

Events Leading up to the Tragedy

The incident which led to the Hillsville Courthouse affair was, in itself, the most trivial of occurrences and ordinarily need not have created the excitement it did. As Sidna Allen was to say of the event in his memoirs, written many years after the tragedy: "As the tiny flame of a match may light the fire that consumes a city, so may the most trivial act set in motion a trend of events destined to carry suffering and death into many homes.... The Hillsville Courthouse tragedy had its inception in an incident that has been duplicated thousands of times the country over without serious consequences."⁶

But often there is more to a situation than quite meets the eye. As the drama unfolds, it can be shown that other circumstances tended to contribute to the ultimate course of action, circumstances clearly relevant to an understanding of mountain justice and the Allen Family's customary recourse to legal self-determination.

One Saturday evening, in the spring of 1911, young Wesley Edwards, nineteen-year-old nephew of Floyd and Sidna Allen, met a lad named Thomas at a schoolhouse in the Fancy Gap community, several miles south of Hillsville. They exchanged bitter words over a matter having to do with a mutual female acquaintance, and they promised to meet each other again to straighten out the difficulty.

The next morning, Wesley and his brother Sidna, twenty-one, attended church services led by their uncle Garland Allen, brother of Floyd. During the hymn singing which precedes most sermons in the Primitive Baptist Church, Wesley was called outside. There he met his young adversary of the evening before and several other men. More bitter words were exchanged, and they fell to fighting. Sidna, attracted by the commotion outside and fearing that his brother might be in trouble, came out and joined in the fight. After several minutes, the Thomas faction was routed. The affray, of course, had completely disrupted the service of worship, and people poured out of the building to take sides.

Some time later, someone reported the incident to the authorities, and at the next session of the County Court an indictment was issued charging the Edwards brothers with disturbing religious worship and fighting. A warrant was ordered for their arrest.

Since the death of their father a number of years before, the Edwards brothers had been raised under the watchful eye and guidance of their Uncle Floyd. Among the three, there existed a strong mutual affection. They regarded their uncle as a father, and he regarded them as his own sons. So when they became aware of their predicament, they naturally sought his advice. He suggested that they go to North Carolina and lie low for a while and return to Virginia when they felt sure the case would have been forgotten. This they did. But the case was not forgotten. Although Carroll County officials had no jurisdiction in a neighboring state, they succeeded in eliciting the assistance of North Carolina law officers, who tricked the boys into returning to the state line. There they were immediately picked up by Carroll County sheriff's deputies and escorted back to Hillsville.

On their return to the Carroll County seat, the boys, in the custody of deputies Thomas P. (Pink) Samuels and Peter Easter, were met by their uncle Floyd. Deeply distressed when he found that they were not only handcuffed but tied with strong ropes to the wagon in which they rode, he immediately ordered their release on the grounds of the inhuman and undignified manner in which they were being conveyed. The officers refused and, so the story goes, Floyd leaped to the side of Deputy Samuels, wrenched his pistol from his hand, and struck him to the side of the wagon. He then released his nephews and took them home.

For this interference with the law, needless to say, Floyd Allen was in trouble. Both he and his brother Sidna were indicted for malicious obstruction of justice and assault upon an officer. (The charge against Sidna was later dropped, for, although the event had occurred in front of his store on the Fancy Gap Road, there was no evidence that he had taken any part in it.)

Soon after their release by Floyd, the Edwards brothers surrendered themselves to the court. Their trial was held in the Hillsville Courthouse in the May term of 1911. Wesley received a sentence of sixty days in jail, while his brother was sentenced to thirty days. As they were being conveyed to the local jail to serve their sentence, Floyd was heard to say to them, "Now, boys, go on to jail and serve out your sentences like men, and then go home and go to work, and don't get into any more scrapes." The whole trial was conducted quite peaceably despite the prevailing fear on the part of both the law officers and the general public that Floyd would forcefully intervene in behalf of his nephews.

The following day, Floyd was officially indicted for his role in the illegal release of the two brothers. Though postponed numerous times, the final hearing of his case before a jury was held on March 13, 1912, some ten months after his indictment was issued. Participating in the trial were Judge Thornton L. Massie, presiding, William M. Foster, representing the Commonwealth of Virginia as prosecuting attorney, and Dexter Goad, the Clerk of Court. A jury of twelve had been selected from among the local townsfolk--men who both knew the Allens and had done business with them.

Now Foster and Goad were prominent members of the local Republican organization, and if, as had been alleged by the Allens and those sympathetic to them, politics was an issue in the trial, the Democratic affiliations of the Allen family may have been a factor in the vigorous prosecution and the final outcome of the

case. It has also been suggested that the undignified treatment accorded the Edwards brothers in their conveyance to the Hillsville jail was inflicted in an effort to humiliate and embarrass the Allens or to incite Floyd, the family's natural leader, to a rash violation of the law.⁷ Whichever was the case, it succeeded. Not only were the Allens deeply hurt, but as we have seen, Floyd lost his uncontrollable temper, took the law into his own hands, and finally was brought to trial before his political enemies.

The case for the prosecution was swift but thorough. The grounds for indictment lay in testimony by deputy Peter Easter that Floyd had deliberately intervened in the execution of justice by demanding that the boys be freed, that his intentions were to forcibly effect their release, and that, toward this end, he maliciously assaulted an officer of the law, Thomas Samuels, and left him for dead at the side of the road. Samuels was never brought to trial as a witness against Floyd, having left the county soon after the incident.

The Allens' case rested largely on the political issue, although, of course, this contention was never actually made explicit at the trial. Their defense, essentially, was based on Floyd's assertion that he had never questioned the right of the officers to convey his nephews to jail, but merely resented the inhuman and embarrassing manner in which they were being conveyed. It was a question solely of loyalty to the members of one's family and an honest indignation toward their mistreatment.

What had actually happened, according to the Allens, was that Floyd, on his way home from Hillsville, where he had just arranged for his nephews' bond, observed the way in which they were bound and handcuffed in the wagon. He indignantly questioned this procedure and demanded that the boys be untied and allowed to proceed to jail in a dignified manner. For, as Sidna Allen was to say in his memoirs: "Wesley and Sidna had never been in trouble before, were neither dangerous nor desperate, and were charged only with committing a misdemeanor; yet they were not only handcuffed but also tied to the buggy in which they rode with ropes, despite the fact that they were in the keeping of two strong and well-armed men."⁸

Moreover, wrote Sidna, "The officers were not friendly to Floyd, and had they wished to avoid trouble they could have done so by following another road into Hillsville. But instead of traversing the Ward's Gap road, which would have been shorter, they chose to take the Fancy Gap road in order, it seemed, to flaunt their prisoners cruelly-bound and manacled in Floyd's face.... There was no [other] valid reason whatever for the binding of the boys in any such way. They would have gone with the officers willingly enough without being boune."⁹

Then Sidna, who claimed to have been an eyewitness to the whole affair, defended his brother by writing: "It was not Floyd's intention to take the boys away from the officers and prevent their carrying them to Hillsville, but merely to have the boys untied. When the boys had been loosened, however, Samuels and Easter refused to convey them farther, abandoning them in front of my store."¹⁰ Then to the claim that Floyd had struck Samuels and left him for dead by the side of the road, Sidna asserted there was not a bit of truth to this. "Floyd did not lay so much as the weight of his hand upon Pink Samuels, but when Samuels undertook to level a large pistol at Floyd, my brother snatched it from his hand and broke the weapon to pieces on a rock."¹¹

But the Allens' defence was evidently too tenuous for the jury, for upon the morning of March 14, 1912, they found Floyd guilty as charged. The judge,

Thornton L. Massie, passed sentence of one year in the State Penitentiary. The defendant's attorneys, D. W. Bolen and Walter S. Tipton, appealed for a new trial on the basis of additional witnesses they wished to present. The judge consented but ordered the prisoner held without bond. As the sheriff came forward to escort him to jail, Floyd drew his gun, shouted, "I'm not goin'," and shot him. The Hillsville Courthouse affair erupted, and after three quarters of an hour of hell and confusion, five bodies lay dead and eight men were nursing their wounds.

Some say that when Floyd spent the night before his conviction at the home of his brother, Sidna, the two men, with other members of their family, plotted the death of the court officials. Whether this is true or not has never been proved, though it is not without strong possibility. Sidna, in his Memoirs, of course, emphatically denies it.¹² Yet it seemed to many observers at the trial that the Allens had come deliberately armed and that, at a signal from Floyd, had opened fire at the "defenseless" court officials and law enforcement agents.

The Course of Justice

Leaving the courthouse, the Allen clan members, save the wounded Floyd and his son, Victor, mounted their horses and rode off to the refuge of the mountains. Thus began one of the most exciting and memorable manhunts in the history of American law enforcement. Under the leadership of Baldwin-Felts agents (a private detective agency of the time located in Roanoke, Virginia) and with the inspiration of rewards issued by Governor Mann for the capture of the Allen family "dead or alive," dozens of men from surrounding communities volunteered to serve as a posse. Thus organized, they went forth into the mountains in pursuit of the fugitive Allens.

Neither hunter nor hunted expected to show or receive mercy, but all would shoot to kill. The members of the posse knew the Allens would not submit to capture voluntarily and were prepared for a fight to the death.

Claude and Friel Allen and Wesley Edwards had ridden out of town together; Sidna Allen, who, though wounded, was not far behind, soon caught up; and the four rode off together to Sidna Allen's home. There, Claude separated from the others, who agreed to meet that evening at brother Jack's house to make further plans for their getaway. At Jack's, they agreed that they would never surrender but would always keep a step ahead of any pursuing posse. The following morning, the three fugitives took to the brush. They were aware of the preparations for their capture. Edwards, who knew the hiding places in the surrounding hills better than the others, acted as their guide.

Though the posse was apparently well organized and had excellent guides through the countryside, for many days they were unsuccessful in capturing the elusive fugitives. Sidna Allen says that they were able to elude the posse for so long not only because of their superior familiarity with the terrain, but also because of the aid freely rendered them by sympathetic friends and relatives, who frequently kept them well supplied with provisions and ammunition. They never went hungry or lacked supplies.

Says Sidna: "Never while we were in the hills were we in serious danger of capture. If the detectives chanced to come near us they were always unaware of our close proximity...."¹³ Often, the fugitives lay in hiding within the very sight of the posse, but they were never seen by them. "The grand posse literally rode all over Carroll County--investigating worthless clues. Friends of ours, for example, made beds in likely places and then reported to the officers that they had

been slept in by [us] . Or else they went to the officers with tales of having seen our tracks or of having come upon us in the woods. Always the officers were ready to swallow whole these tales and to wear out horses investigating them."¹⁴

Eight days after the courthouse shooting, the first fugitive was captured. Sidna Edwards, who had left town several hours after the others, was arrested at Lambsburg, sixteen miles south of Hillsville, by members of the posse. He was alone and unarmed, and offered no resistance. He claimed innocence of the crime but was willing and prepared to face his accusers. Six days later, Claude was captured, also without a fight. Friel, who, like his cousin Sidna, was tired of hiding, let himself be captured the following day at his father's stable. This left the elusive Sidna Allen and his nephew, Wesley. They remained in the hills for several weeks and finally decided to pull out and "seek sanctuary elsewhere."¹

They ultimately landed in Des Moines, Iowa, where they acquired jobs as carpenters under assumed names. (Sidna called himself Tom Sayers, and Wesley went by the name of Joe Jackson). All might have gone well for the fugitives had it not been for a woman's love. The girl was sixteen-year-old Maud Iroler, who was engaged to Wesley and corresponded frequently with him through an intermediary. One day, she suddenly sneaked away from home, went to Mt. Airy, and bought a railroad ticket to Ohio. This action must have aroused the suspicion of her relatives, for on the train were a couple of Baldwin-Felts detectives. They followed her to Des Moines, where she took a cab to a Mrs. Cameron's boarding house. There they quietly arrested the Hillsville fugitives on September 14, 1912, and took them back to Virginia to stand trial for their lives.

Meanwhile, the trials of the other members of the Allen family had already been held. Floyd, it may be recalled, had been severely wounded in the leg following the courthouse shooting and was forced to stay behind when the others left. His son, Victor, remained with him. Their freedom was shortlived, however, for on the day following the shooting, both were captured in Hall's Hotel, near the courthouse.

Floyd Allen was brought to trial on April 30, 1912, for the murder of Commonwealth's Attorney William M. Foster. Presiding was Walter R. Staples, a fearless and impartial defender of the law who, in recognition of the undue prejudice to the defendants if tried in their home county, ordered a change-of-venue trial in neighboring Wytheville. In sentencing Floyd, Judge Staples said that the whole affair could not have happened spontaneously, that it must have been planned deliberately. Floyd had simply uttered his last defiance of the law. On May 17, he was convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Three days later, Claude Allen faced his accusers for the first of three times within the next two months. Although he swore ignorance of conspiracy or premeditation, "honestly" believing that personal difficulties between his father and Dexter Goad, the Clerk of Court, were the cause of the entire affair, he was convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Then his attorneys did a very foolish thing. They asked for a new trial, hoping to get their client's sentence reduced. After a hung jury, an outraged public demanded a third trial, which finally ended in a first-degree conviction and the death penalty for Claude.¹⁶

On September 18, Sidna Edwards and Friel Allen received sentences of eighteen years each in the state penitentiary at Richmond. Five days later, Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards were arraigned before Judge Staples, Sidna for the murder of Judge Massie, and after long trials, they too were found guilty, and Sidna was given thirty-five years and Wesley twenty-seven years in prison.

Awaiting execution, Claude and Floyd appealed to the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals but were denied. A last-minute appeal to Governor Mann for commutation of sentence was also rejected.¹⁷ On March 28, 1913, slightly more than a year after their crime, both father and son bravely went to their deaths in the electric chair. Their bodies were given to Victor Allen, Floyd's other son, who, though himself indicted for complicity in the crime, was acquitted for lack of evidence. He carried them back to Carroll County and buried them simply and with dignity in their home cemetery at Fancy Gap.

Aftermath

What eventually happened to the imprisoned Allens after the public clamor died down? Where are they now? Friel, who was only seventeen when he was sentenced to eighteen years in state's prison, was released after having served ten. He left Virginia, putting as much distance between him and old memories as he could, and settled in California. There he attended the Law School of the University of Southern California and lived as a model citizen until his death. Folks around Hillsville still tell the story of his return home for a visit late in the thirties, of how at a political picnic he came upon an old enemy of his family, Dexter Goad. The two met, shook hands, and calmly talked over old times. Deck was over seventy, but he had long forgotten and forgiven what had occurred so long ago.

Sidna Edwards, sentenced with Friel, was, like his cousin, also pardoned in 1922. And like his cousin, he too had nearly his whole adult life to look forward to. He married and settled in Washington, D. C. However, his life of freedom was to be short-lived, for just two years after his release from prison, he shot his wife and committed suicide.

His brother, Wesley, on the other hand, made a good adjustment after his liberation. For many years he operated a service station on State Highway 100 north of Hillsville.

Sidna Allen and Wesley Edwards were pardoned together in 1926 by Gov. Harry Byrd after having served less than a third of their prison terms. Sidna returned home to his wife and two daughters and continued to pursue a useful occupation he had mastered while in prison--that of creative wood designing. His products were so skillfully executed that he was kept quite busy for the several years until his death, filling orders and exhibiting his work in many North Carolina and Virginia communities. He died at his home in Leaksville, North Carolina.

And what of Hillsville today? In 1957 the writer visited the town, of about 1500 population, seat of agricultural Carroll County, finding it peaceful and ordinary. Few people recalled the tragedy which occurred forty-five years before, and there were almost no signs to remind one of it. The old courthouse has been almost completely remodeled, the bullet-holed walls replastered. There was a time in the past, however, when the town had cherished its local claim to fame. Tourists were encouraged to visit the little mountain community and were always shown the courthouse with its bullet-scarred walls.

Folk Ballads Commemorating The Allen Family Tragedy

Three separate ballads found in folk tradition commemorate the Allen family and their famous doings in the Hillsville, Virginia, Courthouse. The first, "Claude Allen," was known to have been sung by mountain residents of North

Carolina as early as the spring of 1917, for at least in June of that year, a version was collected by Frank C. Brown for his collection of North Carolina folklore.¹⁸ The second ballad, "Sidney Allen" (so it is spelled in the printed collections in which it appears), was probably of later origin, while the third, "The Pardon of Sidna Allen," must undoubtedly have appeared in oral tradition after 1926.

As is generally the case with most folk commemorative ballads in this country, the identity of the author or authors of these three is lost in obscurity. It may be that they were the works of gifted individuals among the folk themselves, but it is more likely that they were the rather hastily penned efforts of hack writers, as were so many other ballads of this type, and widely distributed among the folk in printed song sheets. This writer, however, has never come across one of these sheets, though he does have in his collection two typewritten carbon copies of "Claude Allen" and "The Pardon of Sidna Allen" formerly in the possession of one of his Hillsville informants.

One or more of the ballads may be found in the printed or recorded collections of at least seven Southeastern states--Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. No doubt they are more widespread.

The ballad "Claude Allen" is the best-known of the three and apparently the most popular. Printed versions appear in Henry's Folk Songs of the Souther Highlands (3 versions, # 110, p. 316),¹⁹ and The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore (4 versions, Vol. 2, # 246, p. 567).²⁰ The Folk Song Archive of the Library of Congress has field recordings of four versions of the ballad from Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, one of which appears in the commercial recording, Album 7, "Anglo-American Ballads" (Record # 35 B), issued by the Library of Congress in its series Folk Music of the United States.²¹ This latter version is reproduced in Botkin's A Treasury of Southern Folklore (pp. 396-7.)²²

The "Claude Allen" ballad may be regarded as a "sympathetic piece," leaving its audience, at least those among it unfamiliar with the true nature of the case, with the impression that the Allens were heroes in a drama which resulted in a "raw deal" at the hands of an unforgiving and hard-hearted governor. Like most journalistic ballads, it ends on a note of warning to other young men to avoid the fate of "poor Claude Allen."

Furthermore, the ballad seems to be based on the assumption that Claude, not his father, was the principal character in the drama, that it was he who had taken the initiative in the courthouse affray. This excellent example of folk distortion has even led editors to make historical errors:²³

"Claude Allen is still something of a local historical hero in the vicinity of Hillsdale [?], Virginia, where, with his brother [?] Sidney [?] and several others, he was arrested one Saturday night in 1912, for drinking and carrying on in the streets.' [?] At the trial following the arrest [?], the prisoners were fined one dollar and sentenced to one day in jail. [?] 'Claude said right off he'd pay the fine but he was _____ if he'd take a sentence.... The Allens began shooting; so did the high sheriff and the other officials; and the Allens escaped through the windows. Claude was electrocuted for killing the sheriff [?]; Sidney Allen was exiled from the state after his 35-year sentence had been commuted, and another

brother [?] was captured only years later [?] when his sweet-heart--to get a reward--told the police of his letters to her, written from somewhere out west."

Ethel Park Richardson, in a note to "The Pardon of Sidna Allen," makes these remarks:²⁴

"This modern ballad is ... founded upon fact.... [The Allens] had come from a nearby state, where they had been engaged in making counterfeit money. [?]

"They settled in Hillsville, built an imposing home, established a 'general store' and lorded it over the community by force of will, physical power and financial strength. There were also the Floyds [?] and the Edwards clans, closely related to the Allens.

"A young gallant took the girl of an Edwards boy to meetin'. The brothers came with vengeance in their hearts....

"A fight ensued and the Edwards boys were arrested and taken in the sheriff's Ford [?] to the town where Claude Allen [?] saw his kinsmen in handcuffs. With true clan spirit, he attacked the sheriff, overpowered him and, taking the keys from him, released his kinsmen. He was arrested for attacking an officer of the law and the trial followed. [?]

"A visiting judge [?] sat on the bench. When he gave the sentence, a prison term, Claude Allen [?] sprang up and, reaching significantly to his hip pocket, declared he'd pay any fine, but he would take no sentence. With that, Floyd and Sidna Allen opened fire and the little court-room was a wild scene of warfare for a thrilling few minutes.

"Claude, the father, and Floyd, a son [?], were electrocuted. Sidna served...fourteen years, and was then pardoned, the state that held the charge of counterfeiting granting him parole freedom [?]"

It was to clear the record of such distortions of fact that this paper describing the true occurrence at Hillsville was written.

Here is the ballad of "Claude Allen" as acquired by the writer from an informant in Hillsville, Virginia:

CLAUDE ALLEN

Claude Allen and his dear old Father
Have met their fatal doom at last.
Their friends are glad, their trouble is over,
And hope their souls are now at rest.

Poor Claude was young and very handsome,
And still had hopes until the end,
That they might end some way or other,
And escape their death in the Richmond Pen.

But the Governor being so hard hearted,
And caring not what their friends might say,
He gently took his sweet life from him,
And now in the cold grave his body lay.

Claude Allen had a pretty sweetheart,
Who mourns for the loss of the one she loved.
She hopes to meet beyond life's river,
That fair young face in Heaven above.

Young men, young men, you all take warning,
Be careful how you go astray,
Or you may be like poor Claude Allen
And have this awful debt to pay.

Supplementary stanzas from the several versions in printed collections may be added:

Poor Claude is gone, but we can't forget him;
He's loved by all the country round.
His health is like the rose in summer,
But now he sleeps beneath the ground.

His sweetheart must have been sad-hearted
When she saw poor Claude lying still and cold.
Down on her knees she wept beside him,
And prayed to God to save his soul.

25

Claude Allen was honored with a gold medal
For taking his dear father's part.
He told them all when he was gone
To give it to his dear sweetheart.

His sweetheart she was young and handsome,
His mother she was bending old;
Down on their knees they knelt before him,
And prayed that God might spare his soul.

26

Claude's mother's tears were gently flowing,
All for the one she loved so dear.
Seemed no one could tell her troubles,
It seemed no one could tell but her.

How sad, how sad to think of killing
A man all in his youthful years,
A-leaving his old mother weeping
And all his friends in bitter tears.

Look up on yonder lonely mountain,
Claude Allen sleeps beneath the clay.
No more you'll hear his words of mercy
Or see his face till Judgment Day.

27

All the known versions of "Sidney Allen," the second of the three ballads in terms of apparent popularity, seem to possess an amazing similarity. Printed

versions may be found in Henry's Folk Songs of the Southern Highlands (# 111, p. 319);²⁸ Henry and Matteson's "Songs From North Carolina," SFQ, Vol. 5 (Sept. 1941), p. 142);²⁹ and Hudson's Folksongs of Mississippi (# 104, p. 242).³⁰ At least one field recording was made of the ballad for the Library of Congress.³¹

"Sidney Allen" gives a somewhat accurate, though sketchy, account of the courthouse massacre, though falsely attributing to brother "Sidney" the role of the defendant in the trial. The melody to every printed version is the familiar tune to "Casey Jones." In fact, the almost identical text of each version seems good evidence to suggest a circulated broadside origin.

Since the writer has no version of the ballad in his private collection, he offers this from Henry and Matteson:³²

SIDNEY ALLEN

Come, all you people, if you want to hear
The story about a cruel mountaineer.
Sidney Allen was the villain's name;
At Hillsville Courthouse he won his fame.

The caller called the jury at half past nine;
Sidney Allen was the prisoner and he was on time;
He mounted to the bar with his pistol in his hand,
And sent Judge Massie to the promised land.

Just a moment later and the place was in a roar;
The dead and dying were lying on the floor.
With a thirty-eight Colt and a thirty-eight ball
Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

The sheriff saw that he was in a mighty bad place;
The mountaineer was staring him right in the face.
He turned to the window and then he said,
"A moment more and we'll all be dead."

Sidney mounted to his pony and away he did ride;
His friends and nephews were riding by his side.
They all shook hands and swore they would hang
Before they'd give up to the ball and chain.

Sidney Allen wandered and he traveled all around
Until he was captured in the Western town.
They fastened him with the ball and chain
And placed poor Sidney in the east bound train.

They arrived at Sidney's home at eleven forty-one;
He met his wife and daughter and two little sons.
They all shook hands and knelt down to pray;
They cried, "Oh, Lord, don't take papa away."

The people gathered from far and near
To see Sidney sentenced to the electric chair;
But to their great surprise the judge, he said,
"He's going to the penitentiary instead."

The third ballad, "The Pardon of Sidna Allen," has been located by the writer in only a single published work (Mrs. Richardson's, p. 34)³³ in addition to his own version collected in Hillsville. They are nearly identical:

THE PARDON OF SIDNA ALLEN

In the State of Old Virginia,
In the year nineteen and twelve,
Were the famous Allen gangsters,
We all remember well.
Claude Allen was on trial,
And Sidna too was there,
When a shot rang out in the court room,
And the judge fell from his chair.

The sheriff, too, was murdered,
And attorney for the State,
The blame was laid on Sidna,
And no one knew his fate,
Till the jury found him guilty,
And the judge his sentence read.
The Court pronounced his sentence;
It was twenty years, they said.

Now fourteen years poor Sidna
In jail was forced to spend,
To leave his loving family
And never see a friend;
But by his good behavior,
As you will surely see,
The Governor signed his pardon,
And gave him his liberty.

Now this, friends, is the story,
Of Sidna Allen's case.
We all may seek vain glory,
But find instead disgrace;
But if we would remember,
Before it is too late,
We'll never have to suffer
Poor Sidna Allen's fate.

In addition to the three ballads specifically related to the Allen affair, there is something in Davis' Folk Songs of Virginia--A Descriptive Index and Classification by the title of "Claude Allen" but listed as a version of "The Little Sparrow."³⁴

NOTES

1. Memoirs of J. Sidna Allen - A True Narrative of What Really Happened at Hillsville, Virginia (Published and for sale by F. H. Lamb, 481 Mitchell St., Mount Airy, N. C., 1929), p. 53.
2. Jean Thomas, Blue Ridge Country, American Folkways Series, edited by Erskine Caldwell (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1942), p. 257.

3. Ibid., p. 42.
4. According to the Richmond Times-Dispatch editorial regarding the Allen case: "The psychology of the Allens is simply that of an unbridled individualism, setting itself above all social control. This was partly due to the frontier and mountain environment, wherein each man makes his own laws and executes them by brute force. And partly it is attributable to the isolation and interdependence of a clan. The border raids and reprisals in Scotland's history show to what ferocious lengths this anarchy of individual liberty can go. It is a survival of the clan feeling." Quoted in Literary Digest, March 30, 1912, pp. 627-28, in an article entitled "The Virginia Court Massacre."
5. It has been said that "through hard work and intelligence [the Allens] had become probably the most prominent family in the community, with large possessions and prestige." Floyd was an intelligent person, had had some education beyond the fundamentals, and had advocated higher education for his children. His brother, Garland, who is still alive and residing in the Hillsville community, though near 90 years of age, was a Hard-shell or Primitive Baptist preacher. Both Floyd and Sidna's homes were quite impressive in size and location on the Fancy Gap Road, fourteen and seven miles south of Hillsville, respectively. Floyd is even known to have had a telephone, undoubtedly one of the first in that part of the state.
6. Memoirs, p. 41.
7. Many people suggest that Goad and Foster must have known in advance that Floyd would never submit to a jail summons. Perhaps the trial was an attempt to get Floyd to "do something rash" so they could get him out of the way legally. There may indeed have been something to the political argument expressed in many quarters by Allen supporters. Also, it has been asked, why were not the Thomas faction in the church brawl also arrested and placed under indictment? Surely they were just as responsible for the affray as the Edwards brothers.
8. Memoirs, p. 43.
9. Ibid.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid., pp. 43-44.
12. Ibid., p. 49.
13. Ibid., p. 65.
14. Ibid., p. 66.
15. Ibid., p. 68.
16. In the case of Allen vs. the Commonwealth of Virginia, Supreme Court of Appeals, January 15th, 1913, there is no mention of this first verdict and sentence. This is not to say that it did not occur, since local court records (Circuit Court, Carroll, etc., Counties) on the case, at least those at my disposal, are incomplete. If the second-degree murder verdict is not true,

then its mention by an informant represents just another of the many distortions from the true nature of the case that this writer has come across in his investigations.

17. Floyd was sentenced to death on September 10, 1912. In the November term of the Wythe County Circuit Court, he presented a petition for a writ of error, alleging that the "trial court had made rulings prejudicial to him in the admission and exclusion of evidence, in instructions given to the jury, and in the judgement pronounced." On November 18, the original ruling was sustained and his petition was rejected. In addition, the defendant also petitioned for a new trial on the basis of new evidence. This too was denied. Floyd Allen also petitioned on the basis of the fact that "upon the trial of others equally as guilty as they [i.e., Floyd and Claude] the charge of conspiracy was abandoned and verdicts rendered for murder in the second degree." But the Court of Appeals ruled that the defendants, Claude and Floyd Allen, were guilty of the offense as charged and that it did not matter "that in other cases juries inflicted a milder punishment upon substantially the same state of facts.... Floyd Allen had been indicted in the April term, 1912, of the Circuit Court of Carroll County, along with Claude S. Allen, Friel Allen, Sidna Allen, Wesley Edwards, Victor Allen, and Byrd Marion (a friend of the Allens arrested with Floyd and Victor) for murder.... "Upon their arraignment, they elected to be tried separately.... Hearing of evidence against Floyd began on the 2nd day of May, 1912, resulting in a verdict of murder in the first degree. Claude S. Allen was subsequently put on trial with a like result. Judgments were not entered upon the verdicts until September 10, 1912, in order that Floyd Allen and Claude Allen might be witnesses in behalf of the defense in the prosecutions still pending growing out of the same transaction." (Quotes from the written statement of James Keith, President of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals in his ruling on the petition and basis for decision, January 15, 1913, in South Eastern Reporter, 77-78.
18. The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, ed. by Newman Ivey White, Vol. II, The Ballads, ed. by Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1952), # 246, p. 567.
19. Mellinger E. Henry, Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians (New York: J. J. Augustin, 1938), #110, p. 316.
20. Brown Collection, as cited in footnote 18.
21. Three recorded versions are listed in Check List of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July 1940 (Washington, D. C.: Library of Congress, Music Division, 1942). A fourth is in Folk Music of the United States, Album 7, "Anglo-American Ballads" (Record #35 B), issued by the Music Division of the Library of Congress.
22. B. A. Botkin, A Treasury of Southern Folklore (New York: Crown Publishers, 1949), pp. 396-397.
23. As paraphrased and quoted by B. A. Botkin in the notes to Album 7, referred to in footnote 21, above.

24. Ethel Park Richardson, American Mountain Songs, edited and arranged by Sigmund Spaeth (New York: Greenberg, 1927, 1955), pp. 106-107.
25. Brown Collection (as cited in footnote 18, above), A version, stanzas 8 and 10.
26. B version, stanzas 3 and 4.
27. Library of Congress, op. cit., Album 7, stanzas 5, 6, 7.
28. Henry, op. cit., # 111, p. 319.
29. Mellinger E. Henry and Maurice Matteson, "Songs from North Carolina," Southern Folklore Quarterly, vol. 5 (September 1941), p. 142.
30. Arthur Palmer Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi and Their Background (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1936), # 104, p. 242.
31. Check List.
32. Henry and Matteson, op. cit., p. 142.
33. Richardson, op. cit., p. 34.
34. Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr., Folk Songs of Virginia -- A Descriptive Index and Classification (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1949), p. 81.

DOGS IN FOLKLORE AND FACT

By Louis L. Vine, D.V.M.

[Dr. Vine was born and reared in New York. He attended Middlesex College and Cornell University and received the degree of Doctor of Veterinary Medicine in 1944. After service in the U. S. Army, he entered into practice at Chapel Hill, where he has a veterinary hospital for the treatment of dogs and cats. He is working on a book for which he says he has been "collecting doggy tales" during his fifteen years of practice.]

As with all branches of medicine, animal as well as human, the modern treatment of dogs is the result of a gradual groping through the years, from the superstitious, the fantastic, and absurd, and finally to the scientific. Although veterinary medicine dates back more than 4000 years, it too was governed by those dogmas and superstitions which were the basis of all ancient practices.

There are many outlandish remedies and treatments for the ailments of domestic animals, dogs in particular, which persist to the present day. It is difficult to understand how some of these "cures" are still applied by so-called civilized people.

One that I can't seem to forget was tried by a do-it-yourself quack who reasoned a cure for his dog who would not eat. His diagnosis for the malady was worms in the tongue. He proceeded to split the dog's tongue down the middle with a pocket knife, and then poured salt and pepper in the wound to kill the worms. Naturally, the dog in all his pain ran for some water to cool the wound, lapping enormous quantities. Seeing this effect, the practitioner thought that his treatment was a success.

Another popular cure is that for paralysis. Some folks claim that the cause of paralysis is a "hollow tail," due to a separation in the vertebrae which occurs during this condition. The treatment consists of splitting the tail open and pouring salt and pepper in the wound and binding it up. I will admit that if this does not get the animal up on his feet, nothing will.

There are those who have a cure for ridding a dog of worms. They feed the animal ground glass. Their reasoning is that this will surely cut the worms to pieces inside the intestinal tract. Of course, they never stop to realize the severe bellyache their devoted friend will suffer.

A very common treatment for worms is the addition of garlic to the diet. This is quite popular in Europe for ridding humans of worms. Perhaps the worm cannot live within the odor of those potent fumes.

There are even more people who believe that particular foods cause worms. This is absolutely false. Foods such as milk, raw meat, and candy do not start the formation of worms in the intestinal tracts of animals or humans.

Another common misconception about worms is that they always cause an increase of appetite in the host. This is not usual. On the contrary, worms cause a decrease in appetite.

There are also those who are firm believers in the zodiac with relation to surgery. They will not allow any surgical operations performed on their animals, or themselves for that matter, unless the signs in the almanac indicate safe conditions.

It is not uncommon to see a dog enter a veterinary hospital with a copper wire around his neck, as all country folks believe this wire will cure or prevent any type of mange.

I recently heard of a new therapeutic approach for the cure of diarrhea. It is actually very simple. All you have to do is obtain some of the fecal movement and burn it. This presumably causes a hardening of the bowel movement. Of course it must be burned the proper length of time - not too long, for fear the patient will suffer from constipation.

A widely misconceived idea is that a warm nose signifies fever, while a cold nose indicates health. This is not always true. Many dogs with a high intestinal fever have cold noses. The temperature and humidity of a room may very often control the moistness and the temperature of the nose. A more reliable method in determining the temperature of the dog is to feel his ears, which will invariably indicate a high temperature. However, none of these methods can replace a rectal thermometer for accuracy.

I have heard of people who claim that they could cure any dog of poisoning. Their simple cure is to suspend the dog from the ceiling for twenty-four hours, allowing all the poisons to drain from his body.

A method often used to cure running fits, and still practiced by some, is to sever the ends of the dog's ear. This will supposedly stop the fever. Actually, running fits are caused by colicky pains due to worms, enteritis, or spoiled food.

A treatment that is used for a broken leg is still in effect in parts of Europe. If a dog breaks a leg, the master binds the leg of a chair which corresponds to that of the dog. The chair is handled very carefully, even set aside for several weeks, and through this exacting treatment the leg is supposed to heal.

An ancient fallacy that will not die is the reason for a dog's licking his wounds. I have been asked many times, "Is it true that if a dog licks a sore it will heal?" This is not true. According to reliable sources, this superstition dates back to the period when dogs had no medical attention and were forced to resort to instinctive auto-therapy of extremely questionable value. Observations by veterinarians have shown that sores subjected to constant licking invariably become larger. Lesions spread to adjacent tissue structures under the influence of licking. Transfer of the infective agent from the sore to the lips of the dog is by no means uncommon. Furthermore, the intense itching of the infected sores may force the dog to self-mutilation when he is permitted to lick unprotected wounds. Sometimes ugly scars are the result of sores inadequately protected from licking.

Birth and sex have contributed a considerable number of superstitions and misconceptions to the human mind, most of which are sincerely believed and practiced.

The breeding of dogs has progressed tremendously in recent years, and breeders can adjust the ancestry, parents, and offspring of dogs almost at will, controlling the future champions of the canine world. The more scientifically-minded breeders follow the laws of genetics closely by inbreeding and line-breeding, each with the purpose of transmitting the finest qualities to the offspring.

A common misconception of inbreeding is that if the animals are closely related, the offspring will be defective either mentally or physically. This is untrue. Through very careful selection of healthy animals, having no visible sign of abnormality, inbreeding is to be desired.

There is evidence aplenty of fantastic early efforts to increase the fecundity of the species and to attempt prophylaxis through mumbo-jumbo and magic.

One of the most curious methods of encouraging large litters is that of the Malay tribesman, who, when his dog is about to have puppies, seeks a large stone with a cluster of small stones below it, which resembles a dog among her litter. This found, he performs a magic rite complete with mystic words to insure many pups. Should the litter be small, says one authority, he wonders wherein his technique was faulty.

An ancient theory that still exists is telogony, or the supposed influence of the previous mating upon a litter. If a pedigreed bitch is accidentally mated to a mongrel dog, there will be no effect from this mating upon any other subsequent breeding to other pedigreed dogs. After the female whelps, the womb contracts, expels its contents, and no vestige remains of the litter, nor is there any left-over tissue to infect any succeeding litters. Too many people believe that a pure-bred dog is ruined forever once she mates with a mongrel.

A fact that most people do not realize is that a female dog can be bred to more than one male during a heat period, and have a puppy from each one of the males that she is bred to. This gives the possibility of many breeds of dog in one litter. Many of us have noticed odd varieties of dogs in a mongrel litter. This fact should remind us to keep our dogs confined after they are bred.

The size or sex of the litter depends as much upon the bitch as on the male. The time of mating, whether in the early part of heat or in the latter part, has little effect upon the number in the litter. Furthermore, the practice of emphasizing large litters is not desirable. People believe that if the female is bred the first nine days of heat the puppies will be male. Actually there is no scientific basis for this notion.

A very cruel practice that angers me is the one whereby people attempt to separate two dogs that are stuck together during coitus. Anatomically, time and patience is the fastest method in helping the dogs separate. Throwing water on the dogs and beating them only excites them further. Pulling them apart prematurely is dangerous to both male and female. Ice-cold water definitely does not cool off the male in this case.

Many folks believe that each pup has a special teat to nurse, and if he can't get to that teat he will starve to death. Other folks boast that they can predict the number of pups that will be born. Their method of determining this is to count each breast that is filled with milk. They claim that one pup will be born for each breast.

Some breeders believe that if the male and female dogs are facing the east during coitus there will be more females in the litter. Facing north, south, or west indicates a predominant male litter.

During the act of breeding, the longer the dogs are stuck together, the more puppies there will be in the litter, according to some breeders. They believe that for every three minutes the dogs remain together another puppy will be born.

I have been told that many people time the breeding act, hoping that the dogs will stay together for just a while longer.

I have been told that a simple method of causing a dog to lose her puppies when accidentally bred is to rub turpentine on her back and on the side of her abdomen. Medically, the application would cause an infection of the skin wherever the turpentine was applied.

The breeders of dogs are constantly attempting to reduce the size of certain breeds. By careful selective breeding they have obtained one-to two-pound dogs. Little did they realize that for many years there were those who had been feeding their dogs alcohol in the belief that it would stunt their growth. Of course, were this true, the ranks of the human race would be dominated by midgets.

There is the age-old controversy of mongrel versus pedigree. Many people are of the opinion that a mongrel is healthier than a pure-bred. This is not so. There are just as many mongrels in veterinary hospitals as there are pure-breds. It is the care that the animal receives that regulates its health and intelligence.

I've heard that many dogs are fed gunpowder to make them more vicious and better watchdogs. This will not work, although I will admit it gives them a more explosive nature. Some folks will not cut the dog's eyebrows, believing that to do so will cause blindness. As for a dog's eyesight, the canines are actually nearsighted. They rely more upon their sense of smell than on sight. That is why they will approach a mirror, smell it, and upon discovering that the odor of another dog is not present, walk away.

Numerous methods have been tried to keep a dog at home. A sure one, claim some dog lovers, is to clip the end of the dog's tail off and place it under the front door mat. This will supposedly keep the dog from wandering off. Personally, if I were a dog and were treated so I would leave and never return home.

One of the oldest recorded diseases of dogs is rabies. Through a period of years, many fantastic misconceptions about it have arisen.

There is one old belief that rabies occurs only during the summer in hot weather. This has little foundation. Rabies may occur at any time of the year in varieties of weather. There are more cases during the summer months, but this increase is due to the mating season, spring and summer. Dogs come in contact with each other more often at this time and will stray further from home.

Another very important fact to remember is that dogs are not the only animals that can carry the rabies germ. Any warm-blooded animals, such as mice, rats, and squirrels, can transmit rabies.

One of the most common misconceptions of rabies is that a dog foaming at the mouth is always mad. This is a symptom that has been handed down through the ages. True, a dog with rabies has stringy saliva drooling from his mouth, but this is only an incidental symptom. This mistaken idea has caused the unnecessary death of many dogs. Actually saliva drooling from the dog's mouth might also be caused by an upset stomach. Pity the poor dog who had his head blown off because of an upset stomach.

Another very popular misbelief is that persons affected by rabies act like a mad dog before death. They supposedly have fits, bite, and foam at the mouth, as would a mad dog. Actually, paralysis and a coma are the final stages of the disease.

One of the most famous treatments for rabies is the use of the madstone. It was once, and in many parts of the country still is, a very popular treatment. The madstone is porous, and resembles volcanic ash. Firm believers in it claim that it was taken from the entrails of a deer. If the dog that bit the patient is really mad the stone will stick fast to the wound and extract the poison. I've also been told that a mad dog will usually attempt to bite its master first.

A variant of this belief is that if the dog points his nose at you and howls at midnight, you will soon meet your death. Also, if a dog rolls over three times in front of anyone, that person will die. This superstition about the howling dog prevails all over the world, and various charms are resorted to for averting the ill consequence supposed to be attached to this omen. It is advised that you remove the shoe from your left foot, spit on the sole, place it on the ground bottom up, and put your foot on the spot where you spat. This procedure will not only preserve you from harm, but cease the dog's howling. We are indebted to antiquity for this.

Dogs are also supposed to bring good luck at certain times. There are people who believe that you will have good luck if a strange dog follows you home. One of the most ridiculous beliefs I've come across is that if a strange dog approaches you, sniffs at your trousers, and proceeds to urinate on you, you will most assuredly have good luck in the future.

Strange how many centuries these fantasies have prevailed. Remarkable how veterinary science has been freed of its fetishes and set upon the solid ground of proven fact through scientific research. Only in the most recent times, and within the memory of many now living, has veterinary medicine become in reality a science, with a broader and yet finer knowledge of the diseases of animals.

THE SOURCE OF "THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE WELL"

By John E. Keller

[Dr. Keller, a native of Kentucky, received his Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina in 1946 and has spent the greater part of his teaching career in the Department of Romance Languages in our University in Chapel Hill. He has a special interest in medieval Spanish literature and in folklore and has edited three collections of medieval Spanish tales rich in folkloristic material: the Libro de los engaños or Book of the Wiles of Women; the Libro de los gatos, which might be translated as The Book of the Cats; and the Libro de los exemplos por a. b. c., a vast collections of tales numbering over 500 and drawing upon many interesting folkloristic and literary sources. In 1957 and 1958 he lectured extensively in European universities (Oxford, Glasgow, London, Coimbra, Madrid, and Seville) and in America (Texas, Virginia, South Carolina, Duke, Kentucky, Tulane, Louisiana State, and Tennessee), as well as at the Metropolitan Museum and the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress. The subject of the lectures was the themes in the Cantigas of King Alfonso X, a thirteenth-century Spanish monarch, another repository of folkloristic tales and legends.]

North Carolina Folklore (July, 1955, pp. 11-12) carried a short article by the present writer entitled "Source of the Hard-Luck Stories." Investigation in connection with this article has led the writer into interesting source studies of other North Carolina folktales. The story of "The Wolf, the Fox, and the Well" is one of these.

Stith Thompson (Motif-Index of Folk Literature, Bloomington, Indiana, 1957) lists this motif as K651. Wolf descends into well in one bucket and rescues fox in the other. The one-line summary given by Thompson tells the most important elements of the plot, but of necessity omits the details which should be in the reader's possession before he attempts to trace the story's sources. The tale, by the way, is so well known in America that it hardly needs repeating. Perhaps the most famous Southern account of it is in Joel Chandler Harris' Uncle Remus, but collectors of folktales in other parts of the nation constantly come upon it. Richard M. Dorson (Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Calvin, Michigan, Bloomington, Indiana, 1958) offers a very recently published example. The tale has occurred, of course, in a number of foreign literatures and indeed may have made its way into America from England (see John Edwin Wells, A Manual of Writing in Middle English, New Haven, 1916), from Spanish sources (see John E. Keller, Motif-Index of Mediaeval Spanish Exempla, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1949) or from Italian (see J. P. Rotunda, Motif-Index of the Italian Novella, Bloomington, Indiana, 1942).

The plot with the essential details in nearly all known versions is as follows. A fox finds a well with one of the pulley arrangements for letting down buckets for water. There are two buckets. The fox climbs into one, and his weight carries him to the bottom of the well, where he is trapped and unable to escape. The wolf then comes along and sees the fox at the bottom of the well. In the version in Uncle Remus, it will be recalled, the part of the fox is played by Brer Rabbit and that of the wolf by Brer Fox. The fox in the well persuades the wolf that fine fish are to be had and inveigles him into getting into the other bucket so as to be lowered to them. As the wolf's greater weight takes him to the bottom, the fox in his bucket rises to the top and is thus able to escape.

Now this tale, as scholarly investigation has long since proved, stems from oriental sources. To be more exact, the tale goes back to those ancient narratives told all over the East but most especially in the Indo-Iranian areas. How did a tale from the Far East make its way into Europe, where it could enter the folkloristic and literary traditions of the West and eventually reach America? Or how, if the story was brought to America by the Negro slaves, did the story reach Africa from India? The question, in part, at least, can be answered. The tale was brought from India, along with a great many other stories, by the Arabs who had conquered Persia and parts of India and who carried not only stories but also other elements of Indian culture and life into the Moslem lands that bordered the West. The Negroes of Africa surely must have learned the story from their Arab neighbors or masters, and then must have brought it with them when they were taken as slaves to America. From the Arabs also the story, with numerous other oriental tales, was taken into Europe. Some tales seem to have been brought back from the Holy Land by returning Crusaders or by merchants or soldiers of fortune; others entered through Constantinople; and still others through the Spanish Moors, who provided important channels for cultural importations into the West.

It would appear that the story of "The Wolf, the Fox, and the Well" was one of these importations. It entered the culture of Europe first in a translation from the Arabic, and this translation was made in Aragon by a converted Jew named Petrus Alphunsus, or, in Spanish, Pedro Alfonso. Before his conversion he had been named Moses Sephardi, and he is known to have been a man of great learning in the fields of medicine, science, and theology, as well as in literature. His short collection of tales -- for the most part oriental apologues -- exerted a rather remarkable influence upon subsequent writing in Europe, and for this reason his book, the title of which was Disciplina Clericalis, may be regarded as one of the most important contributions to western prose fiction that have reached us from the Middle Ages. Pedro Alfonso was the first to see the possibilities of oriental fables and how they could be adapted to Christian teachings. Sometimes we may wonder, upon reading some of the tales he included in the Disciplina Clericalis, how such adaptation could have been successful; but if one is willing to accept the premise that any tale provided with a moral can be used didactically, even by Christians, then the tales from the Disciplina Clericalis may be included as possibilities. The fact that many of the same stories were used by Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Don Juan Manuel, to name but three well-known writers who drew upon the Disciplina Clericalis, can only add to the fame of Pedro Alfonso, even as it increases one's wonder at the use of the stories in Christian teaching and in medieval sermons.

Pedro Alfonso translated his collection from Arabic almost certainly -- although the bare possibility of Hebrew versions must not be overlooked -- in the first half of the twelfth century. His account of "The Wolf, the Fox, and the Well" may be the earliest European version in a language that western writers could read, for only a few outside of Spain could have managed the intricacies of Arabic.

The story in the Disciplina Clericalis is entitled "About the Wolf, the Farmer, the Fox, and the Cheese" and it is to some extent different from the current folk versions in North America. The first part -- really a different tale -- deals with another adventure of the fox and the wolf. The part that concerns us here is as follows:

"You will go with me," said the fox to the wolf, "and I shall take you to a place where you will find very select cheese." And she thus led the wolf here and there by different ways until the moon rose.

When the moon had come out, she took him to a well in which she showed him the reflection of the moon in the water. Then she said to him:

"Friend, see here a very good and very large cheese. Go down after it and take it away with you."

"O sister, you should present the cheese to me. Therefore, you go down and if you can not come up again with it I will help you."

The fox consented to this deceitfully. There were in the well two buckets tied to a rope with which they drew up the water in such a way that when one bucket went down the other rose. When the fox got into one bucket, it went down into the well, and there she stayed a spell. And the wolf spoke to her.

"Tell me, friend, why do you delay so long and why don't you bring out the cheese?" And he suspected that the fox wanted to eat all the cheese by herself.

To him the fox replied: "It is so large that I cannot bring it out alone. Therefore it seems fitting that you get into the other bucket and come down here to help me."

The wolf having entered the other bucket, it commenced to descend, and because he was heavier than the fox, he made the other bucket with her in it go up. As soon as she saw the mouth of the well, with great joy she gave a leap from it, leaving the wolf in the well.

And thus because the wolf left what he possessed for what was uncertain, trusting a false double-dealer, he lost the cheese. Therefore do not leave what is sure for what is not sure, and do not place your affairs in the power of the wicked.

The moral, it will be noted, makes an effort at least to adapt the lesson to ethical and didactic use. But it is hardly more apt than the words Uncle Remus puts into the mouth of Brer Rabbit in his rendition of the tale:

" 'Good-by, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
Some goes up en some goes down,
You'll git ter de bottom all safe and soun.' "

The folktale of "The Wolf, the Fox, and the Well," which has been gathered in Europe as well as in America -- both North and South America, let it be added -- has been traced to the Far East, and more specifically to the Indo-Iranian area and to Moslem lands from the Far East to the Levant. The version that seems to have had the most important role in spreading the ancient motif appears to have been the one found in the Disciplina Clericalis of a Spanish Jewish convert who, as early as the twelfth century, saw the possibilities of finding good story material in the eastern heritage of apologues.

WITCHCRAFT IN CARTERET COUNTY

By F. C. Salisbury

[A retired newspaper man, Mr. Salisbury lives at Morehead City. He is president of the Carteret Historical Society. He writes that he is "the only Salisbury in the county -- a Yankee at that."]

The Youpon Tea Man

I knew William Sadler, "the Youpon tea man" of Morehead City, for several years. He was a kindly old man who went about the country repairing clocks and sewing machines. Also for several years he made youpon tea from the shrub of that name. As he became feeble, I took an interest in the old codger, seeing that he did not go hungry, until the county took over his case. He died a lonely death in a bare room, without much care or attention.

The small plant in which he made youpon tea was near the Atlantic Hotel. Always having trouble with his machines, he was sure that someone had put a "trick" on them. His engine would refuse to start, the dryer would scorch the tea, and business would fall off. He decided to move the plant to Harkers Island, but the trick must have followed him there, for he did not remain long. When things got too bad, he would go over into the colored section and visit a woman who was said to be able "to lift the trick." She must have lost her power, or the silver passed to her was not enough to make her exert herself sufficiently, for the trick continued to hang over him, until he had to give up making tea. He would not tell me who the woman was.

Before his death a few years ago, Sadler told me a story in which he had better luck. This concerned a trick put on his shotgun by a neighbor who was jealous of his marksmanship. With the trick on his gun, Sadler was unable to hit any game, even at close range. Encountering a colored man one day while he was out hunting, he told the man about the trouble he was having with his gun, expressed the belief that the gun had been tricked, and asked the man's advice. The colored man seemed to be well versed in removing tricks. He told Sadler to return home and find a hog lot. There he was to shut up the animals, place the gun in the center of the lot and around the gun form a complete circle of shelled corn, then turn the hogs into the lot and let them eat the corn. The trick would be passed on to the hogs. According to Sadler, the charm worked, for from that day forth the gun never failed to bring down game.

The Witch of the Dunes

[Reprinted from The Carteret County News-Times]

She was known as "The Witch of the Dunes" to the early settlers living on that stretch of outer banks known as Shackleford Banks, opposite Beaufort. Although her real name has passed from the memory of those living today, her deeds of witchcraft, sorcery, and black magic live on. As a caster of spells upon a person, or the putter of tricks on one's possessions or occupations, she is said to have had no equal along the coast. No one was safe against her power when one's enemy sought her help. With the passing of a piece of silver, her black magic would start working upon the victim.

Among the folks on the banks was a fisherman upon whom the witch had cast a spell, as well as putting a trick upon his fishing gear. Sharks would

ruin his nets, an oar would break, an anchor would not hold his boat or it would be lost, and his boat sprang a leak and sank. During a hard storm his house was wrecked.

Against the workings of a witch, there could be found a person gifted in "unwitching," as well as the removing of tricks. To such a party the fisherman went for help, receiving instructions that not only removed the spell from him but ended the sorcery of The Witch of the Dunes. He was told to draw as near as he could a likeness of the suspected witch on a piece of cardboard or wood, and to place it in the fork of a stooping white oak. Then he was to take a twenty-five-cent piece, cut it into four parts, and place it with a charge in his shotgun. Before the rising of the sun he was to stand facing the east, with the tree back of him. As the morning sun came up he was to turn and fire at the picture of the witch. These preparations were carried out.

While the fisherman was awaiting the rising of the sun, the witch was sitting on a stool in front of her fireplace, boiling her morning pot of coffee. As the silver slugs from the gun of the fisherman struck the drawing of the witch, she fell over dead. The spell she had over her victim was broken.

FOLKLORE SOCIETY MEETING, DECEMBER 4

The North Carolina Folklore Society will hold its forty-eighth annual meeting on Friday, December 4, 2:00 P.M., in the Virginia Dare Ballroom of the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh. Mr. Donald MacDonald of Charlotte will preside over a program to which the public is cordially invited.

In "Makin' Glory," Mrs. Lucille Turner of Forest, Virginia, will present her interpretations of Negro secular songs, spirituals, and prayers heard on plantations near Lynchburg. Mrs. Turner has recently completed a film, "Songs out of the South," for U.N.C. TV, and is a widely popular entertainer.

Dr. Wilton Mason, professor of music at the University of North Carolina, in a paper entitled "Ballads in Transit," will show by discussion and singing how ballads change as they pass from locale to locale. Director of the University Chorus, Dr. Mason is currently planning a series of programs and recordings featuring his own arrangements of Appalachian materials.

Mr. Douglas Franklin, director of music and education at the Central Methodist Church, Concord, N. C., who has appeared frequently throughout the state as a folksinger, will offer "Some North Carolina Folksong Favorites." He is a native of Raleigh and a graduate of Duke University. Before moving to Concord he was choir director of the Westover Methodist Church in Raleigh.

THE BLACK BABY AND THE BEAR

By Lyda T. Rodman

[From The North Carolina Review, Literary and Historical Section, The News and Observer, Raleigh, N. C., October 3, 1909, p. 3. Reprinted by permission of The News and Observer. The author gives her address as Washington, N. C.]

Some years ago the entire Atlantic seaboard was shaken by an earthquake. Two farmers living on opposite sides of the road, in a section of Hyde County near Lake Mattamuskeet, awoke to find their dwellings rocking and pitching like the deck of a vessel in a storm. Number one hastily leaned out of his window and called loudly to his neighbor, "Come, Zack! quick, and help me get this bar from under my house."

The reply flashed back, "I can't, for there's a bar under my own house."

Bears were plentiful in that part of North Carolina, and they found very delectable retreats in the vicinity of the large corn fields.

The picturesque sailing craft, styled "corn-crackers," brought many delicious farm products up Pamlico River to the towns, and, on one occasion, along with other rich products, I secured a Negro cook who bore the hallmark of excellence conferred by birth and training in Hyde.

Observing a large and handsome bearskin among her effects, I said, "Where did you get that, Lacey?"

"Down to Hyde County, ma'am. I jes' borrored it for de winter. It b'longs to Nancy."

"Who is Nancy?"

"Why, don't you know Nancy? . . . She's my sister."

"Well, how did she get the bearskin?"

"Nancy got married to a feller by the name uv Jim Brown, an' dey had one little baby. Jim set sich store by dat chile dat he 'lowed 'twa'n't no use fer him to work any mo', 'case Nancy 'bleeged to cook out, an' he got ter tote dat chile home ebery night de Lord send, it bein' unpossibler fer Nancy ter cyyarry home de chile an' her basket -- de basket wuz heavy, fer dey is high livers up ter lawyer Gibbs's.

"Dere is plenty uv bears down dere. Jes' you wait till de corn 'gins ter git good, den de bears walks out uv de woods on dey hind legs, an' gets dey arms full uv corn -- same as folks. De dogs is even skeered uv dem bears.

"Dis day what I'm er-tellin' 'bout, Nancy bin pestered ober de house cleanin', an' of course dat wuz de night Jim didn't hove in sight.

"If you is ever bin to Hyde County you knows dat lawyer Gibbs has de mostest corn -- an' Nancy in ginerally go home by way uv de aidge uv de corn fiel', till she come ter de stile. It wuz a-gittin' late, an' no Jim in sight. So she picked up de little ole baby in one arm an' tuck de basket in de udder, an' went erlong er-quarrelin' wid Jim. When she wuz mos' up to de stile, she thought she seen

him leanin' on de fence, an' den de heat riz up in her 'case he ain't come befo'. She say, 'Why ain't you bin here to take dis baby? My arms is fit to drap off. You better come take yo' chile. I ain't gwine ter cyarry him anoder step!'

'It didn' 'sprise Nancy when he nebber say nothin', 'case Jim mighty apt ter keep his mouf shet when she talk dat way. She jes' drapped de baby in de out-stretched arms an' he went on so quiet lack, an' she couldn't see him good, so he got out uv sight befo' she fix ter git over de stile wid de basket. It wuz er-growin' dark fas', an' Nancy hurried on through de narrer strip uv woods 'twixt de corn fiel' an' de clearin' in which stood her cabin.

'Fo' she git ter de house she hear Jim er-splittin' wood an' er-whistlin', an' dat cheerful whistle sorter rile her an' make her 'member she ain't forgib him fer not comin' after her sooner. When she seen him, she call out, 'Whar is you don put de baby?'

'Leanin' on his ax, an' lookin' very surprised, Jim say, 'I ain' seen no baby.'

'Quit yer foolin', Jim Brown. You knows you done met me at de stile an' tuck de baby.'

'He 'lowed he hadn't bin to no stile, dat he jes' come home. Nancy say, 'Hush yo' mouf, man; you know I gib you dat chile.' She went inter de house ter look, but no child wuz dere, an' she become convinced dat somebody done tuck her baby. She stop quarrelin' an' right quick like she tells de circumstances ter Jim. Pretty soon dey went off ter search. Dey went ter all de houses, but dere wuzn't no strange baby nowhweres.

'Nancy cried an' tuck on dreadful. By dis time dey done put de word out, an' de whole plantation wuz in a uproar, men with light- 'ood torches, an' boys wid dogs wuz er-searchin' everywhere. One woman 'lowed dat Jim's mammy done stole de baby -- 'case she didn' like Nancy noways.

'De oldest man on de place riz up an' say he seed Silas down by de lake wid a wiggly bun'le under his arm, a' he mos' sure dat Silas done frowed dat baby in de water -- 'case everybody sholy does know how Silas so mad he fit ter die when Nancy marry Jim 'stid o' him. An' Silas is er mean nigger. In a minute dey wuz all runnin' in de direction o' Lake Mattermuskeet.

'Nancy wuz completely tired out, an' she couldn' keep up wid de rush. She so 'sausted she drap on de groun'. Jim tried ter 'suade her ter go home. 'Bout dat time de day 'gin ter break, an' de early mornin' sounds come from de woods an' fiel's. It 'pears like Nancy, layin' flat on de boggy groun', hear sumpen what we all don't, an' she jumped same as if she bin shot, an' runned right inter de swampy woods, sayin', 'Dere's my baby er-hollerin' -- don't you hear him?'

'Jim followed her though he 'clared 'twa'n't nothin' but er bird er-screechin'. Nancy nebber studied him. She run right in de thick woods where 'twuz all miry wid black mud, an' ez she come ter a sorter high place under a big cypress tree she nearly drapped in her tracks fer tremblin', an' de cold sweat broke out on her -- fer dere set er big black bear wid her po' little baby in his arms, er-jumpin' it up an' down.

'Jim come up 'bout den, an' he gib one loud scream dat sounded like 'Oh! good Lordyl Oh! good ---!' As he hollered de bear growled deep, an' laid de

baby down keerful like -- an' still growlin' an' showin' his teeth he started fer Jim.

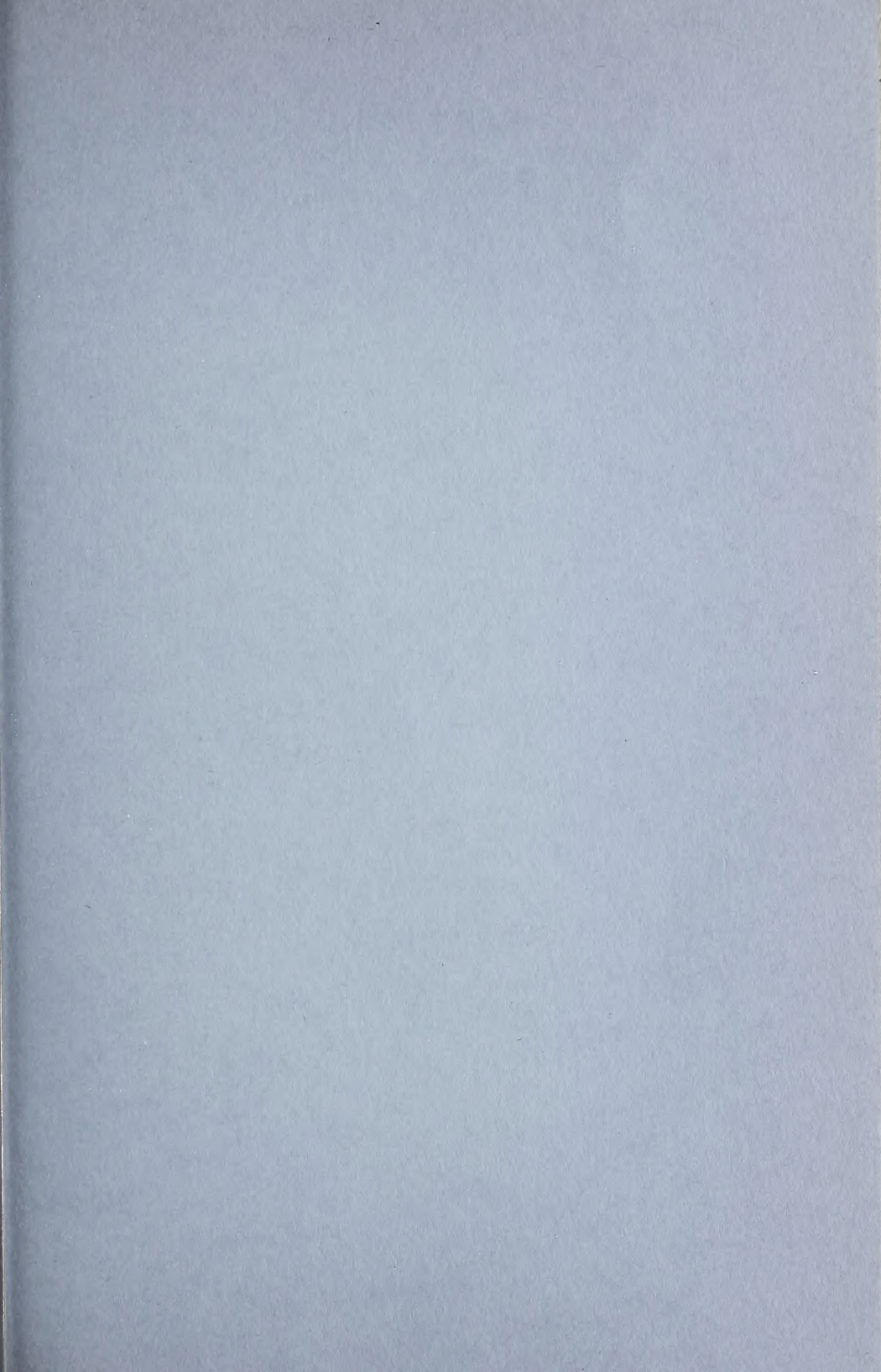
"Nancy, seein' her chance, run quick an' grabbed her chile an' cut loose fer home. Seems like she thought dere wuzn't nary nuther baby in de whole worl'.

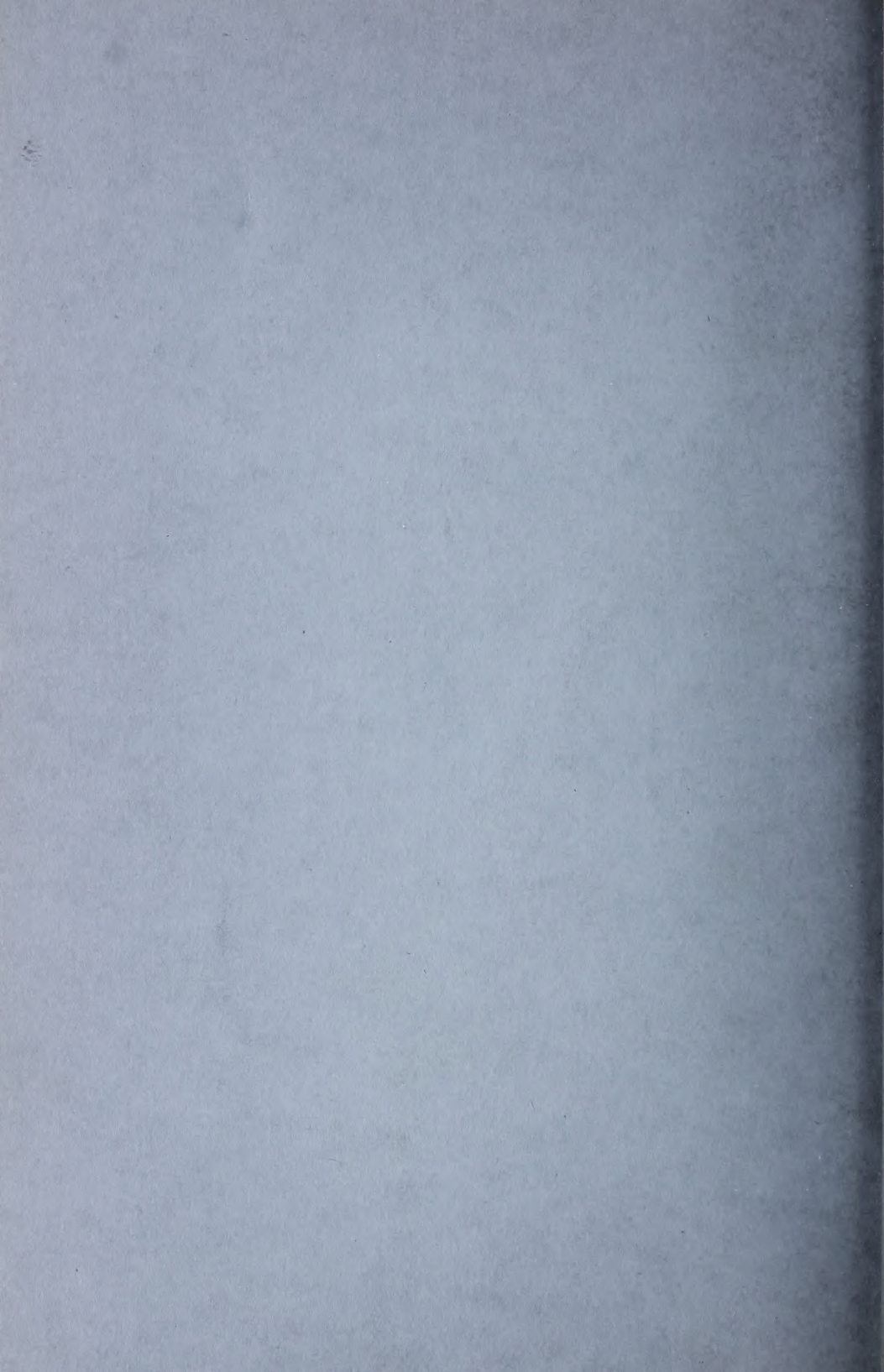
"De men, hearin' Jim's 'stressful cries, run fas' as dey could wid de guns an' de dogs, an' dey killed dat bar what Nancy done mistook fer her husban'. His tracks wuz all 'roun' de stile where he had went ter git over fer corn.

"An', I 'clare ter gracious, ma'am, dat baby waren't no mo' skeered dan if it had er bin his pappy."









NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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THE MUSIC OF THE WALDENSIANS IN VALDESE, NORTH CAROLINA

By Wilton Mason

[Dr. Mason is Associate Professor of Music and Director of the Institute of Folk Music at the University of North Carolina. He is the author of "Father Castel and His Color Clavecin," The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism, "17 (September 1958), 103-16, and of other articles in musicological periodicals, and he has arranged Appalachian folksongs for mixed chorus.]

The town of Valdese lies among the hills that slope eastward from the Blue Ridge mountains of North Carolina. It was settled in 1893 by a group of Waldensians from the Cottian Alps of Italy. This region forms a part of the boundary between France and Italy, between the Maritime Alps and the Graian Alps. Its total area is less than three hundred square miles and most of the country is so steep and rocky that cultivation is out of the question. Yet this wild and barren country is the citadel of one of the oldest and staunchest Protestant faiths.

It is generally held today that the Waldensian movement grew out of "a fusion of the labors of Waldo and his followers with the movements of earlier reformers, such as Arnold of Brescia, Peter of Bruys, and Henry of Cluny."¹ Peter Waldo appears to have been the strongest of these men and to have inspired great loyalty to his teachings. He was a wealthy merchant of Lyons who was convinced that each man had the right to read and interpret the Bible for himself. He sold his material possessions and took a vow of poverty, begging and preaching in the streets. Before long he had gathered about him a band of followers known as the Poor Men of Lyons.

This new order was soon prohibited by the Archbishop of Lyons, and Waldo and his band were forced to go abroad. Always in pairs, the disciples scattered all over the continent of Europe, and large groups of followers were established, especially in Languedoc and Provence, where they, along with the Albigensians, were objects of the Albigensian Crusade instigated by Pope Innocent III in 1208.

In spite of this and other persecutions the Waldenses persisted and in various European communities they spread their reform ideas which later proved helpful in establishing the proper mental climate for Luther and Calvin. But recurrent campaigns against them forced them to seek protection in the valleys of the Alps where the isolation and the difficult terrain offered natural obstacles to their enemies.

From the middle of the fifteenth century onward their stronghold in the Cottian Alps was the scene of the turbulent history of the Waldensians. Periods of relative calm were followed by periods of renewed persecution. As early as 1694 the Duke of Savoy made peace with them and recognized their religious liberty but subsequently reversed his edict, banishing hundreds from the valley of Pragelato. For a period of four hundred years these sturdy people endured incredible hardships until February 17, 1848, when they were at last granted freedom of conscience and worship, and full civil rights.

1 George B. Watts, The Waldenses in the New World (Durham, Duke University Press, 1941), p. 4.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that by the middle of the nineteenth century the Waldensians had reached a social stability and that subsequent migrations to the New World were not the result of religious persecution but rather of the overcrowded condition of the home valleys and the poor economic prospects. There had been numerous individual migrations to other regions, especially southern France, but now the Waldensians began to consider projects for group migrations. A group which had been converted to the Mormon religion went to Utah. A large unit of forty-five families settled in Uruguay, and the colonists spread from these to Argentina. Settlements were made in Menett, Missouri, in Wolf Ridge, Texas, and finally in Valdese, North Carolina. In 1892 a delegate from the Waldensian Church of Italy, Rev. Teofilo Gay, visited America on a missionary tour and heard for the first time that there was land available in Yancey and McDowell counties, North Carolina. When he returned to the Waldensian valleys he carried this news with him. After several committee meetings two representatives were sent to inspect the land. They rejected the first properties shown them but finally agreed on a section of land in Burke county, near Morganton. Upon their favorable recommendation it was agreed to undertake the settlement and on May 29, 1893, the first group of twenty-nine Waldensians arrived at what is now Valdese. They were joined later by others, and soon, in spite of many initial hardships, there was a flourishing town established there.

Valdese was originally a farming community. The land-hungry immigrants were delighted with the vast areas available to them and began to try to bring them under control, using methods of land management which they had learned at home. Many of them were competent masons, and Valdese still has numerous sturdy houses constructed of native field stone by the original settlers. Vineyards were planted and soon began to produce grapes which were made into a wine that became regionally famous.

The colony was at first organized along socialistic lines. All crops and produce were to be pooled and shared equally, with no consideration being made for differences of profession or occupation. This utopian effort at a co-operative enterprise lasted only about a year and a half. It was contrary to all the instincts and training of these highly individualistic people and resulted in much bickering and disagreement. In 1895 the colonists executed individual contracts for their properties with the land corporation (the Morganton Land and Improvement Company) and following this the colony began to operate on a sounder financial basis. Local and state papers praised the industry and perseverance of the settlers and various state agencies extended aid.² Volunteer crews of workmen began to gather sand and stone materials and on the 17th of February, 1897, the cornerstone of the permanent church was laid. The date was, of course, chosen in commemoration of the edict which 49 years before had granted the Waldensians freedom of worship, and the 17th day of February remains to the present the most significant date in the whole year for the town of Valdese and is the occasion for celebrations and festivities.

The history of the early years in Valdese is closely bound up with the history of the church, which served as a core of faith and direction for these people. In the very first year of the colony's existence Dr. Tron, the pastor, began to record in French all the actions taken in the town meetings. This book was entitled Livre des Procès Verbaux et des Documents se référant à la Fondation de la Valdese Corporation, 1893-1894. Succeeding pastors fortunately

² For example, the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station published a bulletin printed in French and English on alternate pages, dealing with regional crops, cultivation, use of commercial fertilizers, etc.

continued to make these records, with the result that there is a complete documentation of the history of the colony from the beginnings to the present.

It is obviously impossible in the brief space allotted here to follow out this history in any detail, interesting though it is. A brief summation must suffice.

After the town was firmly established it was evident that the colonists could supply their own needs adequately, but it was felt that if the community were to expand some industrialization and trade would be needed. A Waldensian hosiery mill was established, the first industrial venture to be undertaken by the colonists. It was soon followed by other knitting mills, spindle factories, a bakery, and various other enterprises. As might be expected, this industrialization and the generally thriving aspect of the town attracted many non-Waldensians to the community, and it began rapidly to lose its somewhat unique character. Waldensians intermarried with native North Carolinians. English began more and more to replace the French and Italian of the original settlers. The development of broad highways through the town and the nearby districts brought the outer world closer, and in more recent years radio, films, and television have completed the leveling process to such an extent that the uninformed visitor, motoring through Valdese, would have only an impression of a bustling, industrial North Carolina town.

Nevertheless, there remain a few families, children of the first colonists, who have preserved a lively consciousness of their heritage, and who refer to themselves somewhat proudly as "full" Waldensians.

The group which I contacted on a recording trip was made up of such individuals. Most of them spoke a fluent, idiomatic English, with only a trace of an accent, and yet almost all were trilingual. French is the language of choice in many of these homes and amongst themselves, but several conversed quite fluently with me in Italian. In addition to these standard languages the Waldensians make use of a patois which one scholar has related very closely to the Provençal tongue.³ Interestingly enough, the present-day Waldensians are quite reticent about their use of this tongue and give the impression of being somewhat ashamed of its presence, though it is known to be used rather freely in family circles. While they sang quite readily in either French or Italian it was difficult to elicit a song in patois, and the few snatches that were collected were accompanied by amused laughter and much self-deprecation.

The central importance of the church in Waldensian life is symbolized in the Waldensian woman's church dress. Up until fairly recently this costume was standard for attendance at Sunday services, and was also the costume for occasions of importance such as weddings, funerals, etc. It is much in evidence in many of the homes in photographs of parents and other members of the older generation. A delicate shawl is worn crossed over the shoulders and a white apron over the skirt of the dress. The principal distinguishing feature is the headdress, which can be visualized as a sort of abbreviated sunbonnet, the visor of which has been replaced with an elaborate and heavily starched frill. This headdress, or "coiffe," is presented to the young Waldensian girl upon the successful completion of a period of study and catechism in the church and signifies her acceptance as a member in good standing. It has both a social and an emotional significance for the Waldensian woman and is still today considered to be an obligatory part of the wedding dress of the daughter of one of

3 Francis Ghigo, The Provençal Speech of the Waldensian Colonists in North America, Chapel Hill, 1937 (Unpublished thesis).

these families. The full church dress is now worn by the women of Valdese only on February 17th of each year, the date of the annual celebration.

The men of Valdese have no characteristic dress and until one knows them pretty well as individuals there is little to distinguish them from other North Carolina citizens. But should you happen to walk by the stone community center building erected by the first settlers you will find, almost any afternoon, a group of the older men of the town playing baccia, an Italian game played on an open court with grapefruit-sized balls, apparently a sort of cross between bowling and horseshoe pitching. Their devotion to this game is remarkable, and many a Valdese housewife will ruefully inform you that she is a "baccia widow."

The group which I recorded was kindly brought together by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Guigou, both children of original settlers. Mrs. Guigou has always been keenly aware of the significance of the Waldensian heritage and has been especially interested in its musical aspects. For many years groups of friends met in her home in order to sing for their own pleasure, and in this way many of the songs from their homeland have been preserved and perpetuated on the alien North Carolina soil.

There had been no such gathering for several years prior to my visit to Valdese, and yet these people came together again and sang with a spontaneous grace and freedom which was delightful. After a somewhat tentative beginning it was fascinating to watch and listen as one song recalled another to them, as variant stanzas were contributed. They switched with no effort from French to Italian and back again. They displayed an interesting and unusual knowledge of varying melodies for some of their songs, and a frequent remark was "Now there is another tune for that one that goes like this [illustrating] , but we like ours better."

From a recording session which lasted some two hours and a half it is difficult to select a few representative selections, but the following may give some idea of the range of the repertoire and the manner of expression. The first is "Il Cuculo," an Italian song welcoming spring and the return of the cuckoo.

IL CUCULO

The musical score for "IL CUCULO" is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three staves of music. The lyrics are in Italian and are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

L'in-ver-no se ne-an-da-to L'A-pri-le non c'è più — E Mag-gio è ri-tor
na-to Al can-to del Cu-cù — Cu-cù — Cu-cù — Cu-cù, Cu-cù, Cu
Cù — E Mag-gio è ri-tor-na-to Al can-to del Cu-cù —

The next example is a French song, "Pierre lanlerou, lanlerou lanla," in which a shepherdess has lost fifteen sheep to the wolf. A handsome gentleman

passes by and pays her for the lost sheep. She tells him that when the sheep are sheared he shall have wool, but he says it is her heart he wants. That he cannot have, she replies, because it is given to Pierre.

PIERRE LANLEROU



Mon père a-vait cinq cent mou-tons, mon père a-vait cinq cent mou-
tons, Dont j'é-tais la ber-gè-re, lan-le-rou, lan-le-rou, lan-
la, - Dont j'é-tais la ber-gè-re.

The Waldensians are extremely fond of their hymns. Up until 1922 services were conducted entirely in French or Italian at the church in Valdesse, although it had even earlier than this allied itself with the Presbyterian church in America. For some years thereafter alternate services in English and French were given, but more recently English has completely replaced the other languages. The older residents do not exactly regret this but they do feel keenly the fact that there is no longer an opportunity to sing their beloved French hymns. There is a sizeable collection of these published by the mother church in Turin under the title Psaumes et Cantiques / à l'usage de / l'église évangélique Vaudoise. After we had finished with the folksongs the group asked me if I would record a few of the hymns because these were the pieces which they felt to be most representative of the Waldensian way of life. From several examples I have chosen "Saint Esprit" as a typical one.

SAINT ESPRIT



Saint Es-prit, viens dans nos â-mes, Pro-du-ire une vi-ve foi, Remplis
de tes Saintes flâm-mes Ceux qui n'es-per-ent qu'en toi. Viens,
oh! viens Es-prit Saint, En toi no-tre con-fi-an-ce; Fais -
- nous sen-tir ta pré-sen-ce Et bap-ti-se nous de feu. De -
scends, de - scends - et bap-ti-se-nous de feu.

For many years the older Waldensians of Valdese preserved native dances along with their heritage of song, but with the passing years this activity has virtually disappeared. The young people of Valdese show little interest in either the dance or the folk music traditions, and it is probable that in another generation the Waldensian heritage will have vanished as a living force.

It is my hope that this brief account will have served to call attention to a North Carolina community which is unique in its inheritance, and which has been hitherto almost completely overshadowed by the stronger Anglo-Saxon musical culture of the western part of the state.

THE TWELFTH CAROLINA FOLK FESTIVAL

The Twelfth Carolina Folk Festival was held in Memorial Hall, on the campus of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, on May 14, 1960. The University Folklore Council sponsored the event. Professor A. P. Hudson welcomed the audience on behalf of the Council. Dr. Norman Cordon, of Chapel Hill, was director, and he and Dr. I. G. Greer, of Chapel Hill, were masters of ceremonies.

The program was made up almost entirely of dance and song. The Glenn School Dancers, of Durham, under the smooth direction of Mrs. Catherine Wynne, opened and closed the program with beautifully executed dances. Mrs. Lucille Turner, of Forest, Virginia, presented a medley of songs and sketches based upon her observations of Negro folklore on Virginia plantations. One memorable number was a James River boat song. Three former participants of the Festival devoted themselves almost exclusively to English and Scottish ballads traditional in the United States. Mr. Forrest Covington, of Burlington, sang, among others, a fine version of "The Grey Cock." Miss Joan Moser, of Swannanoa, included among her choices her ever-popular version of "The Old Farmer's Curst Wife." Mr. Herbert Shellans, of Cary, offered "Geordie," which he had recently learned from one of his students at St. Mary's in Raleigh. Messrs. Don Brock and Herbert Vickers, University of North Carolina undergraduates, appeared in a group of songs with a Caribbean flavor. Mr. Max Drake, a graduate student, effectively handled several songs with guitar or banjo accompaniment. A visitor from New Mexico, Mr. Helmut Naumer, trolled out "John Hardy" and a number of pleasant folksongs. A genial and charming couple, Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Moon, of Gainesville, Florida, delighted the audience with several old favorites, including "Cindy." They were joined in lusty manner by the two masters of ceremonies in "Little David, Play Yo' Harp." The Men's Glee Club and Miss Sue Woodall of the University of North Carolina, under the direction of Professor Joel Carter, bolstered the program with several fine folksong settings, including a number from the Russian. Though the program was dominated by song, it was not monotonous, for there was great variety in the songs offered and in the styles of rendition. A good-sized audience expressed its enthusiastic approval.

HUNTING AND FISHING TALES

By Jean Wood Walston

[A resident of Chapel Hill, Miss Walston collected the following tales while she was a senior at the University of North Carolina in the session of 1959-60. She acknowledges her obligations to Mr. Billy Arthur, of Chapel Hill, for a number of them.]

In this day of investigations of possible and probable fraudulent utterances, there are at least two areas which can safely escape such getting-at-the-bottom-of-things probing: hunting and fishing. No one expects a hunter or a fisherman to tell the truth, and even when he does, no one believes him. Happily, these exaggerations are conceived with pleasure, executed with restrained glee, and received with laughter. Usually hunting and fishing lies jog the memory, and as the laughter over one tale dies down, someone is heard to say, "That reminds me of a tale I heard," or, "I can top that one!" But there must surely be a beginning to such a session of lies; so

In December, 1906, the Elizabeth City Economist reported that Peter Roscoe found some wild turkeys in his barn, and he shut the door on them. Then he got his gun, opened the door, went inside, and fired. The turkeys became frightened, and as one they flew together to the ceiling and carried away the roof of the building.

Mr. W. O. Pratt told of a time when he was stuck down in Tyrell County, North Carolina, some years ago, and was invited to go on a coon hunt. About twenty dogs were turned loose, and it looked as though each of them had picked up a different coon's scent simultaneously. They went in every direction at first, but Mr. Pratt said that he could tell by their barks that they were working closer and closer towards each other as the minutes and the hours passed.

Finally the men caught up with the dogs and found all of them gathered around one pine tree. It was the biggest tree Mr. Pratt had ever seen, and the dogs around it were making more noise than he had ever heard before. The hunters looked up into the tree, and it appeared that the pine was literally filled with coons. Each dog had chased his coon to that one tree, and according to Mr. Pratt, "Every time the coons would breathe, you could hear the tree squeak."

"Well," he continued, "we sent home for two cross-cut saws, and we sawed on that tree from midnight until about daybreak before the tree fell. And when it fell, we got forty-four coons, and sixty-four coons got away."

The fairer sex also contribute to hunting and fishing exploits. A story by Mr. E. R. Buchan concerned a lady who was a very good shot and who owned a very fine pointer. "One day she and the dog went hunting," Mr. Buchan related. "The pointer left her to run in an old field in which the grass was high. Presently, up flew a quail. The lady banged away, and down came the bird. Another quail appeared and was brought down. Quail, one at a time, began to appear at intervals of about fifteen seconds. The lady stood in her tracks and shot all that the law would allow her to shoot.

"Then," Mr. Buchan said, "she went to the spot a few yards from where all the birds had flown up. There stood her pointer, over a rabbit hole in which there were several quail. It appeared that the dog had edged the birds into the

hole and had let them out one at a time, holding a paw over the rabbit hole in between times."

(This tale was also heard from D. D. Whitley, whose version varied only in having a hero instead of a heroine hunter.)

Then there is the story about two women who compared notes on a duck hunting trip. "Well, I bagged five on the first day, two on the next day, and believe you me, the ducks I killed were the only ones I saw," said the first hunter. "How did you make out?"

"Not so good," said the second hunter. "I sat in a blind all day, and I know that I saw a thousand ducks, but I didn't get a shot."

"How was that?" asked the first hunter.

"Well, every time I aimed at one duck and dead sighted on him---can you imagine it?---another duck flew between it and my gun and got in the way."

Some question may be raised as to whether or not dogs have competition in their talent for pointing when one mulls over an item which appeared in the Charlotte Observer in January, 1897. The story went something like this:

Wilson Auten missed his mule, thought it had been stolen, but found the mule at 10 a.m. the next day, standing under a persimmon tree in an old field. The ground was trampled bare and the mule had eaten the bark off the trunk. Up in the branches of the tree Mr. Auten saw a big, fat opossum. He captured the animal, mounted the mule, and rode home. Had the mule gone out 'possum hunting, treed his game, and remained at his post waiting for relief?

J. W. Mann of Mann's Harbor, North Carolina, was reported by the Elizabeth City Economist in January, 1899, to have had a breed of dogs that he had grown by the "selection of the fittest" and that he called "crooked tooth." The dogs had to have a different bark for every variety of wild animal that is found in our North Carolina swamps and forests. One bark meant a doe. A yelp meant a coon. Two yelps meant a wildcat. A yelp, a bark, and a growl meant a catamount. The Economist dubbed Mr. Mann the head hunter in Dare County.

In the late summer of 1890, the Washington (North Carolina) Gazette printed this terse report which was of interest to all of the big-game hunters in the Washington area:

A party of youths spent several days down on the river on a hunting trip last week. They killed one dove, three sapsuckers, a terrapin, and one million mosquitoes.

Mr. W. O. Pratt began a yarn by declaring that he had found his bird dog. "You know," he continued, "the one I lost while hunting last year. Well, that is, I found his bones in an open field down in lower Craven County, and I identified him by the tag on the collar that lay nearby. He was still on a point, because about four feet away was the skeleton of a quail. He had held the bird on a point so long that both of them had starved to death."

A variation of this tale was told by D. D. Whitley, who claimed that several days after the dog was lost, his owner burned off sagebrush in a large field. The next day he found the dog, burned to death, 'but still pointing ... and thirteen dead birds in a pile.

Billy Arthur laid claim to owning a wonderful hunting dog. "He wasn't a pointer," Billy said. "He was too polite for that ... he was a nudger. And fast in the woods! He went so fast that I had to wet him down every thirty minutes to keep him from setting the woods on fire!"

Not all dogs are such paragons of hunting virtue, however, for in The State, May, 1956, an article about dog trading in Rowan County told of a certain hound that enjoyed "extraordinary revolving ownership" and was owned by Tradin' Bud Miller twenty-one times. The article went on to say that the dog was a fine-looking hound, that all he had was good looks and a wonderful capacity for food ... if it was handed to him. "But," Tradin' Bud said, "he wouldn't raise his head to bark if a fox had trotted by leading two rabbits on a leash!"

If they could only talk, canine hunters would counter this slur with the story reported by the Oxford Torchlight about an honest dog that "positively refuses to hunt birds before October 15th, and no amount of coaxing or whipping will induce him to break the law. He was taken into the fields a few days ago, but the law-abiding animal couldn't be induced to set a single bird. Finally his master drew an almanac from his pocket and pointed out "October 18th" with his finger. The dog gave a joyous bark and went to work with an energy that enabled the sportsman to bring home an overflowing game bag."

When one ponders over the idea "If dogs could talk," one may even speculate that they might be able to offer remarkable tales of man's hunting prowess such as was reported in the Smithfield Herald in October, 1906, and quoted by the Charlotte Observer.

The story in the Herald said that "last week while W. D. Phillips was pulling fodder, a fox came trotting by. Mr. Phillips laid aside his handful of fodder, rheumatism, asthma, and old age, and gave chase through fields and briars, over ditches, et cetera, and captured Reynard with no other weapon but his old hat. Mr. Phillips is eighty-four years old, and deserves a medal or a new hat."

The Observer continued by saying: "That is nothing. Old man Fred Messer of Haywood County is 118 years old. One day last week he caught two full-grown deer before breakfast, walked to Waynesville and back before dark--a jaunt of forty-four miles between suns--and danced twenty-one sets at a frolic that night."

Turning to the inevitable exaggerations of fishermen, one comes across the experience of the perennial Irishmen, Pat and Mike.

Pat had returned from a winter's vacation in Florida and was telling Mike about an enormous grouper he had landed there. It was so big that it took a power winch to land it and a crane to get it off the boat. Since it was too big to eat, Pat took a picture of it.

"Well, show me the picture," Mike insisted.

"Oh, I don't carry it around with me," Pat explained. "It weighs fifteen pounds!"

Luby Hardison of New Bern vows that he knew a fellow who weighed his eight-months-old baby on the same scales on which he weighed his fish, and the baby tipped the scales at fiftysix pounds. Such accounts as this can be attributed only to fits of jealousy among disappointed anglers, for successful fishermen never doubt the integrity of each other's claims.

One of the unique fishing tales came from the Reverend R. H. Whitaker and was preserved for posterity by the Raleigh News and Observer in 1907, or thereabouts. The Reverend Mr. Whitaker told of a Methodist preacher who wore out his teeth eating chicken and who, in the course of time, had to acquire a set of false teeth. The new teeth, like the old ones, soon became fond of chewing chicken bones. On one occasion the preacher was going to take supper with a sister whose spring chickens were just right for frying. He had to cross a creek on a foot log, and when he was about midway, he coughed. His teeth dropped out and fell into the creek, sinking to the bottom. The water was deep and muddy, and he couldn't retrieve his teeth. When he reached his destination, he told his plight to the lady, and one of her sons offered to get the preacher's teeth for him. The boy departed and returned forthwith with the teeth. Asked how he got them, the boy explained, "I baited a hook with a leg of fried chicken, and as soon as the hook reached the bottom, the teeth bit."

From Henry Earp of Durham comes the tale of two fellows who were fishing for bass over near North Wilkesboro, using shad roaches for bait. Naturally, these fellows had with them some of North Carolina's famous corn whisky, and soon they felt in such a generous mood that they gave three or four drops to the shad roaches. "Well, sir, the shad roaches plunged into the water," Henry said, "and they pulled the cork clean out of sight. When the fellows hauled in their lines, they found that their shad roaches had caught two eight-pound bass by the throat!"

Later on, these same two fishermen tried another method, and this resulted in a much bigger catch with far less effort. They baited their hooks with bread which had been dipped in corn whisky. The fish liked it so well that they began to jump into the boat for more.

Mr. Earp is a spinning-rod fan and has used many different lures manufactured by various tackle companies. Last summer he went fishing with his brother-in-law and decided to try his luck with some lures he had made at home. As soon as he threw his line out, he hooked a bass. The next fish bit immediately, too. Before he could throw the plug back, Mr. Earp's homemade lure looked so good to two more bass that they jumped out of the lake and landed at his feet.

Mr. Earp's teen-age son, Bill, is also an ardent fisherman and told of a trained worm that he had once. Bill used to perch "Willie" on a fishing hook and drop him in the water. Willie would wriggle around to lure the fish, and when a fish bit, Willie would jump off the hook and swim back to the surface, ready for the next job.

Once when my father and I started out to fish for spot in Chesapeake Bay off Ocean View, Virginia, we were surprised to see a lone fisherman in a rowboat pass us. This was surprising because our boat was making about five knots, and we didn't expect a rowboat to pass us, especially when the rowboat had no oars.

Suddenly our surprise turned to alarm when we saw a stream of water burst up from the middle of the rowboat. My father revved the motor, and soon we were alongside the rowboat, ready to rescue our fellow fisherman from his leaking boat. However, the man seemed unaware of impending disaster and was calmly baiting his hook with shrimp. He looked questioningly at my father when he hollered, "Climb aboard, fellow ... and hurry! What in the world did you hit to make that hole in your boat?"

The fisherman looked puzzled, and then he laughed so hard that his boat nearly tipped over. "I didn't hit anything, mister," he got out finally. "I made that hole myself. You see, I got tired of rowing this boat, and I couldn't afford to buy a motor, so I caught me a little whale and trained him to carry my rowboat on his back. Works great, too, 'cause that whale knows exactly where the spots are, and I'm the only fisherman in these parts who never goes home empty-handed."

When my family and I went to Florida in 1937 between Christmas and New Year's Day, my father got to talking to a young fellow down on the Keys. This fellow said that he was a teacher. My father didn't think that this was very unusual until the young man went on to say that he taught psychology in a school of fish. This school was divided into two classes: male fish who wanted to get away from their domineering fish wives and mermaids who wanted to emulate their human counterparts who catch husbands. So this is why the only fish caught off the Florida coast are male fish and why a single girl has a much better chance to catch a husband in Nevada.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW STORY: A QUERY

By Jan Brunvand

I am making a complete study of The Taming of the Shrew story (AT 901) in folklore and literature. I would appreciate any information or texts which readers can supply me. Type 901 is told as a humorous anecdote in the United States, though it has been only infrequently printed. Sometimes it is known as "That's Once!" Representative American texts may be found in Richard Chase, American Folk Tales and Songs (New York: Signet Key Book, 1956), 226-227, and Vance Randolph, Sticks in the Knapsack and Other Ozark Folk Tales (New York, 1958), 71-73. I am also interested in ephemeral printed appearances of the tale and in any literary reworkings or dramatizations of The Taming of the Shrew story whatever their sources.

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ORANGE COUNTY HOME CURES

By Ina B. Forbus

[The wife of Mr. Sample B. Forbus, Superintendent of Watts Hospital, Durham, Mrs. Forbus lives on Santa Colona Farm, near Chapel Hill. She is the author of two books, The Magic Pin and The Secret Circle, published by The Viking Press, New York; of a short story, "William the Rooster," in The Golden Grab Bag, an anthology of stories and poems for children; and of poems and short stories published in magazines.]

Today our country neighbors do not hesitate to go to a doctor when they feel "poorly"; to a dentist when a tooth "hurts bad"; to a hospital if that becomes necessary. Penicillin and indeed all of the modern wonder drugs are as familiar to them now as castor oil and sulphur and molasses were twenty years and more ago.

Soon after we moved to Orange County I gave two women a lift to the highway. I didn't know them; so to make conversation I asked, "How are you today?" "Oh," replied one, "We're both gruntin'."

To me that expression immediately conjured up a wonderful picture of people grunting around like so many pigs. However, after I learned of some of the home cures used by the people out here I came to the conclusion that shrieks of anguish were more in order than grunts. No doubt these methods of caring for various ills were similar to those employed in other localities. Today they seem barbarous, but twenty or twenty-five years ago they were common practice. I cannot vouch for them, but there are some fine residents of Orange County who do. And since they had the benefit of these home cures who am I to question them?

It was quite a simple thing to cure a baby of the hives, I am told. The mother took a sharp knife. Carefully she cut into the child's skin, midway between the two shoulder blades. Then she removed exactly three drops of blood. I wonder if this was a hangover from the old bloodletting of former days. Or perhaps it had something to do with the magic number three. Anyway, I've been assured it worked so well the baby's hives would disappear.

Most of the home cures were things a farmwife could secure quickly. Take the matter of a swelling of any kind. The thing to do was to look for a "dirt-dobber's" nest. This harmless insect's home, painstakingly fashioned of mud, can be found in many places around a farm. The nests are plastered to house walls, under eaves, inside barns. Let a member of the family develop a swelling of any kind, including stings, and one poor dirt-dobber found himself minus his home. The nest was moistened. The wet clay was then applied to the swelling. The result was the disappearance of the swelling.

One of the great standbys to stop bleeding was a mixture of soot and sugar. Another equally convenient one was a handful of cobwebs. The soot-and-sugar method seemed to be quite popular out here. One instance took place not so many years ago, in fact, since we've been out here.

Two youngsters who lived in a tenant house on a nearby farm were sent by their mother to chop kindling. One was a girl; the other, a boy. For a time they worked with a will. Then, as children do, they began playing around. Mary put her bare foot on the chopping block.

"Hey Joey," she called to her brother, who had the axe in his hand. "I betcha you couldn't chop my toe off."

Joe raised the axe above his head. "Betcha I could."

"Let's see you do it."

There was a swish through the air. A howl of pain followed. Joe stared whitefaced at Mary. The latter was hopping around, one foot clasped in her hand. Blood streamed between her fingers.

"Maw, Maw, come quick."

The mother dashed from the house. Grabbing the girl by the shoulders, she stopped the mad dance. "What ails you, girl?"

"Joey cut my toe off."

The woman was stunned. At last she unclasped Mary's fingers. The big toe had been cut clean off.

"You Joey," she commanded, "run quick and git a handful of soot. And some sugar."

The boy ran.

"And a clean rag," she yelled after him.

When the boy returned with a cupful of soot, another of sugar, and one of his father's Sunday handkerchiefs, the mother made a mixture of the first two. She shook some of this on the bleeding wound. The handkerchief was used to bind the whole thing. Turning to the now blubbering Joey, she demanded, "What for did you do such a thing to your sister? I oughta skin the hide off'n you."

"I didn't mean to, Maw. I thought she'd pull her foot off'n the block."

Just then his Maw's big rooster came strutting through the yard. He made a sudden swoop. Mary let out an even louder yell than before.

"Maw, Maw, the old rooster's got my toe."

The mother made a dive for the rooster. She was too late. The big bird gave a gulp. Down went the grimy little thing he had picked up.

"Prob'ly thought it was a grub worm," Joey said.

That horrible idea made his sister howl even louder.

The injured foot received no other doctoring. The child made a complete recovery. Whether the credit goes to the soot and sugar, the girl's probably strong constitution, or that special Providence that seems to look out for children, I don't know.

One thing about this soot-and-sugar treatment that was of the utmost importance to the patient was the necessity for someone to remove the mixture

when the bleeding stopped. If this was not done properly the sufferer bore a permanent black mark for the rest of his life.

Of all the strange remedies I've heard of, the strangest, I believe, is one for toothache used out here in the early part of the century. This is how the story goes.

A small boy, six years old, had a dreadful toothache. It was one of his sheddin' teeth. The little fellow cried and cried with the pain. It so happened that the doctor stopped by to prescribe for the child's mother. His attention was attracted to the little boy with the tearstained cheeks.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked.

"He's got the toothache somethin' terrible," the mother said.

The doctor whipped out an instrument. "Well, we can fix that up in no time. Come here, son, and I'll pull it."

The boy fled, with his father in pursuit.

"Naw sir, naw sir, I aint gonna let him pull hit," shrieked the boy.

"Shore you are, hit'll not stop hurtin' until hit's out, so come on," and the reluctant victim was carried to the waiting doctor. It took his daddy and two other men to hold the boy before the doctor was able to force the instrument into the small mouth. "Which tooth is it?"

One little paw was released long enough to point out the offending tooth. "Thith one."

The doctor gave a good tug. Out came the instrument, along with a tooth and a yell. The boy ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth. "Hit's the wrong tooth. He's took out my good tooth. Awwwwwwww."

Bawling his head off, he ran for the barn as fast as his short legs could take him. The doctor laughed.

"He'll be all right," he assured the father. "He doesn't know which tooth it is. I'll be back next week to see your wife."

But the boy was right. The wrong tooth had been extracted. The ache was as bad as ever. Probably worse, for now insult had been added to injury in the removal of a perfectly sound tooth. For the rest of the week he cried most of the time. When the doctor made his return visit the boy saw him coming. Without a word he lit out for the woods. Not until the medical man drove off in his buggy did the child return to the house.

"He could've pulled the right one this time, Tommy," said his daddy that night at supper. "We're gettin' plumb tired of your' bellerin' around here."

"Naw sir, I aint lettin' him pull no more of my teeth."

"Tell you what," spoke up the old Negro hired man; "you jest git you a mess of home-made tobacco. Wrop both your feets in that and hit'll cure your toothache."

It might be noted that "home-made" tobacco was not to be confused with tobacco "boughten" from the store. The farmers grew it themselves. Then they shredded it and chewed it, or they rubbed it fine between the palms of their hands, to be used in rolling cigarettes.

One small boy with a big toothache decided he'd put the tobacco to still another use. Acting on the advice of the hired man, he got a good big mess of it. Carefully he wrapped both feet in the leaves. For a week he went around that way, through mud, and water, and dust; through the manure in the barn; through the wet grass; into the house; even into his bed. Finally, the tooth - as sheddin' teeth have a way of doing - fell out. But the tobacco got the credit for it. A little boy doesn't know the difference.

Probably the most remarkable cure of all was the one effected when young Bill had a nosebleed so bad nothing would stop it. He was almost grown when it happened. He'd had the flu, according to his mother. She said: "And all of a sudden his nose began to bleed. Sometimes the blood gushed out. Sometimes it was all clotted like. And he got right white lookin'."

I asked her if it hadn't frightened her.

"Yes'm," she replied, "if 'twould happen today I'd have him to the hospital in no time. But back in them days we was skeered of the hospital."

"What about a doctor seeing him?"

"One did," she said. "Said to keep him in bed, with his head up. And not to wash the blood off'n his nose."

But Bill lay there, and the nose wouldn't stop bleeding. Another doctor, visiting relatives nearby, took a look. He advised Bill's people to take the boy to the hospital for treatment.

"Did you?" I asked.

"No'm, just skeered to, I reckon. Got to be Thursday," the mother went on, "and his nose had been bleedin' ever since Tuesday evenin'. Well, some-one comes along knowed about an old man lives over the highway. Name of Johnnie. Says old Johnnie had the power. So Bill's daddy went over to see would the old man come and stop the bleedin'."

The old man with the power did come. He went into the room where Bill lay in bed. He looked at the boy for a time. Then he said: "First thing I wants is to have his face washed. I'm a 'go'in' out to talk to his daddy in the yard. When I gits back I want all that blood washed off'n his face."

So, disregarding the doctor's instructions, a member of the family washed the boy's face. In the meantime the old man talked to the father for a few minutes. Then he went off by himself, behind a tree. There he stood, mumbling to himself. What he said no one could make out. When he returned to the house he asked, "Is his face washed?" When he was told "yes" old Johnnie went back to see Bill. He passed his hand over the boy's face. Then he left the room. "This is Thursday," he said. "Yore boy's nose won't bleed no more 'til Sunday. Then it'll bleed a little, but not enough for you to worry about."

That's what happened, too. The bleeding stopped. It resumed slightly on Sunday. Bill has not had a nosebleed since.

The "power" - that wonderful and mysterious ability possessed by a favored few - apparently is not confined only to stopping bleeding. Some there are who have the power "to take out fire." There was one such man not far from us. His wife made up salves and other cures for skin diseases. One day a man went to see them. The wife interviewed him. She asked, "What ails you?"

"Wellum," replied the man, "I has this thing on my hands. But the worst is my feet. They's burned bad. Can't git shoes on."

The woman looked at the hands he stretched out, then down at the blistered feet.

"I can fix your hands all right," she told him, "but I cain't do a thing for your feet until my husband takes out the fire." She stuck her head out of the window and yelled, "Arthur."

In a moment the husband entered the room. He looked at the visitor's feet. Then he turned to a nearby table. Taking several sheets of newspaper, he carefully spread them on the floor.

"Now," he told the other man, "you just stand on the paper."

The man did as he was told. The two big feet, with their rough, blackened nails, were hideous. No one said a word for a few minutes. Then Arthur moved close to the stranger. Lowering his eyes, so that he looked straight down at the burned feet, he began to mumble. What he said was absolutely unintelligible. All that could be heard was the mumble, mumble, mumble of the voice. Suddenly the barefooted one looked down too. Then he cried out to the woman, "Whar's all that water a comin' from?"

"Hit's from your laigs and feet. He's takin' out the fire. He's takin' out the fire."

It's a well-known fact (isn't it?) that warts come from handling a frog. But I wonder if people know how to get rid of the ugly blemishes once they are acquired? It's really quite simple. First, the sufferer picks up a gravel. He then rubs one of the warts with the gravel. That gravel is placed in an empty paper pocket. This is done until the pocket contains one gravel for each wart he wishes to dispose of. Now, the paper pocket containing the contaminated gravels is taken to a public place. A mailbox will do, or any spot where people are likely to pass by. The warty person then deposits the pocket in plain view. He himself must walk away from it without once looking back. In just a short period of time all of his warts will disappear. BUT, should any other person pick up that paper pocket and handle its contents - alas, he inherits the warts.

How can we properly question these home cures, since so many of the "patients" pulled through to live a long and useful life? So, perhaps it might be a good thing to encourage that spider on the ceiling; scrape up a little of the soot the chimney-swifts knock down; be sure to have plenty of sugar on hand; grow a little tobacco in the backyard; and, by all means, keep one's eye open for a convenient dirt-dobber's nest. One never knows.

THE EXTRACTION OF PAIN FROM BURNS

By Charles Edward Burgin

[Mr. Burgin is from Marion, North Carolina. He is a rising senior of the class of 1961 at the University of North Carolina and is an English major. With his account of his grandmother's power of alleviating the pain of burns compare Mrs. Forbus's note on an instance of this power in the preceding article, "Home Cures in Orange County."]

Annie May Fannie Hester Hall Burgin is her full name, but unlike the name, she is of small stature and has the typical tenderness of face associated with any grandmother. However, her uniqueness lies not in the fact that she is a grandmother, but that she is endowed with the power to extract pain from a skin burn.

Late in the summer of 1959 I was fortunate enough to witness a demonstration of this power. While my grandmother was visiting our home, my mother accidentally incurred a minor burn from the electric stove in our kitchen. My grandmother immediately took hold of the burned arm, placed her time-worn hands over the burn, and began to blow gently, directly upon it. Afterwards my mother told me that she actually felt the heat rising or being pulled from the burn, and that the pain increased while this process was going on, but was completely alleviated after the mysterious procedure had ceased. I was amused and highly skeptical, but thought no more about all this until the fall of 1959. It was then that I approached my grandmother with the hope of gaining her secret if she really had one. However, it was to no avail; she would tell me nothing, not even how she had acquired this healing power. The only reply I received from her was a crafty smile and a friendly admonition. She did, however, relate to me several instances in which she extracted the pain of burns from people who came to her seeking help when treatment given to them by medical doctors had failed to relieve the pain. One particular story which I remember involved a man who was severely burned over the major portion of his body as a result of a car accident. He was, at that time, residing in Asheville, North Carolina, and the treatment he was receiving from a medical doctor there gave him no relief. One of my aunts, who lives in that city, heard about his misfortune and told his family of my grandmother's ability to cope with such burns; so they came to Marion, a small town thirty miles east of Asheville, to ask her to help if she could. After she assured them she would help, they traveled with her back to Asheville, and sure enough, as the story was related, she went through her mystic procedure, and the man was immediately relieved of the pain caused by the burn, and later fully recovered from the effect of the burn itself.

Although my grandmother would tell me nothing concerning the actual performance of her inscrutable rite, I was fortunate in encountering a male member of my community who also possessed this power. I found him also more cooperative; he confirmed my previous suspicion that some words were repeated by the person as the "fire was blown out." He went even further and told me that part of what is said can be found in the Bible. However, I do not know if the same phrase is used by more than one person. Even he did not know where the words, other than those found in the Bible, had originated, and, of course, could not tell me what any of them were. He went on to say that this power had to be passed from male to female and vice-versa, but once this was done, the person passing it was no longer capable of performing the feat.

There are two possible interpretations of such a mysterious power, one plausible and the other highly imaginative. The first comes from the community, or rather from the people with whom I talked. They believed that it was a gift of God to various people during the early period of our country. Otherwise, they say, how could the people of the isolated settlements take care of themselves when the nearest doctor was usually many miles away? It was generally very difficult, if not impossible, to secure a doctor in time when someone fell sick. I offer the other rather amusing interpretation. Many times, on clear, crisp nights, when I have stood gazing at our friend the moon, suddenly I could envision a transient figure gliding across the path of its light. My imagination would then jump into high gear. First, I would conjure up a cackling, decrepit figure; then would come the large soot-covered, frothing caldron containing portions of a domesticated cat's tail, two frog legs, an egg shell purloined from the nest of a small wren, a once-musical cricket, and numerous other figments of my gruesomely humorous imagination. Who can say that our time-honored friend and foe the legendary witch does not still exist today? What is your opinion, grandmother?

GHOSTS AND HAUNTED HOUSES OF EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA

By Tucker R. Littleton

[Mr. Littleton lives at Swansboro, North Carolina, where he is pastor of Grace Baptist Church. He contributed "Legends from Beaufort, North Carolina" to North Carolina Folklore, vol. VII, No. 1 (July 1959).]

All of the following stories about ghosts and haunted houses are from residents of the central coastal region of North Carolina, Beaufort and Swansboro being the most frequent addresses; and the stories have their setting in that region. I have tried to preserve as much as possible the original narrative style of my informants.

(1) Told me by my paternal grandmother, Mrs. Branca Reed Littleton, of Swansboro, now in her eighty-seventh year.

"We were just children. I don't know how old I was, for sure; but Mrs. Fannie Bell was our teacher, and she taught in the old one-room schoolhouse on Bear Creek, just opposite the Sanderses'.

"One day at recess she asked us if we didn't want to walk down to the landing on the river shore. We were just children, and of course we were glad to get out a while, and so we set out.

"The old Sanders place had been a large plantation before the Civil War, and at that time was divided into three fields or cleared grounds. The first one was the First Field; then came the Middle Field; and the third one was the Eddie Field, down next to the river. Before you could get to the Eddie Field, you had to go through a bottom -- a low, damp place, too poor to cultivate -- where old man Sanders had buried his Negro slaves when they died.

"Well, we were walking along the cart road until we got near that bottom. I had heard my brother West tell about going down there 'possum hunting one night when a ball of fire rose out of the cemetery and perched in the top of a tall pine, lighting up the whole elements. He struck out for home. And I figured some of the other girls must have heard similar tales, for they got awf'ly quiet the nearer that bottom we got.

"Just as we got down in that bottom opposite the graveyard, we heard the awf'lest racket up in the Eddie Field. It sounded like a runaway mule dragging a cartload of chains, and one of the girls hollered, 'Oh, my God! Old man Sanders's mules have broken loose.'

"Well, we looked up there to the field, and that noise was a-coming catty-cornered across the field, but it wasn't a-raising no dust. We turned to run, and Miz Fannie (poor old soul, she was crippled in one ankle and couldn't keep up with us), she begged us, "Young'uns, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

"We didn't stop, but left the poor old soul hobbling the best she could; and that racket kept a-coming, and no horse, cart, or nothing could we see. It came right on down into the bottom where we were, and we all left the road and took to the bushes. When it passed, we felt the wind of it; but we ain't seen nothing yet.

"That racket turned out of the path and went right into the thicket where those Negro slaves were buried. And when we got back to the schoolhouse, there ain't none of us ever been down there since."

(2) From the same informant as the preceding; about a house known as the Freshwaters House, on Bear Creek.

"All the old folks said it was haunted, and that if the family didn't lean the chairs on the porch against the wall, they'd rock all night long by themselves, whether the wind was blowing or not.

"Your Sissie stayed there one night with the Freshwaters girls, and they forgot to turn the chairs to the wall. It wutton [wasn't] long before one of them had to get out of bed and go fix the chairs. They started rocking.

"Years later, after 'lectric lights had been put in, Mrs. Huffman was renting the Freshwaters House. She came to town one evening in her cart and was in a hurry to get back to Bear Creek. She had company coming, and she was afraid they'd come before she got home and would leave when they found no one home.

"As she rounded a curve, she looked and saw all the lights on in her house and said to herself that they had come and made themselves at home. Just as she put her foot on the porch, the lights all went out; and when she went in, she found no sign that anyone had been there. Her company came a little later."

(3) From Beaufort; told by Mrs. Evelyn Pokryzwa.

"I heard about one man that used to live here in Beaufort that promised his wife that he'd never remarry if she should die first. She told him no second wife would ever be able to stay with him if he did remarry.

"Later, his wife died, and before long he brought his second wife into the house. The first night when they went to bed, the second wife complained about the covers. She said it felt like someone was pulling the covers to the foot of the bed. She kept pulling the covers up, but every time something would gradually pull them off again. It got so bad she finally had to leave him."

(4) From Beaufort; told by Mrs. Annie Dixon. The setting is Harbor Island, off the east end of Carteret County.

"Long years ago there was an old man Pike that lived on Harbor Islunt and had a clubhouse there. He had a Negro that worked for him and one day he disappeared. It was learned that Mr. Pike killed the Negro man and buried him somewhere on the islunt. The way they learned that was that they saw this Negro's ghost hanging from the rail and swinging on it in the breeze at Harbor Islunt Clubhouse, right where old man Pike hung him."

(5) Brought by Mrs. Annie Dixon from Washington, N. C. The man's name must have been Moses Fowler, though about half the time the informant pronounced the surname as "Fowder." Washington, N. C., is locally called "little Washington," to distinguish it from Washington, D. C.

"A long time ago there was a big house in Little Washington that belonged to old man Moses Fowler. Everybody that had ever lived there said it was haunted and had soon moved out. They all told the same tale.

"There was an old widow woman lived in Little Washington with two children, and she had a hard time feeding and clothing them. So she came to Mr. Fowler one day and asked him about the house. Nobody would live in it then, and the house had been empty for some time. The widow asked Mr. Fowler if he'd let her and her children stay there free of charge if they weren't afraid, since he couldn't rent it anyway. Mr. Fowler agreed, and the widow and her family moved in what little they had.

"The next day the mother went to work in town to make a little money and left the two children home. In the afternoon one of the children, a girl, was in the kitchen, and when she looked up she saw a man in the room with her, but he didn't have any feet.

"That evening when the mother came home, the frightened girl told her mother about the man she'd seen. The widow said that it met all descriptions she'd ever heard of the ghost there. The girl told her mother that the man said he'd return.

"That night when the widow was putting hoecakes in the oven, she looked up, and there was the man -- no feet, as before. Instead of running, she talked to him. She addressed him in the name of God and asked him what he wanted. (You know, if you speak to a ghost or witch in the name of God, they have to answer you.) The man said he wasn't there to harm her. No one before had talked to him; so he told her that there was a chest of money hidden in the house. He told her to go upstairs to the attic, take up certain boards, and there would be the money.

"When the woman didn't get the money that night, the ghost came back the next day and asked why. She asked if it'd be all right to get someone to go with her as a witness. He said yes, so long as no one else got any of the money. If they were to, it'd be bad for them. You see, that ghost couldn't rest until he had led someone to the money, and the widow was the one he wanted to have it.

"So the next day the widow went and told old man Fowler all she'd seen and heard. Then she asked him to go with her to the attic. They went and ripped up the boards as the ghost had said, and there was the money. Because the ghost said he'd destroy the place if the money wasn't given to her, old man Fowler gave her the place and the money. People in Little Washington knew that to be a fact because the old widow suddenly had a lot of money."

(6) From Mrs. Lena Hill, Swansboro, now in her eighties. She once lived on the western end of Bogue Banks, in front of Swansboro, where the events of the following story took place.

"There was a woman lived over there on the banks named Sabra Lewis. She died young and left her husband with an infant child. When she died, the neighbors came over, and some took care of the baby while others prepared the body for burial. The cemetery was across the beach from where the houses were. They buried her there the next day, and that evening just about sundown somebody at the house looked out across the beach towards the new grave of Sabra Lewis, and when they did, they screamed. Right on top of her grave sat a white figure in a rocking chair holding an infant in her arms. Her husband was upset, and someone told him to find a certain verse in the Bible and read it out loud while someone else watched at the door. He did so; and when he finished reading it, the ghost disappeared and was never seen again."

(7) Told me by a Mrs. Midgette, who was living with her daughter in Beaufort. At the time I collected these tales she was about ninety-five years of age, having an excellent memory. She had spent most of her life at Hatteras.

"Back in my days on Hatteras everybody had to travel to church by cart or walk -- one way or the other. One night there had a crowd been to church, and it was good and dark when they got out, but the moon was bright and lit up the beach. In the cart in front was a man, his wife, and daughter. Behind them were walking another man and his wife. They had been riding along slow like when the wife in the cart noticed a girl walking right beside their cart. She had not noticed her before, and suddenly she hollered to her husband to look out or he'd run over the girl beside them. Her husband and daughter both looked down but declared they saw nothing or no one. At the same time, however, the couple walking behind the cart hollered as the girl turned, walked under the horse and cart, and vanished. The man and his daughter never saw anything, but his wife and the other couple saw the ghost until she vanished."

(8) Also by Mrs. Midgette.

"There was a house on Hatteras I heard about. This house couldn't keep its doors closed. The old man's daughter had been to church that night, and it was in the dead of winter. When she got home, she noticed the front door was open, and she thought it was peculiar since it was cold outside. When she came in, her father told her to close the door. She closed it several times, but every time she turned away it would come open again. She told her father the door wouldn't stay shut. Then's when he told her he had tried to close it several times himself. Some people thought the wind was blowing it open, and I'd have thought so myself except that the door was fastened with one of those old-timey latches. There was no way to open that except from within. Well, the girl tried it again, and at last she said that if the Devil had it she wished he'd let go of it. The very next time she tried it, the door closed and never gave them any more trouble."

(9) From my uncle, Mr. John A. Littleton, Sr., of Swansboro. The incident occurred in Swansboro, and the informant and Mr. Otto Pridgen saw the sight.

"Otto and myself were sitting down there on the wall where Mrs. Annie Smith's house is now, and up in the next block were two or three graves with a wire fence about them. It was night, but it wasn't so dark outside we couldn't see. We looked down the street, and there came a round, black object about the size of a man's hat a-rolling over and over in the air. It came up the street, went right by us, and cut over into the lot where those graves were. When the thing got to that fence, we were expecting it to stop, because the meshes in the fence were real small. But that black thing went right on through like it had been air and went right on to those graves. Me and Otto struck out for home -- the skeerdest two young'uns you ever saw."

(10) From the same informant.

"All the old-timers used to say Freeman's Creek was haunted and that if anyone went in there of a night fishing they'd hear an awful noise. They said it sounded like a ton of bricks would come tearing down through the tops of the trees and splash in the middle of the creek. Papa would never go in there nights when we were up that way fishing. But we were up the river one winter, and he decided he'd stay in Freeman's Creek that night anyway. We slept in

the cabin of the boat with the door fastened good. Not long after dark we heard a racket and then someone outside walking around in the boat, but we never came out of there till daylight and wouldn't have if they'd got all our fish and nets."

(11) From my paternal grandfather, Mr. Edward Franklin Littleton, Swansboro.

"Mr. Piner used to live next to us, and I've heard him tell about being up by the islunt nights a-fishing and seeing great balls of fire rise off the westward end of the islunt. He always said there was some reason and said there was bound to be someone buried there, but nobody ever believed there was anything to it."

Concerning this story, I may remark that Mr. Piner knew what he was talking about. On October 15, 1954, Hurricane Hazel washed the skeleton of a Negro man out of the western bank of that island -- a skeleton that no one ever dreamed was there.

(12) The following was related to me by an aunt, Mrs. Bessie Parkin Littleton, also of Swansboro. The incident occurred seventeen or eighteen years ago when Tucker H. Heady died.

"When they brought Tuck's body home, I went over to stay with Mary. That night we were staying upstairs in her bedroom, right above where the coffin was, and soon after dark I started hearing this noise. It sounded more like wind vibrating and humming through wires than anything I can think of. I kept hearing it all night, and I knew Mary did, too, for she didn't sleep none. But I never said anything. The next night when we went to bed, that racket started up again. Finally, I had stood all I could take; so I said to Mary, 'Mary, do you hear a peculiar noise?' And she said, 'Yes, I believe I do. I heard it last night and tonight.' When we'd try to find the noise, it seemed like it'd always go somewhere else. We never could locate it, and to this day I don't know what it was. But I do know it was never heard before they brought Tuck's body there and was never heard again after they buried him the next day."

(13) From my father, Mr. James Reed Littleton, of Swansboro, who has fished on White Oak River for many years. Some versions that I've heard say the two Negroes shot each other.

"Up the river there are two lights they call the Jim Lights. These lights were supposed to be caused by two Negro men that got drowned up there. On certain nights you can see the two lights. Sometimes they run across the river; sometimes they pass each other; and sometimes they'll travel together up and down the river shore. Mr. Pete Hatsell said he was up there one night and one of the lights came and perched on the stern of his skiff. He said it lit things up as bright as day."

(14) Written down for me by the informant, Miss Virginia Arthur, a 1958-59 senior of Beaufort High School. ["Needle bomb" in Miss Arthur's story is probably an error for "needle palm." Webster's New International Dictionary defines palm as "A metallic disk, attached to a strap, and worn on the palm of the hand, used to push the needle through the canvas in sewing sails, etc." -- A. P. H.]

"My grandmother told me a tale that took place when she was only a girl, and it's true. Back in those days the people had a tool called a needle bomb. It was used to sew leather such as was used on saddles and horse collars. After my great-grandfather had used it one day, he gave it to my great-aunt, who was known for putting things up where she knew where to find them. Only a few months later she died. Six or seven years later my great-grandfather needed the needle bomb for some job he had to do, but it was nowhere to be found. That very night one of their relatives came to spend the night with them; and the next morning when he came downstairs, he found the needle bomb lying in plain sight at the bottom of the stairs. There was no place it could have fallen from, and no one could explain its return. After discussing it, the relative told the family that all night long something seemed to have been pulling the covers off of him, and he finally came to the conclusion that this had been my great-aunt's way of saying that she had come back to put the needle bomb out where it could be found."

(15) Also written down by Miss Arthur.

"One dark, cold, and foggy night a man was on his way to see the girl he was engaged to. It was quite a way to her home, and since there were no cars in those days, he had to go on foot. The path he had to take led through a dense woods in which there was a graveyard. On this night, just a few steps before he would have reached the graveyard, he saw the girl. She was dressed in a long white gown and was standing in the midst of the tombstones. He ran up to meet her, but she seemed always just out of reach. Before long, she disappeared somewhere in the graveyard. Thinking she was teasing him and trying to scare him, he figured she had run on home, leaving him to wonder. When he reached her home, he found that she had been sick and in bed all that day and the day before. Her parents swore she hadn't been out of the house, after he told his fantastic tale. Two weeks from that day she died and was buried in the same graveyard, quite near the spot on which he had seen her standing that night."

(16) Written down by Miss Patsy Whitehurst, Beaufort High School senior, 1958-59. The story is familiar and widespread. [Compare "The Ghost of Maco Station," in John Harden's Tar Heel Ghosts (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1954), pp. 44-51. -- A. P. H.]

"It was a rainy, stormy night. In a small railroad station outside of Wilmington, North Carolina, the station master had just gotten a message that he was supposed to stop a train that was due to be coming by and give the engineer a message. Although it was a stormy night and the station master hated to go out in it, he knew that it was his job and his duty. So he got out his red lantern, raincoat, and hat, and prepared to go outside.

"When he opened the door, the wind was so strong that it knocked him against it, but he braced himself and trudged on. The rain was coming down in sheets, and all that could be seen of the old station master was the dull red light that he carried in his hand. When he finally got by the tracks, he heard the train approaching. He then stepped on the tracks and began to wave his lantern to stop the train. He was stunned when he saw that the train wasn't slowing down as it should have. He began to wave his lantern frantically, hoping the train would see it and stop. But it was such a rainy night that the engineer didn't see the old station master standing on the track waving his lantern. The train ran over him without the engineer's ever knowing he was there.

"This happened in the early 1900's; but every year since, the local people say, on certain nights when the moon is full you can go where the old train station used to be, and you can see a dull red light hovering around the train tracks.

"About eight years ago a scientist from Maine came down to see if he could solve this mystery. He stopped traffic in all directions for ten miles to see if the lights from cars might be causing the red light. But the light still remained.

"They say if you go stand right by the train tracks, you can't see the light. But as soon as you get at least twenty feet away, you can see it. My mother and father have seen this light, and nobody knows what causes this mysterious thing."

(17) Written by Mrs. Diane Garner Cox, a graduate of Beaufort High School, class of 1959. [A variant of the vanishing hitchhiker legend. See Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk Literature, E332.3.3.1. -- A. P. H.]

"One night a man was out riding and saw a girl thumbing a ride; so he stopped and picked her up. She was dressed in an evening gown but had on no shoes. He asked her where she wanted to go, and she just pointed. So he figured she couldn't talk. He drove up in the yard, walked to the door, and knocked. The door was opened by the girl's parents. The man told them he had their daughter in the car and described her. When he had finished, the father told him that though the description was perfect their daughter had been dead for three months."

(18) About the same time another Beaufort High School senior told me the following variant orally.

"There was a man driving one night on that long stretch of road from Kinston to New Bern, and it was raining. 'Way out there in the middle of nowhere he saw this girl dressed in white and thumbing a ride. He picked her up and asked her where she wanted to go. 'New Bern' was the answer. And when he got there, she told him the street. He drove up in front of her house. And when he got out and opened the door for her, he found the seat empty. He knocked on the door, told the parents about the matter; and they told him their daughter had been dead three or four years. The parents told him not to worry, though, for there had many others come by and related the same story."

(19) Written by Miss Rebecca Adams, 1959 graduate of Beaufort High School.

"This is a tale that is supposed to be true, told me by my great-grandfather. My great-grandfather said that one time he went to see his girl friend on a bicycle. He said that he left her house around nine o'clock because in those days you weren't allowed to stay any longer. On his way back home he had to cross a narrow bridge just large enough for one person. As he came nearer, he saw a light that looked as if it were in a barrel, and it was on the bridge. When he started to cross the bridge, the light would move toward him; and when he backed up, the light backed up. He got scared so bad he stepped off the edge; and when he did so, the light stepped off and went swishing down the stream. As he got up on the bank, he heard a woman screaming and then a baby crying. He ran all the way home, leaving the bicycle. When he got there, he told his father and mother. They told him that wasn't anything unusual, that it had

been seen and heard before. A woman, they said, had been murdered there, and her small baby had been taken by the feet and his brains beaten out against the side of an oak tree."

(20) Written by Miss Nancy Pittman, 1959 graduate of Beaufort High School.

"There is a place known as Lukens, located across from South River. People used to live there, and they didn't have any means of transportation except by boat. One summer day a little boy over there was playing in the yard. He looked down the road and then called his mother to the door. He asked her if she saw a man walking down the road with bushes on his head. She told him she didn't see anything and for him to look away and then look back and see if it was still there. He did that and then said it was gone. His mother thought it seemed very strange and couldn't get it off her mind. About thirty minutes later his father came home and told them that a man in a nearby settlement had just been killed by a tree falling on his head."

(21) From a great-uncle, Mr. Everette Littleton, Swansboro.

"We stayed in an apartment house in Swansboro. It was originally a private home. Someone told me the story behind it later. The boy's father bought it or had it built for his son when the boy got married. One night the boy and his wife had an argument, and he murdered his wife -- shot her with a pistol -- in one of the back rooms. That was the room we stayed in and didn't know it. Every morning when we got up, the door would be wide open, and it was aggravating because there were people that stayed right across the hall. If you shut the door in the day, it would stay shut. But every night when you shut it it'd come open some time before day. One night I made up my mind to watch and see when it came open, but it never did open until after I fell asleep. Someone told me that ever since the man shot his wife in there the door would always come open at night."

(22) My aunt, Miss Eliza Littleton, told me of this experience, which occurred the night after my uncle, Mr. Bob Littleton, was buried.

"We had all gone to bed, but I was still awake. There came a little light no bigger than your thumb out of Bob's room upstairs across from mine. It came flitting across the hall, into my room, and lit on the foot of my bed. I got up to see what it was, and that was the last I ever saw of it. Next morning Mama and Papa said that about the same time a ball of fire came in their window, floated across the ceiling, went across the hall, and disappeared into the room where Bob died, downstairs. We felt it was a sign to comfort us, for that was the night after Bob's body had been taken out of the house for burial."

I close this group of stories about ghosts and haunted houses with an anecdote. I was in a place of business in Beaufort one evening overhearing a conversation. One man was telling Mr. Julian Arrington, of Beaufort, that the chimney of his house was haunted and that it bothered him. The first gentleman said that the man who had lived there before haunted that chimney. Mr. Arrington, knowing the former tenant, quickly offered a means of getting rid of the ghost. Said he, "Well, if it's Old-Man-So-and-So in there, all you've got to do is to put a bottle of moonshine on top of the chimney and you can bet your bottom dollar he'll come out."

SHINING FIGURES ON CHIMNEY ROCK

[This narrative of an apocalyptic vision was discovered by Dr. Daniel W. Patterson, Assistant Professor of English at the University of North Carolina, in The Raleigh Register and North Carolina State Gazette of Monday, September 15, 1806.]

Extraordinary Phenomenon

The following account of an extraordinary phenomenon that appeared to a number of people in the County of Rutherford, State of North Carolina, was made the 7th of August 1806, in presence of David Dickie, Esq. of the county and State aforesaid, Jesse Anderson and the Rev. George Newton, of the County of Buncombe, and Miss Betsey Newton of the State of Georgia, who unanimously agreed, with the consent of the relaters, that Mr. Newton should communicate it to Mr. J. Gales, Editor of the Raleigh Register and State Gazette.

Patsey Reaves, a widow woman, who lives near the Apalachian Mountain, declared, that on the 31st day of July last, about 6 o'clock P.M. her daughter Elizabeth, about eight years old, was in the Cottonfield, about 10 poles from the dwelling house, which stands by computation, 6 furlongs from the Chimney Mountain, and that Elizabeth told her brother Morgan, aged 11 years, that there was a man on the mountain. Morgan was incredulous at first; but the little girl affirmed it, and said she saw him rolling rocks or picking up sticks, adding that she saw a heap of people. Morgan then went to the place where she was, and calling out, said that he saw a thousand or ten thousand things flying in the air. On which, Polly, daughter of Mrs. Reaves, aged 14 years, and a negro woman, ran to the children, and called to Mrs. Reaves to come and see what a sight yonder was. Mrs. Reaves says, she went about 3 [or 8?] poles towards them, and, without any sensible alarm or fright, she turned towards the Chimney Mountain, & discovered a very numerous croud [sic] of beings resembling the human species; but could not discern any particular members of the human body, nor distinction of sexes; that they were of every size, from the tallest men down to the least infants; that there were more of the small than of the full grown, that they were all clad with brilliant white raiment, but could not describe any form of their raiment; that they appeared to rise off the side of a mountain south of said rock, and about as high; that a considerable part of the mountain's top was visible above this shining host, that they moved in a northern direction, and collected about the top of the Chimney rock. When all but a few had reached said rock, two seemed to rise together, and behind them about two feet, a third rose. These three moved with great agility towards the croud, and had the nearest resemblance to men of any before seen. While beholding those three, her eyes were attracted by three more rising nearly from the same place, and moving swiftly in the same order and direction. After these, several others rose and went towards the rock.

During this view, which all the spectators thought lasted upwards of an hour, she sent for Mr. Robert Siercy, who did not come at first; on a second message sent about fifteen minutes after the first, Mr. Siercy came; and being now before us, he gives the following relation, to the substance of which Mrs. Reaves agrees.

Mr. Siercy said, when he was coming, he expected to see nothing extraordinary, and when come, being asked if he saw those people on the mountain,

he answered, no; but on looking a second time, he said he saw more glittering white appearances of humankind than ever he had seen of men at any general review; that they were of all sizes from that of men to infants; that they moved in throngs round a large rock, not far from the Chimney rock and moved in a semicircular course, between him and the rock, and so passed along in a southern course between him and the mountain, to the place where Mrs. Reaves said they rose; and that two of a full size went before the general croud about the space of 20 yards, and as they respectively came to this place, they vanished out of sight, leaving a solemn and pleasing impression on the mind, accompanied with adiminition [sic] of bodily strength.

Whether the above be accountable on philosophic principles, or whether it be a prelude to the descent of the Holy City, I leave to the impartially curious to judge.

GEORGE NEWTON

P. S. The above subscriber has been informed, that on the same evening, and about the same time in which the above phenomenon appeared, there was seen, by a gentleman of character, who was several miles distant from the place, a bright Rain-bow, apparently near the Sun, then in the West, where there was no appearance of either clouds or rain; but a haze in the atmosphere. The public are therefore at liberty to judge, whether the phenomenon had any thing supernatural in it, or whether it was some unusual exhalation or moist vapor from the side of the mountain, which exhibited such an unusual Rain-bow.

G. N.

MIDSUMMER EVE IN CARTERET COUNTY

By Ruth Howland Deyo

[Mrs. Deyo is a housewife living in Morehead City. She has contributed a number of articles to the Carteret County News-Item. The following is a revision of one of these.]

My mother used to tell tales handed down to her mother, whose forebears came from England, about fascinating pagan rites connected with Midsummer Eve (June 23). She also described divination rites which she and her friends practiced on Midsummer Eve. Some of these I have practiced with my friends.

Mamma said that in England young maidens gathered flowers and wove garlands to be worn around the neck on Midsummer Eve and Midsummer Day. In the villages great bonfires were built for Midsummer Eve. These fires were lighted with need fire, kindled by friction. The bonfires were votive fires. Into them the people threw herbs, gathered by moonlight, as charms against witchcraft. Salt, thrown in, warded off bad luck. The people ate Midsummer cake, drank wine, and danced around the bonfires, calling forth good spirits to render assistance in love. They also practiced all sorts of divinations.

When Mamma was a young girl, living in Morehead City, at Midsummer Eve she and her friends practiced a few divinations. I will describe them as they were told to me.

On Midsummer Eve, at 12 o'clock noon, you put a glass of water in the sun, leaving it there for one hour. During this hour you must not speak a word. If you speak, the spell is broken. If you have not spoken when the hour has passed, you take the white of an egg and pour it in the glass. In a few minutes the egg white has formed a figure indicating the occupation of your husband-to-be. I practiced this divination during my teens. One time the egg white formed a tree trunk; at another, a tent; and at a third, the spars and rigging of a ship.

If you pare an apple round and round without a break in the peeling and throw the peel over the left shoulder, it will form the initial or initials of your future husband.

When girl friends are spending the night together, let each one be given a bowl of water. Write all the letters of the alphabet on bits of cardboard and place the cards, letters down, in the water. Next morning the initials of the beloved will be face up.

If you have a well, take a mirror at noon of Midsummer Eve and reflect the sun's rays into the water. (Remember, the spell is broken if you speak.) In a few minutes you will see the reflected image of your husband-to-be.

Mrs. Mamie Murdock Tolson (Mrs. Cornelius Tolson), whose daughter, Mrs. Jesse Bell, lives in Morehead City, told me she saw her future husband in this way. She and some friends were flashing their mirrors in the well at Wildwood, where they lived as young girls. It was Miss Mamie's turn. The others knew whom she was to marry -- she was engaged. They were a little frightened when the water began to boil, but no one said a word. The ripples spread out, wider and wider. Then a man's face appeared. But it wasn't the face of her betrothed. It was the face of a neighbor, Mr. Cornelius Tolson, a man forty-four years older than Miss Mamie.

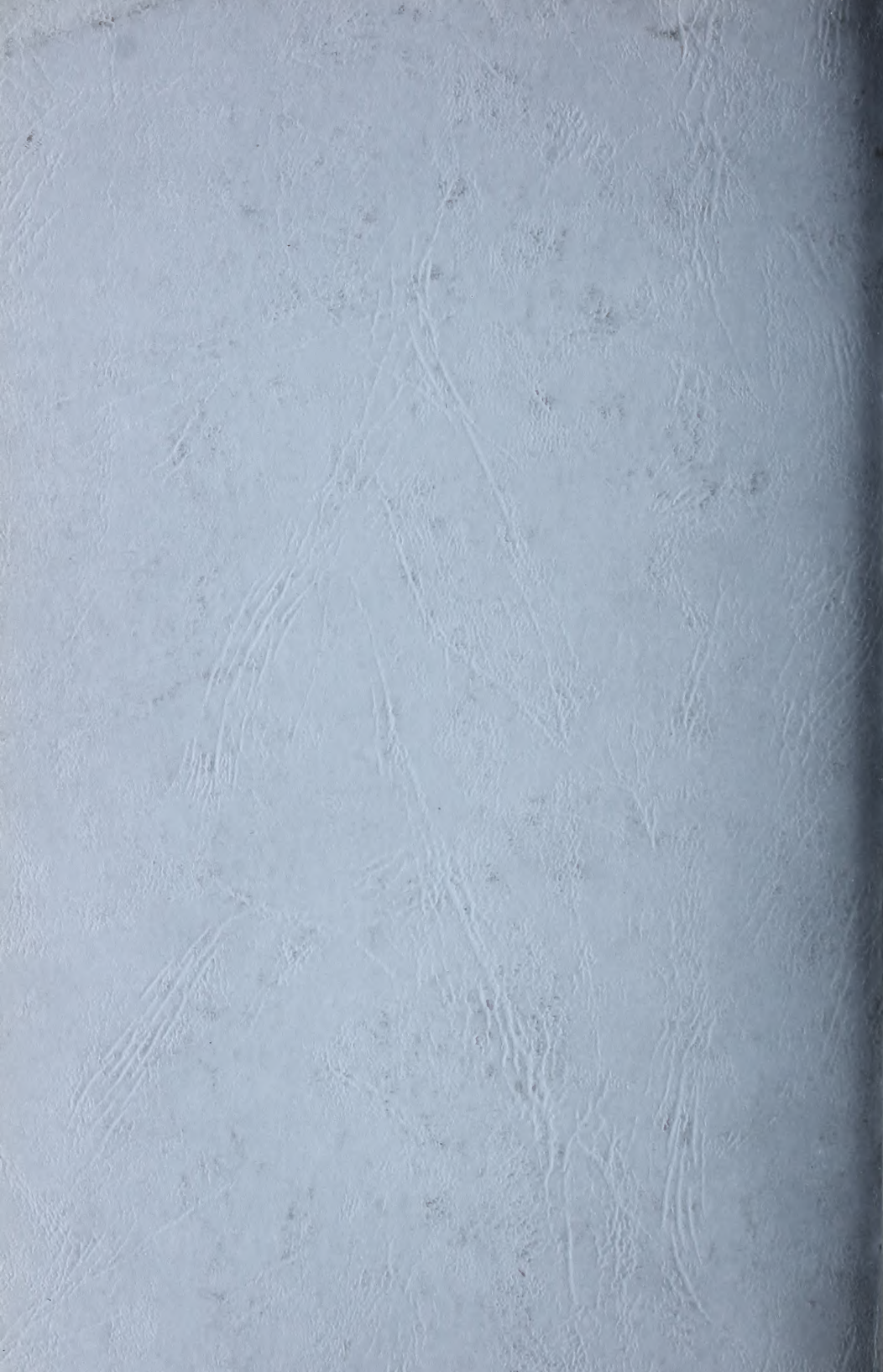
Another interesting tale was one that Mamma's grandmother told her children. When she was a girl my great-grandmother lived in Beaufort. One Midsummer Eve Night she and girl friends spending the night with her were performing their magic rites by roasting eggs in the shell in the fireplace. At midnight the husbands-to-be were supposed to walk into the room through the unlatched door. It was a calm moonlight night. All of the girls were silent and shaking with excitement. Suddenly, a roaring, rushing wind was heard, and a mighty gust shook the house. Smoke billowed forth from the fireplace, stinging the eyes of the girls and making them cough as they sat in a semi-circle around the fireplace. The door blew open, and two men entered. They carried a pine coffin. One of the girls screamed and fainted. She died before the year was out.

THE DECEMBER 1959 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The North Carolina Folklore Society held its forty-eighth meeting at The Sir Walter Hotel, in Raleigh, on the afternoon of December 4, 1959, Mr. Donald MacDonald, of Charlotte, presiding.

A large and appreciative audience attended the public program. Mrs. Lucille Turner, of Forest, Virginia, presented "Makin' Glory," consisting of her interpretations of Negro secular songs, spirituals, prayers, and monologues heard on plantations in Virginia. Dr. Wilton Mason, Associate Professor of Music and Director of the Institute of Folk Music at the University of North Carolina, gave a paper, "Ballads in Transit," showing by discussion and tape recordings how ballads change as they pass from community to community and from singer to singer. Mr. Douglas Franklin, of Concord, offered "Some North Carolina Folksong Favorites," with his own guitar accompaniment.

At the business meeting the Secretary-Treasurer reported that membership for 1959 had held its own and that there was a balance in the treasury sufficient to carry on the activities of the Society for 1960. Officers elected for 1960 are: President, Mr. Norman C. Larson, of Raleigh; First Vice President, Mr. Richard Chase, of Beech Creek; Second Vice President, Miss Joan Moser, of Swannanoa; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor A. P. Hudson, of Chapel Hill.



NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

ANIMAL LORE IN LAWSON'S AND BRICKELL'S HISTORIES OF NORTH CAROLINA

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

In his American Folklore,¹ Richard M. Dorson states: "What we may call American folklore resulted from the grafting of Old World beliefs onto the New World environment, and the generation of new folk fancies within old forms. . . . The American setting supplied three special themes." Among these themes were "the strange denizens [which] furnished the stuff of sensational reports." Mr. Dorson notes a number of the reports by writers on the Carolinas. This paper examines first editions of two books about North Carolina, alluded to by Mr. Dorson, for additional examples of animal lore touched by fancy.

Two classics of North Carolina colonial writing are John Lawson's so-called History of North Carolina (London, 1709) and Dr. John Brickell's The Natural History of North Carolina (Dublin, 1737). The relationship between the two books has been examined in detail by Percy G. Adams, who concludes his study with this statement: "Although historians need not stop using Dr. John Brickell entirely, they should be careful in giving him credit for anything, since six-sevenths of his material was taken from John Lawson, a first-rate narrator and observer whose reputation would be even greater if it had not suffered because of the over-long life of his alter-ego."² Happily, the extent of Dr. Brickell's plagiarism is of small concern to the folklorist. In fact, it has its advantages, for to Lawson's verbatim account of strange critters Brickell usually adds details and anecdotes, sometimes larded with allusions to Pliny's Natural History (e.g., p. 150) and with echoes from the old bestiaries, which make the folklorist lick his chops.

It has been conjectured that Lawson belonged to an important Yorkshire family, the date of his birth being unknown. In the year 1700 he came to the Carolinas, and made a journey of exploration from Charleston, South Carolina, up the rivers to the vicinities of the present Salisbury and Hillsboro, North Carolina, thence down the Eno and the Neuse rivers to the English settlements on the coast. He became one of the incorporators of the town of Bath, wrote his History of North Carolina (so called), and was appointed Surveyor-General of the Colony by the Lords Proprietors. In 1709 he was in London, probably attending to the publication of his book. In 1710 he returned to North Carolina and in 1712, while with a party exploring the headwaters of the Neuse, was killed by Indians. He was reported to have died from the effects of having pitch-pine splinters stuck into his body and set on fire.³ His book has been often reprinted, and has been published in several translations into other languages.

Of Dr. John Brickell, less is known, "except that in the 1730's he resided for several years on the coast of North Carolina before returning to live in England and publish his Natural History," drawn largely from Lawson's book. "Of his book, more is known," which Mr. Adams summarizes in the article referred to above. One interesting fact is that the name of Mr. Samuel Johnson appears on the list of "Subscribers" (p. xi). Readers of Gulliver's Travels may speculate whether Dr. Brickell's book fell under the scrutiny of a citizen of Dublin who was his contemporary and was suspicious of travel books.

1 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1959), pp. 8-9

2 "John Lawson's Alter-Ego -- Dr. John Brickell," The North Carolina Historical Review, XXXIV (July 1957), 313-326.

3 For further details, see Frances Latham Harriss' edition of Lawson's History of North Carolina (Richmond, Virginia: Garrett and Massie, Publishers, 1951), pp. ix-xvii.

A NEW
VOYAGE
TO
CAROLINA;
CONTAINING THE
Exact Description and Natural History
OF THAT
COUNTRY:

Together with the *Present State* thereof.

AND
A JOURNAL
Of a Thousand Miles, Travel'd thro' several
Nations of *INDIANS*.
Giving a particular Account of their Customs,
Manners, &c.

By JOHN LAWSON, Gent. Surveyor-
General of *North-Carolina*.

L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year 1709.

The NATURAL
HISTORY
OF
North - Carolina.

WITH AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE

Trade, Manners, and Customs of the
CHRISTIAN and INDIAN Inhabitants. Il-
lustrated with *Copper-Plates*, whereon are
curiously Engraved the *Map* of the Country,
several strange *Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Snakes,*
Insects, Trees, and Plants, &c.

By JOHN BRICKELL, M. D.

Nostra nos in urbe peregrinamur.

CIC.

DUBLIN:

Printed by JAMES CARSON, in *Coghill's-Court, Dame-
street, opposite to the Castle-Market.* For the AUTHOR,
1737.

And now for the menagerie. Lawson is the chief showman, Dr. Brickell occasionally grooming his beasts and now and then exhibiting some of his own. Lawson was no expert zoölogist. Neither is his present introducer. If Lawson's taxonomy seems a bit weird at times, it is still good enough for folklore. Let Lawson be his own pitchman.

In "A Journal of a Thousand Miles Travel among the Indians, from South to North Carolina," which forms the first part of his book (pp. 6-60), writing under date of Thursday, September 6, 1700, somewhere in the Santee country, Lawson says (pp. 22-23): "We had a very large Swamp to pass over near the House, and would have hir'd our Landlord to have been our Guide, but he seem'd unwilling; so we press'd him no farther about it. He was the tallest Indian I ever saw, being seven Foot high, and a very strait compleat Person, esteem'd on by the King for his great Art in Hunting, always carrying with him an artificial Head to hunt withal: They are made of the Head of a Buck, the back Part of the Horns being scrap'd and hollow for Lightness of Carriage. The Skin is left to the setting on of the Shoulders, which is lin'd round with small Hoops, and flat Sort of Laths, to hold it open for the Arm to go in. They have a Way to preserve the Eyes, as if living. The Hunter puts on a Match-coat made of Deer's Skin, with the Hair on, and a Piece of the white Part of a Deer's Skin, that grows on the Breast, which is fasten'd to the Neck-End of this stalking Head, so hangs down. In these Habiliments an Indian will go as near a Deer as he pleases, the exact Motions and Behaviour of a Deer being so well counterfeited by 'em, that several Times it hath been known for two Hunters to come up with a stalking Head together, and unknown to each other, so that they have kill'd an Indian instead of a Deer, which hath happen'd sometime to be a Brother, or some near Friend; for which Reason they allow not of that sort of Practice, where the Nation is populous."

Of a later incident in the journey Lawson writes (p. 27): "By the Way, our Guide kill'd more Turkeys, and two Polcats, which he eat, esteeming them before fat Turkeys." In his "Description of North-Carolina," describing the polecat (p. 119), he observes: "They smell like a Fox, but ten times stronger. When a Dog encounters them, they piss upon him, and he will not be sweet again in a Fortnight or more. The Indians love to eat their Flesh, which has no manner of ill Smell, when the Bladder is out."

In an account of a state dinner given Lawson's party by the king of the Waxhaw Indians, Lawson remarks (p. 38): "When the Viands were brought in, the first Figure began with kicking out the Dogs, which are seemingly Wolves, made tame with starving and beating; they being the worst Dog-Masters in the World; so that it is an infallible Cure for Sore-Eyes, ever to see an Indian Dog fat. They are of a quite contrary Disposition to Horses; some of their Kings have gotten, by good Chance, a Jade, stolen by some neighbouring Indian, and transported farther into the Country, and sold; or bought sometimes of a Christian, that trades amongst them. These Creatures they continually cram, and feed with Maiz, and what the Horse will eat, till he is as fat as a Hog; never making any farther use of him than to fetch a Deer home that is killed somewhere near the Indian Plantation."

"A Description of North Carolina" contains a systematic account of "The Beasts." Here Lawson enjoyed an advantage like that of Adam and Eve in the Garden.

Beavers (120)

"If you take them young, they become very tame and domestick, but are very mischievous in spoiling Orchards, by breaking the Trees, and blocking up your

COPPERPLATE FROM LAWSON



From The First Edition, in The Carolina Collection of the Louis R. Wilson Library of the University of North Carolina.

Doors in the Night with the Sticks and Wood they bring thither. If they eat any thing that is salt, it kills them."

Possum (120-21)

"The Possum is found no where but in America. He is the Wonder of all the Land-Animals, being the size of a Badger, and near that Colour. The Male's Pizzle is placed retrograde; and in time of Coition, they differ from all other Animals, turning Tail to Tail, as Dog and Bitch when ty'd. The Female, doubtless, breeds her Young at her Teats; for I have seen them stick fast there-to, when they have been no bigger than a small Raspberry, and seemingly inanimate. She has a Paunch, or false-Belly, wherein she carries her young, after they are from those Teats, till they can shift for themselves. Their Food is Roots, Poultry, or wild Fruits. They have no Hair on their Tails, but a sort of a Scale, or hard Crust, as the Bevers have. If a Cat has nine Lives, this Creature surely has nineteen; for if you break every bone in their Skin, and mash their Skull, leaving them for Dead, you may come an hour after, and they will be gone quite away, or perhaps you may meet them creeping away. They are a very stupid Creature, utterly neglecting their Safety. They are most like Rats of any thing. I have, for Necessity in the Wilderness, eaten of them. Their Flesh is very white, and well tasted; but their ugly Tails put me out of Conceit with that Fare. They climb Trees, as the Raccoons do. Their Fur is not esteem'd nor used, save that the Indians spin it into Girdles and Garters."

Dr. Brickell elaborates this sketch (p. 125): "The She one has a false Belly or Paunch, which covers her Teats, and wherein she carries her Young; in the middle of which is a Hole, where the young ones creep in and out, for the Female will lye down upon a Bank, and the young come out to sun themselves, and return in at Pleasure, yet the Female will contract this Paunch to secure and close it together, that she will swim over large Ponds and Creeks of Water with her Young, without any danger of their being drowned." Lawson's statement about the vitality of the possum Dr. Brickell puts in proverb form -- "and it is a common saying in Carolina, that if a Cat has nine Lives, a Possum has nineteen" -- assuredly one of the earliest North Carolina proverbs on record, if not the earliest.

The Raccoon (p. 121)

"The Raccoon is of a dark-gray Colour; if taken young, is easily made tame but is the drunkenest Creature living, if he can get any liquor that is sweet and strong. They are rather more unlucky than a Monkey. When wild, they are very subtle in catching their Prey. Those that live in the Salt-Water, feed much on Oysters which they love. They watch the Oyster when it opens, and nimbly put in their Paw, and pluck out the Fish. Sometimes the Oyster shuts, and holds fast their Paw till the Tide comes in, that they are drown'd, tho' they swim very well. The Way that this Animal catches Crabs, which he greatly admires, and which are plenty in Carolina, is worthy of Remark. When he intends to make a Prey of these Fish,⁴ he goes to a Marsh, standing on the Land, he lets his Tail hang in the Water. This the Crab takes for a Bait, and fastens his Claws therein, which as soon as the Raccoon perceives. he, of a sudden,

4 Lawson's allusion to the crab as a fish is reminiscent of a story about the American naturalist Agassiz (1835-1910). A Harvard freshman wrote, on an examination, "A crab is a red fish that swims backward." Agassiz commented, "There are only three things wrong with the description: A crab is not a fish, is not red till it is boiled, and does not swim backward."

springs forward, a considerable way, on the Land, and brings the Crab along with him. As soon as the Fish finds himself out of his Element, he presently lets go his hold, and then the Raccoon encounters him, by getting him cross-wise in his Mouth, and devours him. There is a sort of small Land-Crab, which we call a Fiddler, that runs into a Hole when any thing pursues him. This Crab the Raccoon takes by putting his Fore-Foot in the Hole, and pulling him out. With a tame Raccoon this Sport is very diverting. . . ." Dr. Brickell (p. 123) picks up Lawson's comparison of the raccoon with a monkey and takes him "to be a Species of the Monkey. . . . the Feet are form'd like a Hand. . . . they are very Apish."

Bears (pp. 116-17)

In his full account of the bears, Lawson mentions several curious facts or beliefs. "There is one thing more to be consider'd of this Creature, which is, that no Man, either Christian or Indian, has ever kill'd a She-Bear with Young. It is supposed, that the She-Bears, after Conception, hide themselves in some secret and undiscoverable Place, till they bring forth their Young, which, in all Probability, cannot be long; otherwise, the Indians, who hunt the Woods like Dogs, would, at some time or other, have found them." Of bear hunting with dogs, he remarks: "If a Dog is apt to fasten, and run into a Bear, he is not good, for the best Dog in Europe is nothing in their Paws; but if ever they get him in their clutches, they blow his Skin from his Flesh, like a Bladder, and often kill him."

Panthers (118)

Describing the characteristics and habits of the panther, Lawson declares: "No Creature is so nice and clean, as this, in his Food. When he has got his Prey, he fills his Belly with the Slaughter, and carefully lays up the Remainder, covering it very neatly with Leaves, which if any thing touches, he never eats any more. He purrs as Cats do; if taken when Young, is never to be reclaim'd from his wild Nature. He hollows like a Man in the Woods, when kill'd. . . . His Flesh looks as well as any Shambles-Meat whatsoever; a great many People eat him, as choice Food; but I never tasted of a Panther, so cannot commend the Matter by my own Experience."

Wolves (119)

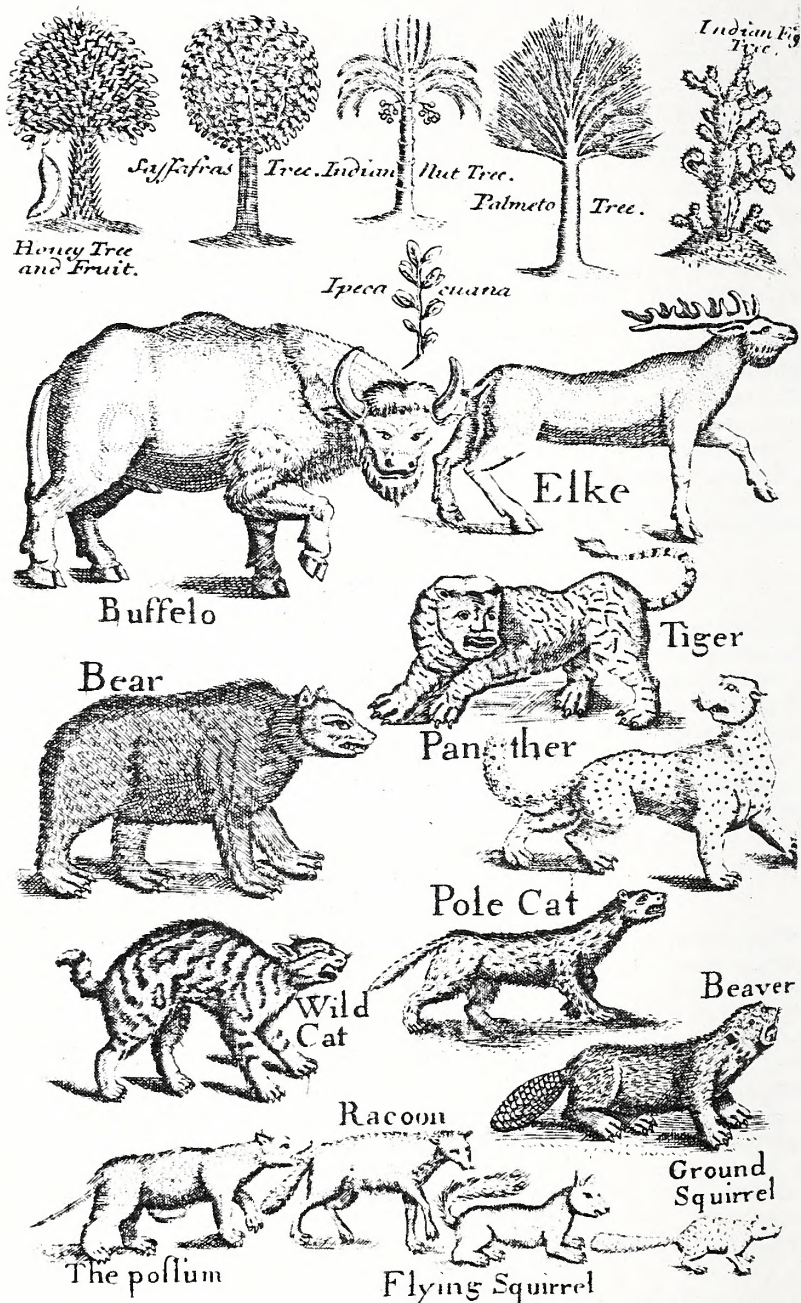
"They are often so poor, that they can hardly run. When they catch no Prey, they go to a Swamp, and fill their Belly full of Mud; if afterwards they chance to get any thing of Flesh, they will disgorge the Mud, and eat the other."

Tigers (119)

"Tygers are never met withal in the Settlement; but are more to the Westward, and are numerous on this Side of the Chain of Mountains. I once saw one, that was larger than [sic] a Panther, and seem'd to be a very bold Creature."

Minks (121-22)

"They are bold Thieves, and will steal any thing from you in the Night, when asleep, as I can tell by Experience; for one Winter, by Misfortune, I ran my Vessel a-ground, and went often to the Banks, to kill wild Fowl, which we did a great many. One Night, we had a mind to sleep on the Banks (the Weather being fair) and wrapt up the Geese which we had kill'd, and not eaten, very carefully in the Sail of a Canoe, and folded it several Doubles, and for better Security,



laid 'em all Night under my Head. In the Morning when I wak'd, a Minx had eaten thro' every Fold of the Canoe's Sail, and thro' one of the Geese, most part of which was gone."

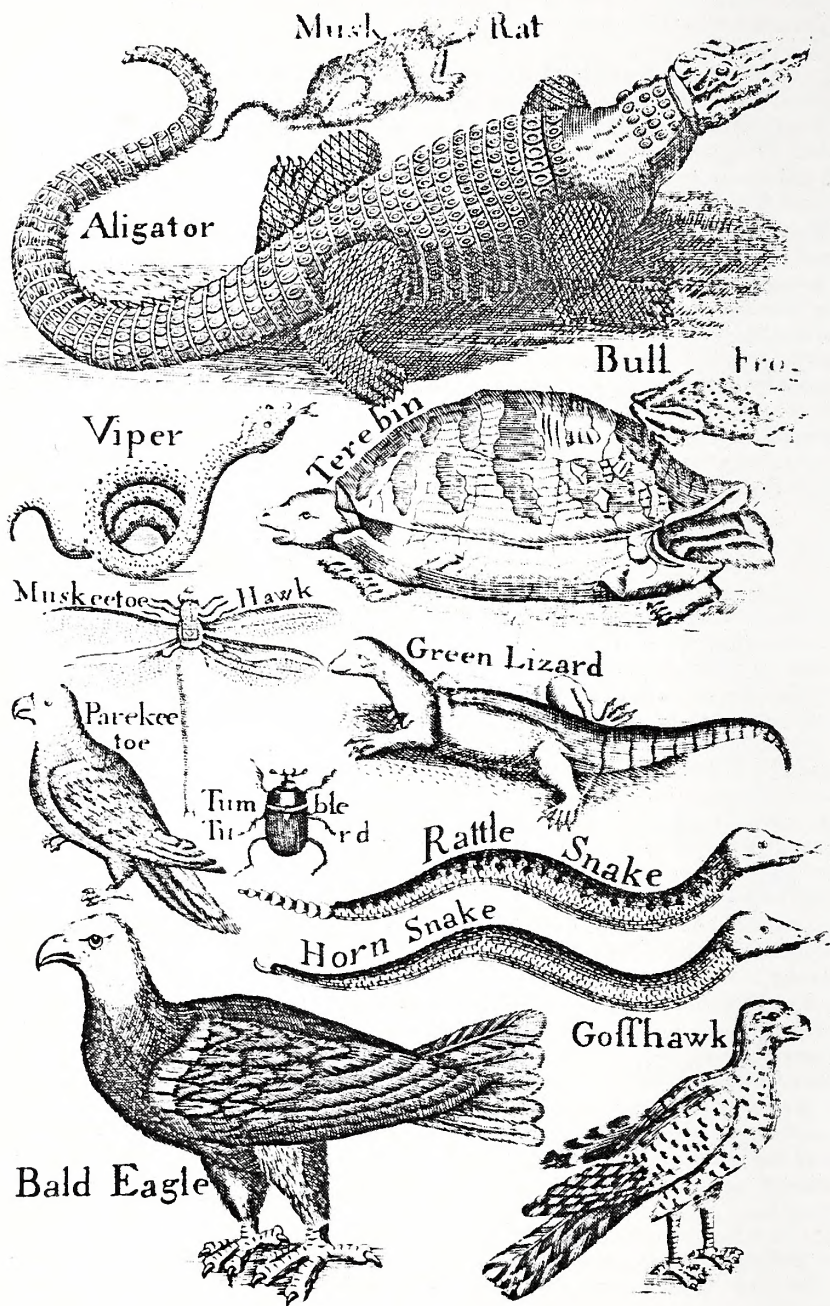
Under the caption "Insects of North Carolina" Lawson describes "Allegators, Rattlesnakes" and fifteen other species of snakes, "Scorpions, Lizards, Frogs, Tortois, Terebin Land and Water, Brown Lizard, Rotten-wood Worm," etc. In doubt about his taxonomy, he says, "Tortois, vulgarly call'd Turtle; I have rank'd these among the Insects, because they lay Eggs, and I did not know well where to put them" (133). In her "Foreword" to her edition of the History (p.x), Frances Latham Harriss remarks: "Lawson's classification of alligators, snakes, terrapins, lizards, etc., as 'insects' sounds remarkably ignorant to modern ears. It appears the word was used in his day as a synonym of strange, unknown, and is still used colloquially in certain parts of England to indicate anything that crawls." The Oxford English Dictionary, after indicating animals ordinarily included under "insect," adds, "formerly (and still by the uneducated) applied still more widely, e.g. to earthworms, snails, and even some small vertebrates, as frogs and tortoises," but does not cite examples of usage applied to alligators and snakes; neither do the dialect dictionaries I have consulted. Dr. Brickell seems to be a better taxonomist, and we shall turn to him for a true example of an insect, the Samson of them all, the tumblebug.

Alligators (127)

Lawson gives the place of honor to alligators. "They roar, and make a hideous Noise against bad Weather, and before they come out of their Dens in the Spring. I was pretty much frightened with one of these once; which happened thus: I had built a House about half a Mile from an Indian Town, on the Fork of Neuse-River, where I dwelt by myself, excepting a young Indian Fellow and a Bull-Dog, that I had along with me. I had not then been so long a Sojourner in America, as to be thoroughly acquainted with this Creature. One of them had got his Nest directly under my House, which stood on pretty high Land, and by a Creek-side, in whose Banks his Entering-place was, his Den reaching the Ground directly on which my House stood. I was sitting alone by the Fireside (about nine a Clock at Night, sometime in March) the Indian Fellow being gone to the Town, to see his Relations; so that there was no body in the House but my self and the Dog; when, all of a sudden, this ill-favor'd Neighbour of mine, set up such a Roaring, that he made the House shake about my Ears, and so continued, like a Bittern, (but a hundred times louder, if possible) for four or five times. The Dog stared, as if he was frightened out of his Senses; nor indeed, could I imagine what it was, having never heard one of them before. Immediately again I had another Lesson; and so a third. Being at that time amongst none but Savages, I began to suspect, they were working some Piece of Conjururation under my House, to get away my Goods; not but that, at another time, I have as little Faith in their, or any others working Miracles, by diabolical Means, as any Person living. At last, my Man came in, to whom when I had told the Story, he laugh'd at me, and presently undeceiv'd me, by telling me what it was that made the Noise."

Among Dr. Brickell's considerable additions to Lawson's lengthy treatment of the alligator is this one, that must have been of interest to male readers: "the teeth of the right jaw bound about the Arm, are said to provoke Venery" (p. 137). Lawson had gone him one better in his observation (p. 162) that "Man of Noses are a Shell-Fish commonly found amongst us. They are valued for increasing Vigour in Men, and making barren Women fruitful; but," he dryly adds, "I think they have no need of that Fish; for the Women in Carolina are fruitful enough."

COPPERPLATE FROM BRICKELL



From The First Edition, in The Carolina Collection of the Louis R. Wilson Library of the University of North Carolina.

Lawson devotes a page and a half to the rattlesnake, describing its appearance, size, habitat, venomous bite, cures for the bite ("four sorts of Snake-Roots already discover'd"), its peaceable disposition, power to charm small animals and birds, its increased venomousness during hot weather, and the use of its skin, rattles, and venom for human medication. Dr. Brickell doubles the space devoted to the rattlesnake (pp. 142-157), adding further descriptive details and relating an anecdote.

"I hope it will not be displeasing to the Reader to insert the following Account in relation to a Rattle-snake and a Dog, as it happened during my residence there, viz. A Planter having taken a Rattle-snake in a Noose, put it into a Barrel, and brought it to Edentown, and told the Inhabitants, that if they would make him drink, he would shew them some Diversion; that he had a living Rattle-snake, and a Dog that would fight it, who had killed several in his time; the proposal was readily consented to by all that were present. The Planter immediately turned out the Snake (which was very large) whilst another held the Dog, as we generally do our Bull-Dogs. A large Ring was instantly made, and everyone cry'd out for fair play, viz. That the Snake should have time to gather itself into a Quoil, or posture of Defence, which it very quickly did, and began to Rattle it's Tail. Every thing being ready, the Dog was let loose, and attacked the Snake; his usual way of killing them, was, to shake them at full length out of their Quoil, in which Posture they can neither leap nor bite; but this Snake being so large, the Dog had not strength enough to do it. In the first encounter he only bit it, which the Snake as readily returned, biting the Dog by the Ear, which made him cry and quit his hold, and seem'd to be stun'd, or like one in a Megrim. But the Company encouraged the Dog, and set him on again: In the second encounter it bit the Dog by the Lip, and immediately after bit itself; the Dog in a little time began to cry and reel about as if drunk or in a Megrim, grew regardless of his Master's calling him, and in half an Hour dyed, and the Snake in about a Quarter. I had not related this, had I not been an Eye-witness to the whole proceeding. The Poyson both of Viper and Mad-dog (I conceive) kill by thickning of the Blood after the manner that Rennet congeals Milk when they make Cheese."

Horn Snakes (130)

One of the most horrific creatures in American folklore is the'hoop snake. Its prototype is the horn snake. "Of the Horn-Snakes," writes Lawson, "I never saw but two, that I remember. They are like the Rattle-Snake in Colour, but rather lighter. They hiss exactly like a Goose, when any thing approaches them. They strike at their Enemy with their Tail, and kill whatsoever they wound with it, which is arm'd at the End with a horny Substance, like a Cock's Spur. This is their Weapon. I have heard it credibly reported, that a small Locust-Tree about the thickness of a Man's Arm, being struck by one of these Snakes, at Ten a Clock in the Morning, then verdant and flourishing, at four in the Afternoon was dead, and the leaves red and wither'd. Doubtless, be it how it will, they are very venomous. I think, the Indians do not pretend to cure their Wound." Dr. Brickell blows up the "small Locust-Tree" into a pine and adds other lethal details. It is but a step to have the horn snake roll like a hoop and launch itself like a spear at its enemy.⁵

5 Cf. Thomas D. Clark, "The Snake in Mississippi Folklore," Specimens of Mississippi Folklore, ed. by A. P. Hudson (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Edwards Brothers, 1928), p. 142.

The Blacksnake (132)

"The long, black Snake," states Lawson, "frequents the Land altogether, and is the nimblest Creature living. His bite has no more Venom, than a Prick with a Pin. He is the best Mouser that can be; for he leaves not one of the Vermin alive, where he comes. He also kills the Rattle-Snake, wherever he meets him, by twisting his Head about the Neck of the Rattle-Snake, and whipping him to death with his Tail. This Whipster haunts the Dairies of careless Housewives, and never misses to skim the Milk clear of the Cream. He is an excellent Egg-Merchant, for he does not suck the Eggs, but swallows them whole (as all Snakes do). He will often swallow all the Eggs from under a Hen that sits, and coil himself under the Hen, in the Nest, where sometimes the Housewife finds him. This Snake, for all his Agility, is so brittle, that when he is pursued, and gets his Head into the Hole of a Tree, if any body gets hold of the other end, he will twist, and break himself off in the middle. One of these Snakes, whose Neck is no thicker than a Woman's little Finger, will swallow a Squirrel; so much does that part stretch, in all these Creatures."

In Mississippi the "Whipster" is not the blacksnake but a thicker, lead-colored snake called the coachwhip, that is said to catch little boys "and wrop himself around them and whup them to death." There, too, the fragility of the blacksnake is attributed to the "j'int snake," that, broken into pieces and scattered over a field, will, after sundown, re-assemble himself. (See "Brimstone Snake," below.)

The King Snake (132)

"The King-Snake," according to Lawson, "is the largest of all others, and not common; no Snake (they say) will meddle with them. I think they are not accounted venomous. The Indians make Girdles and Sashes of their Skins."

The Brimstone Snake (134)

"The Brimstone is so called," Lawson believes, "because it is of a Brimstone Colour. They might as well have call'd it a Glass-Snake, for it is as brittle as a Tobacco-Pipe, so that if you give it the least touch of a small Twigg, it immediately breaks into several Pieces. Some affirm, that if you let it remain where you broke it, it will come together again. What harm there is in this brittle Ware, I cannot tell; but I never knew any body hurt by them."

The Terrapin (132)

Of the "Land Terebin" Lawson reports: "They are an utter Enemy to the Rattle-Snake, for when the Terebin meets him, he catches hold of him a little below his Neck, and draws his Head into his Shell, which makes the Snake beat his Tail, and twist about with all the Strength and Violence imaginable to get away; but the Terebin soon dispatches him, and then leaves him."

The Tumblebug (Brickell, pp. 161-62)

From alligators, rattlesnakes, and "terebins," paraded by Lawson under the banner of "Insects," we pass to a real insect, the noblest of his kind, described by Dr. Brickell under a less elegant name. "The Tumble-Turds, are a Species of Beetles, and so called, from their constant rowling the Horse-Dung (whereon they feed) from one place to another 'till it is no bigger than a small Bullet. They are one of the strongest Insects, of the same Size I have ever

seen; they frequently fly into Houses, and I have seen one of them move a brass Candlestick from one place to another upon a Table, which seem'd very strange to me at first; for not long after my arrival, being one Night at a Planter's House, who had secretly conveyed two of these Insects under two different Candlesticks; amongst other Discourses, he told me, he would make the Candlesticks move about the Table by a certain Spell, as he pretended: He had all this time kept the Candlesticks in his Hands on the Table. I was very desirous to see this performance; he immediately takes his hands from the Candlesticks, and struck three Times under the Table, and seemed to mutter some few Words (as Juglers are known to do) which he had no sooner ended, but the Candlesticks began to move backwards and forwards, to my great surprize, for I could imagine nothing else but that it had been some secret Charm he had got from the Indians, who are great Conjurers. After the Company had sufficiently diverted themselves at my surprize, and how desirous I was to have this Charm communicated to me, one of the Company takes up the Candlesticks, and discovers the Insects."

The Bald Eagle (p. 137)

As is to be expected, the lore of birds, while more factual, perhaps, than is that of animals, is not so touched with fancy.

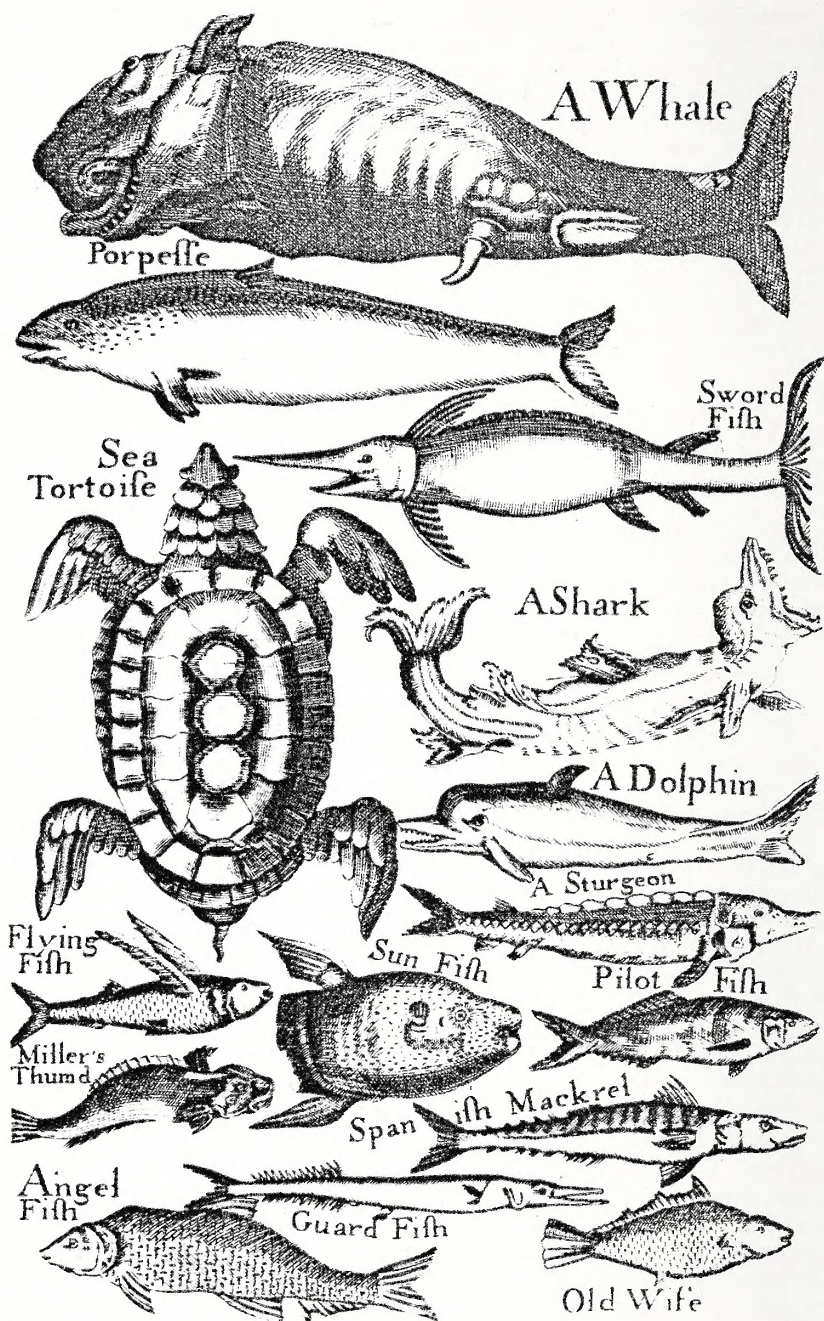
The bald eagle, says Lawson, "is an excellent Artist at stealing young Pigs, which Prey he carries alive to his Nest, at which time the poor Pig makes such a Noise overhead, that Strangers that have heard them cry, and not seen the Bird and his Prey, have thought there were flying Sows and Pigs in that Country."

The Screech Owl

Dr. Brickell's professional bias is evident in his emphasis upon the medicinal properties of animals. Of the screech owls he writes: "The Flesh of these Birds is eaten by the Indians and Negroes. It is accounted good in Palsies and Melancholly. The Grease and Gall is good against Spots in the Eyes, and to strengthen the Eye-sight. The whole Bird, not plucked, calcined, and taken into the Throat, opens the Imposthumes of the Quinsie to a wonder, and the Brain, eaten, helps the Head-ach." The curative powers of the screech owl, however, are rivaled by those of the wild pigeon: "The Blood helps disorders in the Eyes; the Coats of the Stomach in Powder, cures bloody Fluxes. The Dung is the hottest of all Fowls, and is wonderful attractive, yet accompanied with an Anodyne force, but helps Head-ach, Megrim, pains in the Side and Stomach, pleurisy, Cholick, Lethargy, and many other Disorders" (ibid., p. 187). O forefathers of Anacin and B. C. Powder!

Turkeys (149)

Lawson gets his turkeys mixed with the water birds: "The Wild Turkies I should have spoken of when I treated of the Land-Fowl." He gives some curious details: "The Eggs taken from the Nest, and hatch'd under a Hen, will yet retain a wild Nature, and commonly leave you, and run wild at last, and will never be got into a House to roost, but always perch on some high Tree, hard-by the House, and separate themselves from the tame sort, although (at the same time) they tread and breed together. I have been inform'd, that if you take these wild Eggs, when just on the point of being hatch'd, and dip them (for some small time) in a Bowl of Milk-warm Water, it will take off their wild Nature, and make them as tame and domestick as the others." Brickell (p. 182) specifies "Bowl of Milk, or warm Water."



From The First Edition, in The Carolina Collection of the Louis R. Wilson Library of the University of North Carolina.

Devil Fish (154)

"The Divil-Fish lies at some of our Inlets, and, as near as I can describe him, is shap'd like a Scate, or Stingray: only has on his Head a Pair of very thick strong Horns, and is of a monstrous Size, and Strength, for this Fish has been known to weigh a Sloop's Anchor, and bring her back, against Tide, to almost the same Place."

Toad Fish

Brickell (p. 158) succinctly states: "Toad-Fish are nothing but a Skin full of Prickles, and a few Bones; they are as ugly as a Toad, and preserv'd to look upon, and good for nothing else."

Whales

"Some Indians in America," wrote Lawson, "will go out to Sea, and get upon a Whales Back, and peg or plug up his Spouts, and so kill him" (p. 154). Borrowing this statement, Brickell adds, "which I can scarce believe, except they have some secret Spell to make them stupid, to treat them after that Manner" (221). "These Monsters," declared Dr. Brickell, "are very numerous on the Coasts of North Carolina, and the Bones and Oil would be a great advantage to the Inhabitants that live on the Sand-Banks along the Ocean, if they were as dexterous and industrious in Fishing for them as they are Northwards; but as I have observed before, the People in these parts are not very much given to Industry, but wait upon Providence to throw these dead Monsters on Shoar, which frequently happens to their great Advantage and Profit."

Dr. Brickell gives (p. 217) some interesting data about the anatomy and the love life of whales: "The Yard is a strong Sinew, and from six to eight Feet long, and where the Yard is fixed, the Skin is doubled, so that it lies like a Knife in a Sheath. The Pudenda of the Female is shaped like that of a large four footed Beast. They have Breasts, with Nipples at the side of it, like those of a Cow. When they couple together, they stand upright, with their Heads out of the Water, but how long they carry their Young, is uncertain."

An interesting feature of both Lawson's and Brickell's natural histories of North Carolina is the copperplate illustrations, chiefly of the animals of the region. Those in Lawson's, though often crude and grotesque in some details, do look like something Lawson had verbally described and the illustrator had tried faithfully to reproduce. Those in Dr. Brickell's seem to be at a further remove from actuality. Some of them, for example, that of the benevolent-looking "tyger," remind me of animals in early-American "primitives." There is some resemblance, too, between Dr. Brickell's tyger and William Blake's engraving of "The Tyger" in Songs of Experience, published fifty-seven years after The Natural History of North-Carolina. Blake had never seen a tiger. Neither had Dr. Brickell, in America. Of the animals in text and illustrations, this might be said by way of conclusion to this paper:

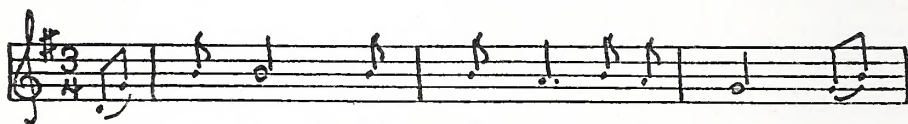
John Lawson first saw the critters, sharp and clean.
Then Doctor Brickell cribbed 'em and fubbed 'em.
The artist drew what Brickell through Lawson had seen.
All three at times went haywire when they dubbed 'em.

ALEC WHITLEY: THE MAN AND THE BALLAD

By Heath Thomas

[A native of Union County, Mr. Thomas was a credit manager in Mobile, Alabama, when World War II gas rationing made it difficult for him to follow his favorite hobbies: hunting and fishing. This caused him to take up another hobby, writing. He is still astonished that his first short story was bought by Whit Burnett of Story. Other Thomas short stories have appeared in Esquire and quarterlies. His articles have appeared in many newspapers and some of the true-crime magazines. After his initial success as a short story writer, he made what Thomas termed "a mistake for the creative writer": He became a newspaper reporter to grubstake his creative writing. Soon he wanted to be a good reporter as much as he had wanted to be a creative writer. He has been with the Salisbury Post since 1949.

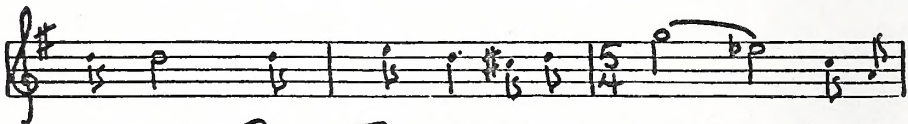
[Mr. Russ McIntire, from whose singing the ballad "Alec Whitley" was noted, was once vocalist for Paul Whiteman's orchestra. He is at present a member of the staff of the Salisbury radio station.]



HE MUR-DERED BERT TUCK-ER IN THE WEST, HE



MUR-DERED BERT TUCK-ER IN THE WEST, HE



MUR-DERED BERT TUCK-ER IN THE WEST, AND HE



KNOCKED A WID-OW OUT OF REST.

He murdered Bert Tucker in the West [Tres] ,
And he knocked a widder out of rest.

So they carried Alec Whitley to Albemarle [Tres] ,
And they made a prisoner of him there.

He stayed there three days and two nights [Tres] ,
And they hung Alec Whitley to a red oak limb.

They hung Alec Whitley to a red oak limb [Tres] ,
Just to show the world what they'd do for him.

It was about the tenth of June [Tres] ,
When they hung that cunning old coon.

Born to an unwedded mother and sired by a fugitive from a Confederate provost marshal, the genesis of Alec Whitley occurred beneath an evil star.

Dark destiny decided she would grace his name with a strange distinction: He would be the only man to die by the rope in Stanly County. The manner of his death and the infamy of his deeds lend him an immortality that is denied to better men.

Many of the younger generation have forgotten that such a man ever lived. But when the long winter nights come down over the Stanly hills there are a few toothless old women who tell the story of Alec Whitley to their wide-eyed grandchildren.

Sometimes at a Winter square dance, the banjo and wild fiddle recount the ballad that bears his name. And often some old man who remembers him will pat his feet and sing the opening stanza:

He murdered Bert Tucker in the West,
He murdered Bert Tucker in the West,
He murdered Bert Tucker in the West-t-t
And he knocked a widder out of rest.

Now they sing "Alec Whitley," but there was a time in southern Stanly, in the 1880's, when they whispered his name. For even before he became a murderer, he was a man of dark and evil reputation whom many people feared.

He was a wild one who made many mysterious journeys into the hills. Sometimes a farmer would return home to find that a side of meat, a batch of cotton, or a passel of chickens had vanished.

But the settlers of western Stanly learned that if they suspected Alec Whitley they should whisper this name. To accuse him was to invite your barn to burn, old folks say.

Nor was barn-burning the worst that was whispered about Alec Whitley.. Once in southern Cabarrus, a farmer returned home to find that a large sum of money had been stolen. Officers found the tracks of two men leading from the farmer's house. One of them had worn boots with the imprint of a heart on the high heels.

Alec Whitley had been seen nearby and when he was arrested he wore boots with the tell-tale hearts. The officers arrested another man, Bud Cagle, in whose company Whitley had been seen on the day of the theft.

Was Cagle Murdered?

They posted bond and it was rumored that Cagle would testify for the State at the forthcoming trial. The hill people rejoiced. At last they would be rid of Alec Whitley and his mysterious journeys.

A few days before the trial, Whitley and Cagle were seen together. Cagle was not seen again, then or ever.

Months later a man found a few bleached bones, deep in a wood. Many thought they were Cagle's.

However, seventy-eight-year-old Dan Speight of Albemarle, who looked at Whitley over the drawn hammers of a double-barrel shotgun—and three days later watched him hang—doubts if Cagle was murdered. "A lot of others thought differently," said Mr. Speight a few days ago, "but I think Cagle cleared out and never came back."

Mr. Speight bases his belief—one that doesn't seem to be shared by others—that Cagle was not murdered on a bargaining statement which was made by Whitley a moment before he was dropped into eternity.

At any rate, Alec Whitley did not die on that June night in 1892 because Cagle had vanished. He was lynched because he had murdered a man in Arkansas more than a thousand miles from the hills of Stanly.

After Whitley had beaten the case in which he and Cagle were accused, he continued his lawlessness. Officers began looking for him to serve two warrants, the charges of which everyone seems to have forgotten.

Whitley vanished, as did also a woman with whom he had been friendly. A little later it was learned that they had gone to Arkansas, to a community where a good many Stanly people no longer feared the nights. And two years went by in Stanly.

Then suddenly the county was rocked by the news that Bert Tucker had been murdered in Arkansas. Tucker, a well-liked and highly respected schoolmaster, had left Albemarle to teach in the schools of an Arkansas community.

Later the sheriff of the Arkansas county where the murder had occurred wrote to Stanly officers. "If Alec Whitley returns, arrest him for the murder of Bert Tucker," said the advice.

The details of the killing, as furnished by the Arkansas authorities, were extremely horrific. Tucker's body had been dissected. And from the evidence found in the murder house, the officers believed that Whitley cut off Tucker's feet and compelled the dying man to walk on the bloody stubs of his amputated legs. The dead man had been robbed.

Soon the woman who left Stanly with Whitley returned. She was arrested by sheriff Buck Snuggs, who kept her in jail. She said Tucker had been killed in a fight, but she admitted that Whitley had dissected the body and placed it in a creek.

His Return Awaited

The Albemarle officers passed the word through the hills. The hill men loaded their guns and barred their doors at nightfall. They waited.

They waited until a mild Sunday afternoon when the word ran through the hills that Alec Whitley had returned to Stanly. A man had seen him cross Rocky River.

The news was carried to Deputy Sheriff John Drye, who with Arch Eudy, Dan Speight, John Carter, and a half dozen others formed a posse.

The hunt started in the soft June dusk, with whippoorwills speaking to them as they moved up the Stanly roads. Someone remembered that there'd not be a moon until after midnight, but evening's great star looked down on them.

The posse began a systematic canvass of the cabins in western Stanly. Dan Speight, the only man of the group now alive, remembers that they would approach a house and identify themselves. Then they would ask if any member of the family had seen Alex Whitley. Or if they had not known him, had they seen a stranger pass this way?

The possemen had a pretty definite theory that he was heading toward Big Lick, since some of his kinsmen lived just east of this little community. The hunters kept working that way.

And after a little time the evening star went down. The Milky Way came out, dim and cold and far-off, but these lesser stars could not hold back the blackness that came down and filled all the crevices of the earth.

Dan Speight, old and clear-eyed and hawk-visaged, remembered that a dog would bark and the possemen would stop and listen and wonder if the animal had heard something passing in the night. And as the night deepened, Speight, Arch Eudy, and John Drye kept remembering a threat that had been made by Whitley.

Before he had murdered Tucker, he had written to a man in Stanly and said one day he would return and that one day he would kill Speight and Drye and Eudy. These men asked themselves if Whitley, after tasting the blood of the schoolmaster, had suddenly decided to fulfill his threat.

An All-night Pursuit

The possemen continued the hunt along the grey dim roads and dogs spoke to them along the way. A rooster crowed, saying it was more than midnight, and the old moon came up and lay on its back. They approached a house and a woman answered. She said that earlier a man had hallo'd from the darkness and had asked for food. She had refused to answer the door.

Later they decided to check a path that ran through the hills toward a kinsman of Whitley's. It was getting on toward daybreak now and the old moon was riding higher. Speight knelt down on the path and examined the mild June dust. Here he found the prints of high-heeled boots. A light was struck. There was the imprint of a heart in the center of the heels. Alec Whitley had always worn this type of boot.

They surrounded the house and waited for daybreak. Speight took up a

place at the rear of the dwelling. As others came up the road, the back door opened and Speight stood face to face with Alec Whitley.

"Don't shoot, Dan," said Whitley.

Speight kept looking at the fugitive over the drawn hammers of his shotgun. One of the other possemen came up and searched Whitley. He carried a derringer, a knife and 30 cents in money.

Arch Eudy and John Drye placed him in a buggy and carried him to Albemarle.

They carried Alec Whitley to Albemarle,
They carried Alec Whitley to Albemarle,
They carried Alec Whitley to Albemarle,
And they made a prisoner of him there.

That was on June 6. And on the next day and the next, hill men kept coming into town. They would gather up in little groups and talk. Some of them would come and stand in the street and look at the jail. But at sundown they went away.

The most of them knew Bert Tucker, an affable, gregarious man whom everyone had liked. His widow and children lived near Albemarle. What guarantee, they asked, did they have that Alec Whitley would be hanged in Arkansas? He was tricky, clever, and ruthless. He might make his escape before officers could return him to the western state.

On Wednesday night, which was the 8th, a heavy rain fell on Stanly. The fields were wet and plowing was impossible. A great many farmers came to Albemarle.

It may or may not be significant that Dan Speight came to town with one of Bert Tucker's brothers. Anyway, Sheriff Buck Snuggs deputized Speight as soon as he reached town.

Grim-faced hill men kept stopping in the street and looking at the jail. As night approached, the crowds increased. One could feel an electric expectancy. Everyone was waiting for something. Alec Whitley, chained in his cell, was coldly calm. A man with the wild grace and quick movements of a tiger, his cold blue eyes looked with contempt at his captors.

The Mob In Action

Then as midnight approached, a solid body of men, that had lost its identity as individuals and moved as one, came into the street and crawled like a primitive thing toward the Stanly jail. It made a sound in the night like the slap of bare feet astray in a graveyard.

It stopped and shuffled and rustled. Finally a voice spoke: "We want the keys."

No one answered and the multiple thing moved toward the jail.

Dan Speight stood in the darkness, holding a gun. Today, he says frankly, just as he did to a grand jury, fifty-six years ago, that he would not shoot down his Stanly neighbors in order to save Alec Whitley.

No one produced the keys and the mob tore down the door with a pick. The same instrument was used to tear up the anchor to Whitley's chains.

Whitley remained calm and cold as he was placed in a buggy. The mob moved out the old Big Lick road. Sheriff Snuggs beseeched Speight to follow them and keep back the kids. There were many young boys in town and the grizzled old sheriff did not want them to see the hanging.

The lynchers stopped on Town Creek in a grove that stands to this day in the City of Albemarle. A rope was thrown across the limb of a red oak tree. Whitley was set astride a mule and the noose placed about his neck.

He was still unexcited. He was asked about the Arkansas murder and the disappearance of Cagle. He said, "You know about Tucker, but give me three days and I'll find Cagle for you."

Those were his last words. The mule was led away and Alec Whitley was left to dangle in eternity.

They hung Alec Whitley to a red oak limb,
They hung Alec Whitley to a red oak limb,
They hung Alec Whitley to a red oak limb,
Just to show the world what they'd do for him.

And so they left him until the next day when men of the town brought a crude coffin and dug a grave beneath the tree. He slept there, peacefully, it is hoped, for he had paid for his crimes, until 1927, when unidentified kinsmen dug up his bones and removed them to a country graveyard where he waits for judgement.

The red oak that he was hanged upon died some years ago, but there are other great trees in the grove that sheltered his grave.

It is not well, of course, for any man to sit in judgement upon another. But perhaps a long time ago when Alec Whitley was born, some unceasing savage wind, that first stirred in Nod, east of Eden, came to the fatherless Stanly house and placed an evil kiss upon his brow. For winds do stir, and they make a mournful sound where the red oak stood in the Town Creek grove.

A LETTER FROM THE FOOL KILLER

Edited by Daniel Watkins Patterson

[A specialist in American literature, Dr. Patterson is Assistant Professor of English at the University of North Carolina. He is the author of "Turtle Creek to Busro: Notes on Shaker Ballads," North Carolina Folklore, III (December 1955).]

O. Henry once opened a story with the words "Down South whenever any one perpetrates some particularly monumental piece of foolishness everybody says: 'Send for Jesse Holmes.'" Holmes, he explained, was the Fool Killer, and a very busy man between the Roanoke and the Rio Grande. "The wisest of the Southrons," O. Henry claimed, "cannot tell you whence comes the Fool-Killer's name."

It took, in fact, several Southern scholars to trace Jesse Holmes to his birthplace in the editorial office of an obscure county weekly in North Carolina. Jesse was the literary creation, they found, of Charles Napoleon Bonaparte Evans, editor of the Milton Chronicle from 1841 to 1883. Evans was a peppery chap with a keen eye for the folly of his Caswell neighbors, and far-sighted enough to detect foolishness even when it occurred as far away as Orange County and Alamance, or Raleigh, or Suffolk and Danville in Virginia. Having accumulated a list of follies, he would publish them to the world in the form of a letter to the editor signed "Yours foolishly, Jesse Holmes, The Fool Killer."

Jesse Holmes held his most lasting fame among his victims--my own family still remembers offering themes twice to Jesse's pen in the 1870's. In towns neighboring on Jesse Holmes' preserve, his letters seem to have been known but not reprinted, although the local newspapers did occasionally cry to him for help. That O. Henry called his fame widespread in the South is probably explained by the fact that C. N. B. Evans had in the 1830's worked in Greensboro, was well known there, and was, moreover, a cousin of O. Henry's mother. Outside a small block of Piedmont counties and an adjacent strip of Virginia, Jesse Holmes seems to have been largely unknown.

The most striking fact in the history of the Fool Killer is that, his local habitation and name forgotten, he apparently entered folklore and thus became accessible to other writers besides his creator. O. Henry's story "The Fool Killer" is not the only one in which he appears. George Ade in his Fables in Slang included "The Fable of How the Fool-Killer Backed Out of a Contract," and Stephen Vincent Benét wrote a better-known story, "Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer." Helen Eustis created a novel, The Fool Killer, around his character. He furnished irony to Carl Sandburg's poem "Ossawatimie" and earned a charming poem all to himself from the hand of Helen Bevington, who called it simply "The Fool Killer."

In contrast, editor Evans' original Fool Killer letters have gone long forgotten. The reasons are plain. Although the Milton Chronicle had a life of forty years, few issues survive, and only four of these contain letters from Jesse Holmes. None of the four letters have made their way into anthologies of American humor. Evans' sketches had two serious flaws: they were topical and hence appealed chiefly to local readers of the day, and their structure was ineffective. Evans tended to string together a long series of miscellaneous anecdotes without establishing characters or scene for many of them. But the letters have their merits. Evans had an ear for striking speech, and a lively

awareness of his fellow mortals. His letters give a glimpse of the daily affairs of his times not to be found in the staid editorial pronouncements of his contemporaries. The insurrection panic and the antics of the patrols which he describes in the letter below go unmentioned in the Greensboro and Raleigh newspapers of the day. For these reasons it seems worthwhile to reprint at last in its entirety an original "Letter From the Fool Killer." The woodcut customarily headed the column.

Letter From the Fool Killer.



High Rock, N. C., Feb. 1857

Thanks be to a merciful Providence, I still live. But depend on it, Editor, the old man's constitution can't stand many thermometers 12 degrees below zero. I confess that this has been the coldest winter I ever experienced, and the snow retarded my operations considerably, altho' it saved me lots of labor, for many persons drank spirits copiously during the snow storm to 'keep warm,' when it caused them to freeze as stiff as a poker. Silly individuals; they hadn't sense enough to know that a man in liquor will freeze much sooner than one out of it.

My last letter left me going to Raleigh on the Cow-catcher, but arriving at Durham's station I scented an insurrection panic in the vicinity of Red Mountayn, and leaping from my seat I pushed thither. Arriving there I found the neighborhood filled with excitement. It originated from a patrol consisting of two farmers and a cabinet maker finding an old rusty gun barrel in one of Paul Cameron's kitchens--The knowing magistrate had "called out the militia" and appointed a savage patrol which claimed power not only to "pitch into" the dark population but to arrest if not whip all white persons who were not free holders. Seeing how things were working, I took a seat in the top of [a] tall tree and "watched the patrol." (Editor, patrols sometimes need more 'watching' than the negroes!) By-and-bye,* I saw a fellow 'hamper' a negro who soon showed his pass--the boy belonged to one of the patrol, whom I shall call 6 feet 7 inches--and the chap who collared him had "seen Georgia." Well, this Georgian objected to the validity of the pass, upon the grounds that it was written with blue ink instead of black--on-blue paper instead of white--so he proceeded to whip the negro, when '6 foot 7' walked into him, and here they had it, about and about, while shouts resounded from their companions who stood in a circle, such as "Part 'em!" "No man tech!" "Let 'em rip!" "Pull 'em apart!" "By golly put it to him!" "Who-raw for one and well done for t'other!" "Whar's the cussed nigger?" [The boy had cut dirt.] "Lay in the licks!" "Give us a tech of the jo-darter!"

¹ Present-day Rougemont, described in contemporary advertisements for the Red Mountain Female Academy as "a healthy, moral and intelligent community" (Raleigh Semi-Weekly Standard, February 4, 1857, p. 1).

* Sic.

At this stage of the grand drama, the belligerents* played "quits" and have since settled the matter by fighting a duel. Distance, four miles--weapons, tongues. I anticipated more "fun" from the party, and instead of entering the ring during the 'scrimage' kept my seat, and shook the tree with laughter. But I got them afterwards, and 'landed'them considerably beyond kingdom come. Again, I came up with a patrol who had been badly licked by a landlord who was a little drunk--on going to his house the landlord sent the patrol to examine his kitchens: Patrol found a ducky there not exactly 'at home'--made at him--ducky ran to the landlord for protection, while patrol followed at his heels--landlord and patrol 'tangled' and patrol got awfully licked--cried and resigned his Office.' I slathered them both. You better tell your Legislature to appoint a few magistrates for this latitude--I have scarcely spared one. I found that the "excitement" was all a tempest in a tea-pot, started by persons who let shadows alarm them.

On the 29th Dec. I slayed a party at Durham's which had been "sold" by the report that "professor" H., of Salisbury, would then and there ascend in a balloon--carrying up with him a six-horse wagon and team. The good people from the regions of Red Mountain and S. Lowell flocked there to behold the scene, among the number some pretty girls, a little dumpy farmer, a couple of S. L. students,² (one a duck-legged chap and the other a long legged customer whose pedestals stood out like bench legs,) and another customer who was neither a farmer, a mechanic, a student, a man nor a boy. I made these "express" subjects, because they went there by express--depend upon it I gave them fits. In bobbin* around I met up with a youth [I took him to be a S. L. student] who looked like he had swallowed an old British ramrod, abusing Fillmore and the Americans--I gave him a blow and lo! his head was transformed into a mush tub.³ I am sure if I had turned him around twice the chap would never have found his way home! If however his "learning" had equalled his vanity and presumption, he'd have been fit for a "trustee" of some old field school.

The gal who thinks more of herself than any one thinks of her, has been slayed.--And divers youngsters and old frisky widowers have bit the dust in these diggings.* Editor, a soft headed youth is not so much to be blamed for making himself a lady's poodle dog, as a widower. I find bachelors, generally very prudent men; now and then, however, I have one to maul. I find but few girls with a thimble full of sense. Their 'thoughts' seldom "learn to stray" beyond beau-catching and flirting. The most of them have their heads and hearts set on the magic dollar--money, money, or wealth, is everything: And the youngsters are breaking their necks to "marry rich." They see no beauty--nothing love* in a poor girl. The prettiest creature I ever saw stood over a wash tub, and was decked in a homespun dress. She had no admirers beyond the humble walks of poverty, and, poor herself, she had too much sense to marry poverty. Young men of wealth deigned not to notice her: But Editor, listen: Again I saw her in "marble halls" 'threading the mazy dance'" and that wash-girl was now the bell* of the hall! She had inherited a fortune, and immediately the men of wealth found her out, aye, wooed her! But she was no fool--no, sir. She spurned their love and married a poor man--an honest, intelligent man, who knew how to work, and this day they are happy. That was a sensible girl.

Shouldering my death-dealing club I wended my way to Alamance, en route for Danville, Va. At Vincent's Store I slathered a party of red-nose chaps who

2 From the South Lowell Male Academy.

3 Jesse is obviously a Whig with no patience for Democrats.

* Sic.

were holding a special court over a poor negro, charged with making dirk knives. They were all badly frightened when I stepped up and pitched into judge and jury for making a mountain out of a mole hill. Not far from a big church I caught a physician and gave him 'pertikler beans' for giving his negro a permit "to pass from the birth of Adam to the death of the devil." That "pass" would have taken the negro to Old Scratch, no doubt. Passing on I got after a patrol party which I found firing guns, and asking what it meant they said that they were hunting the "resurrectionists." I made them toddle. Going to High Falls I met up with a certain J. P., considerably bloated but whether from R. G. Whiskey or self importance I could not determine; understanding that he was in the habit of swearing good christians on the devil's thumb-paper (the Standard,⁴) instead of the bible, I dealt him a double-distilled jo-darter that spread him at my feet as flat as a pan-cake--several Standards oozed out at his heels! Not remote from Table Shoals I paid my 'respects' to a young lady for deceiving a gentleman: She had promised to marry him--the day had arrived--the supper set--the company awaited the bride-groom's coming--he appeared--when the lady met him and gave him the "mitten" by telling him that her mind had undergone a change since she last saw him, and that her affections had been transferred to a 'hifaluten' chap whom she had determined to marry. Bets are offered that neither of the two will marry her. From here I followed the scent of R. G. Whiskey, which brought me once more to Morton's Store--(I don't say he keeps the truck--his visitors may carry the smell with them, for all that I know.). On looking around the crowd, who should I see but the old bell-weather* of the 'unsophisticated,' with a Standard in hand and his mouth puckered up as if he'd been eating green persimons, dodging and trying to hide from me. He had been reading to and "lecturing" the "faithful," not dreaming but what I was in Raleigh. --Says I, "Are you there, old True-Penny? How stands the 'goose question' now?" He looked confused, and would have bolted if he'd got a chance, but collaring the old sinner (he belongs to the church, but talks politics when he ought to be praying, and sometimes is almost 'tempted' to bet! on elections,) I lifted him out of his boots--then turning round on his faithful disciples I mauld the goose grease out of them about right, and taking the young lark who sells tape and ----- democracy from behind the counter, I put it to him for turning a lane and hanging the gates up-side down, and for playing the d---l generally. From here I went to the Long Lane White House partly for refreshments and repose and partly to catch up with a beetle-head customer who rides about in a buggy buying up land warrants.

But I must close. Tell the people of Danville to look out for me. Yours,
&c.

JESSE HOLMES The Fool Killer.⁵

4 The Semi-Weekly Standard, a Democratic organ published in Raleigh by W. W. Holden, later Reconstruction governor of the state.

* Sic.

5 Transcribed from the Milton Chronicle, February 12, 1857, p. 1, in the collection of the Duke University Library.

SOME SOUTHERN FOLK REMEDIES AND RELATED BELIEFS

By Beverly Lazarus Levenson and Myron H. Levenson

[Beverly Lazarus Levenson, a native of Brooklyn, New York, came to North Carolina in September 1958 to pursue graduate studies in anthropology. She earned her B.A. degree at Brooklyn College, attended summer courses at Cornell University, and received her M.A. at the University of North Carolina in January, 1960. As graduate assistant for Dr. John Gillin, Mrs. Levenson utilized the Southern Historical Collection extensively in addition to other sources for her M.A. thesis on health habits in five representative Southern communities.

[Myron H. Levenson grew up in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he earned his B.S. degree in psychology at the University of Pittsburgh in 1949. His M.A. (in anthropology) followed in 1957 at that university, and he is presently working toward the Ph.D. in sociology at the University of North Carolina. His master's thesis included material on folk medicine and beliefs of the American Indian ("The American Indian and Communicable Disease," University of Pittsburgh, 1957). Mr. Levenson has lived in the South the greater part of the years since World War Two. He is a veteran of both the Korean and the Second World Wars, and he is presently conducting field research in a Southern community.]

For over two hundred years many Southern people have been discovering, rediscovering, and adapting a large variety of medicinal preparations and other homemade articles such as dyes, recipes, and cleaning compounds. A glance at one of several folklore journals,¹ unpublished diaries and papers of the Southern Historical Collection of Manuscripts,² or old medical journals³ will reveal the enormous extent of Southern remedial lore.*

The usual case was one where medical lore relating to materia medica, to techniques for treatment of ailments and natural processes (like childbirth), and to folk beliefs was the property of specialists. Called "root men," "conjurers," "granny women" (midwives) or "herb doctors," these medical practitioners catered to a primarily rural clientele. As medical knowledge grew increasingly sophisticated over the years, it also became more and more available to rural and urban people. Thus, a steadily increasing number of people began to lose faith in the old ways and turn to physicians, clinics, and hospitals. Today very few Southerners would hesitate to call a doctor in case of accident or emergency or to have their babies delivered in a modern hospital instead of at home with an old-fashioned midwife.

Despite the trend toward modern medical care, a significant residue of old herbal lore and technique as well as faith remains among many Southerners. This residue often exists side by side with belief in and use of modern medical therapies and services. The old remedies and the lore surrounding them may be found among both whites and Negroes mainly in the lower socio-economic brackets and farther out toward the rural areas where the facilities of modern medical science are not always close at hand. Town people, it may be added, also retain some of the traditional beliefs and practices, since many of them have been passed down from generation to generation within families.

We may assume one of two major explanations for the modern-day retention of certain remedies⁴ and the abandonment of others. Either these "cures" are actually efficacious or they are not directly so; but people believe them to work and feel familiar with them in their surroundings, that is, in the aura of family

tradition, the sympathetic attitude of a familiar specialist, or the ability to utilize remedial agents at home. Therefore, as the result of a process of psycho-suggestion and combined bodily attention, the given ailment might conceivably recede gradually. At any rate, certain herbal cures such as wild cherry bark, turpentine, foxglove, and cinchona bark (from diverse world origins) are folk remedies known today and widely used, prescribed and recommended by medical doctors as definitely useful in certain derivative forms and in the treatment of specific disturbances.

The lists of remedies and related beliefs to follow were gathered as part of a graduate student project⁵ at the University of North Carolina from the field notes of Dr. John Gillin and his associates. The field notes were supplemented by three published volumes and two doctoral dissertations which themselves grew out of the field notes. Seven anthropologists collaborated in the project known as "Field Studies in the Modern Culture of the South."⁶ In these investigations, each of seven persons conducted an ethnographic study of a separate Southern community. Out of five towns studied, four were the subject of complete community studies, and the fifth was broken down into three separate population studies: upper and middle class white, white mill, and Negro. Each town represented a typical Southern region: the piney forest, mountains, tidewater, plantation, and piedmont. Pseudonyms were used throughout to protect people, places, and situations. Only regional names will appear in this article.

Some of the representative medical folklore sifted from these materials appears as follows.

1. TIDEWATER TOWN, North Carolina

Sunburn: Apply a one-half inch thick poultice of bread dough.

Snakebite: Infuse wound with tea made from wild lettuce leaves and roots.

Bleeding wound: Recite Ezekiel 16: 6.

Burns: Recite Proverbs 16.⁷

The last two cures represent a curious blend of magical technique and Biblical citation which was practiced by an old woman specialist in burn and wound treatment and followed by many townspeople.

2. MOUNTAIN TOWN, North Carolina

Wound, any type: Bandage must not be put in fire since wound will not heal if this is done.

Dirt in the eyes: To remove, swish tail of black cat across eye.

Sty in the eye: Go to the crossroads and say: "Sty, sty, get off my eye. Get on the next that passes by."⁸

The three above were widely known practices. More esoteric were the wart and burn cures. The ability to "conjure off warts" was known by many people but only a few had power to actually remove warts. Burn curing techniques were usually known by certain old people who would pass them on to a favored friend or relative before they died.

Warts: The wart cures were numerous and will not be cited here. Suffice it to say that the great majority of them rested on the theory of "contagious magic." The wart was typically touched with some object like a dish rag or stone and that object was placed or buried in a place where another person would have contact with it and thus have the wart transferred to him.

Burns: Recitation of a formula after patient is reassured that the "fire," that is, heat, would disappear. The practitioner repeats the following in a whisper: "Two little angels came from the west; one brought fire, one brought frost. Go fire, come frost."⁹ As this was repeated, the curer would massage the burned area with his right forefinger.

Bleeding: Read or recite by heart Ezekiel 16:6, inserting the name of the patient after the first "thee": "And when I passed by thee, _____, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live."¹⁰

Thrush mouth in babies: Have a stranger blow into the baby's mouth (done only occasionally).

Severe toothache: Use of a preservative called a "canning powder," which the local physician suggested might be sodium benzoate.

The cures above were older folk practices which were retained alongside newer techniques for the same maladies. A tendency to prefer immediate pain relief to long-range treatment and cure appeared to be general in the Tidewater town. Some popular beliefs about birth and abnormalities not involving any kind of treatment follow:

1. A birth mark will appear at a place on a baby's body corresponding to the same place on its mother's body which she touched when she was frightened during pregnancy.

2. Deformity or any type of handicap is a punishment for the sin of one's parents; parents are punished through their children.

3. People who resemble alligators (i.e., cannot be still, and move about nervously) had parents who were "marked by an alligator."

4. One boy who resembled a frog was called a "frog boy," and it is said that his mother was frightened during pregnancy by a toad.

5. A child becomes crippled by looking at another crippled child.

6. A birthmark and a caul both represent good luck. (A "caul" is part of the amniotic sac often found enveloping the baby's head after parturition; it normally breaks before delivery.)¹¹

3. PLANTATION TOWN, Alabama

Illness or misdevelopment in babies: Tie a scorched rag around the umbilical cord to prevent condition. (Common among Negroes; some white following.)

Heat and perspiration in the cotton field; Negro women fainting from work in too much sun: Take salt tablets and water.

Warts: Wart cures are numerous. Here are several mentioned by Morton

Rubin: (a) Prick the wart, let the blood drop on a grain (kernel), and let a chicken eat that grain. (b) A katydid will prick a wart. (c) Write the number of warts you have on a piece of paper, hide it, and warts will disappear. To transfer them to another person, allow the victim to find the paper. (d) Prick wart with a pin; hide pin so nobody will find it. (Some wart curers count the heads of the warts; others let blood run on a string, tie knots in the string, and then put it under the house for the ants to eat. One lady claimed that a curer did the latter for her and her wart disappeared.)

Tooth pain: If you pull a tooth and a chicken eats it, none will grow in its place. If you stick your tongue in the cavity left by the pulled tooth, none will grow there.

Coughs and croups: Mullein tea for children; it is also good for sprained ankles. Take honey and borax internally. Vinegar and molasses or honey and butter are recommended for a cold.

Itch: Polk (poke) root or its red berries, which can also be used for tattooing, ink, or pig food. Eat as a salad in the spring for curing the itch.

Hives (in babies): Catnip tea with milk; apply externally to sore parts. (Catnip is cultivated in gardens in Plantation Town.)

Blood poison: Red oak bark tea. Dip towels in the solution and wrap around wound.

Rheumatism: Make a tea of red oak or cherry tree bark together with whisky to act as "bitters." Alternatively, take lemon juice in hot water internally, drink lemon juice with salts, or drink lemon juice with owl grease (fat).

Boils: Apply a paste made of turpentine, soap shavings and sugar. A thin slice of fat salted meat can be applied as a substitute.

Weak eyes: Daub warm salt water over eyes.

Colic: Sodas.

Measles: Sheep tea (manure) taken internally causes the measles to break out.

Thrush in babies (i.e., white blisters in mouth): Apply lining of chicken gizzard.

Chapped hands: Rub mutton or sheep suet (fat), tallow, cowfat, pig hoofs.

Mumps: To soothe, cook a hog's head; crack open the hog's jowls; use the marrow.

Asthma: Smoke rabbit tobacco (a weed cigarette).

Sting: Apply tobacco juice.

Burns: Apply the white of an egg and soda.

Bleeding: Certain persons have the power to stop bleeding. They mumble something, or lay hands on a person. The latter may be done verbally at a distance--similar to wart removal technique.

Whooping cough: Donkey milk.

Run-around nail: Bathe in hot castor oil to halt growth.

Bruises: Use of Sloan's liniment.

Labor pains: An axe laid under the bed will cut labor pains.¹³

Most of the remedies were used for relatively minor or emergency troubles such as burns, bruises, and warts and to merely palliate more serious diseases; for such troubles as mumps and rheumatism, it appears that no curative, but only assuaging, preparations were meant to be used. Again, we see the blending of patent medicines with folk cures. Also interesting in this community were drug-store cures with Biblical names and the presence of conjure doctors, conjuring, and countermagical techniques. Clever local physicians often utilized the magical curing principles to soothe or calm patients who believed in them, using the established medical procedure concomitantly.

4. PIEDMONT TOWN, South Carolina (Negroes)¹⁴

General Complaints (back, stomach, liver trouble): Blackhall berry, roots, and bark.

Dysentery: Sassafras root, scurvy root.

Impure blood: Sarsaparilla.

"Whites" (leucorrhea): Huckleberry bark.

Female troubles: Wild cherry bark; white oak bark; also poplar, red oak or sycamore bark.

Bad luck; any illness: Double-jointed snake root for prevention

Piles: Buckeye.

Lack of virility in the older male: Coon root or boar-hog root to stimulate "pep."

The material above was obtained only from the Negro population of Kent, there being no material describing folk cures of the white mill or upper class

populations. Many used folk and modern remedies conjointly. The "root man" was known to habitually combine old and new treatments. In addition, several Negroes combined useful herbs with magic-making. The root man and his clientele used a great amount of whiskey in soothing pain. Several Negroes were known to habitually eat starch or clay. Reasons for starch-eating were varied, depending on informant testimony. Some were: to prevent pregnancy, to help with menstruation, and to improve digestion. The red-clay-eaters were all rural people, while the starch-eaters were from both rural and urban areas.

5. PINE WOODS TOWN, Alabama

Labor pains: To ease, hang a pair of trousers at the head of the bed.

Slow or difficult birth: To aid the speed and ease of a birth, place a pair of scissors under the bed.¹³

Hemorrhaging: Place salt on the umbilical cord to stop the mother from bleeding.

Painful delivery: To prevent, smear sugar over the lower abdomen.¹⁵

Material available on folk remedies was limited to those for pregnancy and childbirth. The curative techniques above were gathered from poor whites and Negroes. Other groups were not cited in this respect.

Much repetition occurs from town to town concerning folk cures and beliefs, often revealing a literal likeness of one or another remedy or technique. In other cases, the treatment (i.e., root, herb, or animal matter) remains the same, while the malady it is said to correct varies, and of course, vice versa. Several cures often exist in a number of communities, or even within one, for the same illness. Whatever the treatment may be, whether a magical aura surrounds it or an ordinary home atmosphere attends it, people swear by certain cures and often will not part with them for more costly prescriptions or patent medicines. "They work," say the folks.

FOOTNOTES

¹One may consult, for example, The Journal of American Folklore, The Southern Folklore Quarterly, and North Carolina Folklore.

²The Southern Historical Collection at the Wilson Library of the University of North Carolina holds an abundance of personal diaries, journals of army officers, records of doctors, and family letters. Much family lore has been passed on from generation to generation in the form of stories, records of actual events, suggestions for conduct, and concoctions for dyes, foods, and insect-killing.

³There are, e.g., the Southern Medical Journal and several others under the titles of state names of medical organizations, such as the Medical Association of Georgia Journal.

⁴The retention of remedies, of course, goes hand in hand with patronage of "root doctors," continued faith in folk treatments, and belief in their power to cure or assuage pain. Thus, when the term "cure" or "remedy" is used in this paper, ramifications of belief and practice are to be assumed.

⁵See Beverly L. Levenson, "Health Habits in Five Southern Folk Communities: A Pattern Analysis of Conditions, Usages and Beliefs as Drawn from the "Field Studies in the Modern Culture of the South," unpublished Master of Arts thesis, University of North Carolina, Department of Sociology and Anthropology, 1959. This thesis utilized raw field notes primarily and supplemented those with sources of a more familiar form such as books derived from the field notes. Financial assistance was furnished by the Institute for Research in Social Science. Research was conducted under the auspices of the Social Research Section, Division of Health Affairs, Director, Dr. Harvey L. Smith. Dr. John P. Gillin directed the thesis itself

⁶Although all the ethnographies are in field-note form at the Institute for Research in Social Science at the University of North Carolina, two dissertations and three published volumes are presently available and were used in addition to the field notes in the writer's master's thesis. The published volumes are: (1) Hylan Lewis, Blackways of Kent (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1955), (2) John Kenneth Morland, Millways of Kent (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Car. Press, 1958), and (3) Morton Rubin, Plantation County (Chapel Hill: Univ. of North Car. Press, 1951). The unpublished dissertations are: (1) Ralph W. Patrick, "A Cultural Approach to Social Stratification" (Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., 1953), and (2) Vladimir Hartman, "A Cultural Study of a Mountain Community in Western North Carolina" (Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, 1957).

⁷Levenson, op. cit., p. 46. Field notes on the town of Atlantic, North Carolina, are cited; their author is John P. Gillin.

⁸Ibid., p. 64, citing Hartman, op. cit., pp. 166-67.

⁹Ibid.

¹⁰Ibid., p. 65, citing Hartman, ibid. p. 168.

¹¹Ibid., p. 83. Hartman's field notes, not his dissertation, are here cited.

¹²The list of remedies and ailments is adapted from Morton Rubin's field notes on Plantation. See Levenson, M.A. thesis, ibid. pp. 97-99.

¹³This particular folk belief can be found as part of the lore if not the practice in numerous Southern regions.

¹⁴This list of Negro remedies can be found in Hylan Lewis, Blackways of Kent, p. 75, and in his field notes. See Levenson, op. cit., p. 145.

¹⁵See Levenson, ibid., p. 40--discussion adapted from the Pine Woods Town field notes.

MORES OF MOUNTAIN MUSIC

By W. Todd Reece

[Mr. Reece is from Andrews, Cherokee County, North Carolina. When he wrote this paper, he was a senior in the School of Journalism at the University of North Carolina. He is now employed in newspaper work at Andrews, N. C.]

Foreword

The instrumental music of North Carolina's mountains is one of this country's true folk heritages. Much has been written about the ballad and folk-song, but the story of the music of fiddles and banjos, their makers and players, has long been neglected.

This paper is an effort to tell that story. The scene is the southwestern tip of this state, including Cherokee, Macon, Clay, Graham, Swain, and Jackson Counties.

The time of the story must for purposes of research be kept within the limits of the past three or four generations. The facts have come from personal observations and talks with mountain people living today and within the time of their memories.

This music, its heritage, its background, and its mores, I earnestly believe should be included in the realm of folk studies. Any failure to show its significance comes not from the story but from its telling here.

The Country

The far reaches of the mountains of the southwestern tip of North Carolina make up a region unique. The land and its people have been often neglected and more often misunderstood. Settled by hardy, nature-loving Scotch, Welsh, and English pioneers, the inaccessibility of these hills has kept them virtually isolated until comparatively recent years.

The region came to be looked on by its inhabitants as almost a separate state. Closer to the capitals of five other states than they were to Raleigh, these individualistic mountain men cared little and were affected less by what went on down-state. Their trips "out" for the few store-bought supplies were made, not east, but south to Georgia or west to Tennessee.

Early homes and farms were not close together in the early days of this region. Families were large, and children grew up under the influence of their parents and brothers and sisters rather than neighbor kids. Families were more like clans, and therefore had independent and individual thoughts about everything. That is, everything but music.

Music was the one common denominator among these people. It was brought from their homelands, cultivated in the mountains, and came to be recognized as the catalyst for intermingling.

The Instruments

The mountain man made practically everything he needed: his house, his clothes, his tools, and his musical instruments. Instruments which could be made from available materials narrowed the field considerably. Large instru-

ments were also out. And these folk of course needed instruments which fitted the music they had brought from overseas. Following these requirements, the mountain musicians by skill and ingenuity turned out instruments which were equal to the task of providing the great part of their recreation and binding these people together down through the years.

The instruments which made up the core of mountain music are guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin, and dulcimer.

The most treasured, best built, most difficult to construct, most respected as a playing instrument was the fiddle. The fiddle is a violin, but, to a mountain man, always a fiddle. It was the main, lead instrument in any group and was the most difficult to play. A fiddler was the most respected musician.

Fiddles were made from several varieties of wood natural to the mountains, perhaps the most popular being curly maple. This wood had to be cut, split, dried, carved, scraped, boiled and baked in the process of manufacturing the fiddle. The fiddle was played with a bow of horsehair.

Fiddle makers usually made all the other instruments as well, but specialized in the fiddle. And who can remember a fiddle maker who wasn't a mighty fine fiddle player?

The next most popular lead instrument was the banjo. The mountain man's banjo was never of the four-string variety. It had a longer neck and a short fifth string which was never fretted, but was played with the thumb as a rhythm string and was known by the name of thumb string. This thumb string blended in harmony with two of the three chords in most tunes with a monotonous sound reminiscent of a bagpipe. Scholars have wondered if this was a carryover of some of the Scottish pioneers.

The neck and round head-piece of the banjo were made of some hard wood and the skin head was made from any number of kinds of tanned animal skins. This writer's father told a story of the first banjo which he made and related how the head was made from a tanned 'possum hide and even had a bit of hair remaining.

The mandolin was the other lead instrument. It came into use later than the previous two mentioned and was also built and tuned much like a fiddle. Double strings were picked with a straight pick, most often a comb tooth.

The rhythm instrument was the guitar. Made from wood also, the guitar was the most popular and easily mastered instrument. Guitars, besides accompanying the lead instruments, were played along to accompany songs and by a few masters were used to lead with a melody.

The dulcimer was an offspring of the harp or lyre. It was a many-stringed instrument, played while it was lying on a table or in the player's lap. It was either strummed or tapped with woolen-headed mallets and was usually played alone to accompany a sung ballad.

Strings for all these instruments were store-bought. Sometimes waxed strings or thread or gut were used, but these were never satisfactory. Black Diamond brand strings were highly prized.

The mountain man called his banjo a banjer, the guitar a guit-tar and the violin a fiddle; the mandolin was the manderlin; and dulcimer, a doolcimer.

These homemade instruments, especially the fiddles, have proved almost always to be superior to factory-produced ones, even those of today, and they have been handed down from father to son, and countless present-day mountain folk still have these.

In more recent years the mountain man has begun to buy his instrument rather than make it. Most common are the mail-order brands, such as Sears Silvertone. Martin and Gibson Companies manufacture the best and most expensive musical instruments and have for years; however, these are usually too expensive for the mountain man's purse.

Though the music of these instruments is ever so closely related to songs and ballads as well as square and other types of folk dances, we are here mainly concerned with the instrumental music and the unwritten laws for playing it.

III: The Musicians

Mountain musicians were always grouped by their fellow musicians and audiences into categories according to their type of instrument, their ability and their popularity, as men and as musicians.

Fiddlers were the most respected of musicians. The fiddler's instrument was the most difficult to play; it was the lead instrument in most cases; it was the loudest; and fiddlers were fewer in number than any other musician.

Fiddlers almost always made their own instruments. Every one of them firmly believed that the tone of his instrument was second to none. The older a fiddler was, the more he was respected. Fiddles carried the load at a square dance. Each fiddler's style was individual, and unlike other musicians of the day, fiddlers rarely ever copied each other's styles.

The "banjer picker" probably ranked second, a bit above a mandolin man. The banjo was rather difficult to play also, and banjo masters were also few in number. For some reason women oftentimes played around with the banjo. Women did not often figure in the instrumental aspect of mountain music, but the few female instrumentalists probably chose the banjo because its slender neck was easier for a small hand to grasp and the banjo could be played solo quite prettily. The legendary Samantha Bumgardner of Western North Carolina, who is still living, is the best known of these lady banjo artists.

The banjo player in the early days used no pick for this five-stringed lead instrument, but was able to get sufficient sound with the bare fingers drumming the bark of a tight skin head (on the banjo). He alternated with the fiddler and mandolin man in playing the melody lead.

In recent years a trend toward metal finger picks to pluck the banjo has arisen. North-Carolina-born Earl Scruggs is the father of this style, according to a recent article by Alan Lomax in Esquire Magazine. Lomax called this bluegrass type of banjo picking "folk music with overdrive."

Mandolin players were few in early mountain days, as this instrument didn't gain real popularity until later years. This little instrument was called a "punkin seed" by mountain men because of its small shape, and the player in these early days had no real respect for it.

Least respected but still entirely necessary to the mountain music was the guitar strummer. It is fit to say that no one in these days grew up without try-

ing his skill on the guitar. A few of these players were masters and played melody, but the great majority were rhythm men and played the background for the aforementioned lead instruments.

The dulcimer was popular quite early in the period of mountain settlement, then faded, and recently has come back into demand. Most of these instruments were brought here by first-generation pioneers and these were the folk who played them. Few were made in the mountains, and their music was never really an integral part of mountain music.

IV: The Music Makin'

In these mountains music was never played; it was made. Mountain men always said, "Let's make music," whether for a dance or for the players' audience's enjoyment.

About the only groups which played together consistently were those of one family. In the large families there were often enough boys to have all four main instruments represented. Often it was "pa" on the fiddle, sometimes "ma" or a son on the banjo, and other sons on the mandolin and one or more guitars.

These family groups offered a chance for learning to play while providing inter-family fun at the same time. But the real opportunity to show one's prowess on one's instrument came when one played with the boys from over the hill or down the trail. These opportunities came at two times: when there was playing to be done for a dance or when folks got together to make music.

There were strict unwritten laws for these music "makins'," whether at a dance or at a home. Since we are here concerned with the music, we will confine our study of these "laws" to the music makin' and not for the dance, though the same basic rules apply to both.

The setting for a music makin' could be one of three places: at someone's home, outside somewhere (often in the summer months), or at a country store.

A home music makin' could be planned, or it was acceptable for one to go visiting and take one's instrument along. When a mountain man and his family visited another family for a music makin' in the winter months, the front room was the scene of action.

If the session was planned, other close neighbors would gather at the host's house to play or listen. All the musicians would be given the best chairs, usually straight-back wooden ones being preferable for their playing ease.

The musicians would sit close together; if they were scattered about the room, one of the old-timers would raise a fuss until they bunched, probably because of his failing hearing. They would sit around the source of heat, whether it was a fireplace or woodstove. This grouping helped assure the uniformity of tuning and was necessary for the banjo man, who always needed to dry and stretch the banjo head before the fire prior to tuning.

Tuning the instruments together could take quite a while and often seemed interminable to the audience. The fiddler, being the leader, usually the eldest and most respected, tuned first. He set the pitch. The others tuned to his instrument, one at a time. It was unforgivable to touch your instrument while another musician was tuning, as this interrupted his ear, and anyone guilty of breaking this or any other rule of music makin' was liable not to be asked back.

The host often chose the first tune; or if he did not, the fiddler made the choice. It was customary for the lead instruments, once the tune was going, and the right tempo was attained, to swap out in playing the melody. This was accomplished by the man playing giving a nod to the player whom he wished to take over at the beginning of the next section.

This was usually the case; however, if the fiddler started the tune and was of the elder respected variety, it was perfectly polite for him to play the lead during the whole piece if he so chose, with the other lead instruments chording along in the background. Many old fiddlers did this and then sat back resting as the other leaders took over on other tunes and did not enter into the playing. Only fiddlers were accorded this privilege, and many of the old-timers seemed to think it was their right, and took it.

The music makin' might alternate between instrumental tunes and vocal numbers. If any ladies present participated it was usually to render some vocal; then they would return to the background. Or "ma" might take the banjo and plunk out a number or two. Young beginners were given a chance to lead and show their style. Even the guitar man was given a chance to play a melody or two, and this always included "Wildwood Flower," the one tune every guitarist mastered. This music makin' was perhaps the one activity which could keep mountain men up past their regular bedtime. They could last indefinitely, and some lasted all night.

There was a music makin' philtre: corn liquor. The man who didn't run off his own batch of moonshine always had a jug around the house. Few and far between were the music makins' where the jug didn't make its appearance.

Everybody was expected to take one drink at least. The invitation was, "Drink it or wear it," meaning that those who should refuse would have it poured on them. None refused. After the first warm-up drink, there were pretty well-known limits which hinged on the individual and his instrument as well as his capacity. Everyone knew that some spirits helped the quality of the music.

The fiddler being usually a small and sensitive fellow, with his instrument requiring the finest touch, couldn't drink to excess and still play. There was a point of perfection, and except for the habitual drinker, the man knew when he had reached this point.

Banjo and mandolin men oddly enough were usually a bit larger than the fiddler and could drink a bit more, since their instruments didn't require quite as fine a touch. The guitar rhythm man could drink almost to drunkenness, and still his rhythm improved.

This drinking was usually done in the kitchen or out behind the house if many women were present. Many a boy musician tasted his first corn at a music makin'. The proof of all good moonshine is above one hundred, and as a rule, a little went a long way.

Lest these mountain tunesmiths should appear over-rough in their drinking, it must be noted that most of them were "hard-shell Baptists" and on Sundays would never play any of the lively secular music.

V: Has This Tradition Endured?

So, the mountain tunes were preserved and kept and passed along. These tunes are still alive in the hills today, thanks to the folks' love of music and its need in these early days.

Most of these early tunes were true folk tunes in that their origins were and are unknown and they were kept alive only by their being played and kept in the people's memory.

Some of these tunes were "Fire on the Mountain," "Cumberland Gap," "Cacklin' Hen," "Twentieth of January," "Billy in the Lowground," "Devil's Hornpipe," "Little Maggie," and "Fiddler's Dram."

Others which were lively instrumentals and also had a number of lyrical choruses were "Take Me Home, Little Bird," "Cindy," "Old Dan Tucker," "Lula," "Down the Road," "I'm Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad," "Wildwood Flower," "Buffalo Gal," and "Redwing."

Though this particular section of the mountains was not so famous for its ballads from across the seas, there were a number of more or less local folk-songs: "The Ballad of Kidder Cole," "George Collins," "The Knoxville Girl," "The Ballad of Frankie Silvers," and "Poor Wayfaring Stranger."

Other fiddle or square dance tunes from the fiddle and banjo were "Katy Hill," "Cricket on The Hearth," "Sally Gooden," and some with no name. A popular music method of the old days was to let the fiddle and banjo, both lead instruments, play a number with no guitar background. This passed out almost completely in later years.

Literally hundreds of other tunes were popular in these old days when music mountain style was at its peak, but the majority of them cannot be called true folk tunes, although their origin was not known to these isolated folks and they were learned only by repetition.

Conclusion: Mountain Music Today

Tunes heard in these mountains today are a curious mixture of the old and the new. Civilization has come to the mountains with roads and the automobile and radio and television.

A few communities have been spared this influx of commercialism, and there the pure mountain music may still be found; but these places grow scarcer every day.

For the most part, the commercial music has taken over. The guitar is electrified. Fiddles are no longer hand-made. Banjo heads are no longer home-tanned. The radio program The Grand Ole Opry has had more influence on these mountain folk and their music than any other one factor. Players came to have their heroes and to copy their styles and song. Uncle Dave Macon was the first radio darling of the song and banjo. Merle Travis and Chester Atkins came to be recognized as kings of the electrified guitar. Earl Scruggs heads the banjo-hero list and Bill Monroe, the mandolin.

Songs of Hank Williams and Earnest Tubb have replaced those of folk descent. True mountain music is fading fast. The popularity of folk music festivals has stirred considerable interest, but the day when every mountain man made and played his own instrument is lost forever. And along with it, one of the true means of developing America's greatest resource, the true character of her people.

THE FISHIN' I

By Edward G. McGavran, M. D.

[As Dean of the School of Public Health of the University of North Carolina, Dr. McGavran is a world traveler who has looked covetously at many waters in which he would have liked to fish. In the following story he tells about making connections with one great lake and one huge fish. Though a factually true narrative, his story has qualities which make it a rival of fishing fantasies published in North Carolina Folklore for July 1960, and also a charm which readers found in his "The Enchanted Lake," North Carolina Folklore, V, No. 1 (July 1957).]

Since I am one of those avid trout fishermen who enjoy tying their own flies and searching remote spots all over this country for the fabulous fishing that used to be, you can imagine my delight during a recent trip to Peru upon learning of the magnificent Rainbow Trout fishing in high lakes and streams of the Andes. It seems that twenty years ago the U. S. planted Rainbow in these superb waters and forgot about them, and now they abound with huge "Trucha." Unfortunately my schedule was so tight that I could not personally verify the tales.

Three years later I was asked to return to Peru upon a mission. This I agreed to do under one proviso -- that I should get a chance to do some of this fabulous trout fishing. I was assured that adequate arrangements would be made and that I should not bring my own gear, since the best of everything would be provided for me.

Upon arrival in Lima I checked my schedule and was shocked to find that only one out of thirty days had been set aside for the fishing trip. Try as I did I could not stretch the period -- planes and trains do not run daily to those remote Andean areas. So, considerably disgruntled, I was forced to settle for a single day, and I knew that one day was far too short, particularly in strange waters. My only consolation was that this day had been carefully set up in Lake Titicaca, where some of the largest Rainbows on record had been landed.

We flew to Arequipa, whence we were to take a train up and over the high Andes to Puño on the lake. The day we arrived in Arequipa a train strike was declared and no trains ran. No avid fisherman would be stopped by a mere train strike; so we hired a taxi and drove over the Andes to Puño. That drive was a saga in itself. We arrived at Titicaca the evening before my one-day fishing trip and immediately sought out the engineer who had planned the whole affair locally. Unfortunately he had been called to Lima on an emergency the day before but had left word that the doctor would be glad to take us fishing. The doctor was very sympathetic and apologetic, but he frankly said he had never been fishing in his life and didn't know a fish from a Vicunia; but that the hotel manager would be glad to take us fishing. The hotel manager said he had a fine boat and excellent gear and would be glad to take us, but that for the first time in the history of Peru a closed season had been declared on Lake Titicaca by Bolivia the week before. The fine, if we were caught, would be 200,000 bolivars or roughly 15 American dollars. We were tempted to risk it, but as foreigners, decided against violating the law.

A visiting I.C.A. engineer who happened to be in the hotel the same evening suggested we might try some of the Peruvian streams running into Titicaca, since they were not out of season and although the streams did not have as big

Rainbow, there were supposed to be plenty of good-sized ones -- five-and ten-pounders. We promptly decided upon this course and asked the hotel manager if we could rent some of the excellent gear he had referred to. The gear was on the boat tied up at the wharf and he assured us he would have it brought up and ready for us early the next morning. Being familiar with "Mañana," I insisted that we should get the gear immediately, and, after some argument, he took us in his jeep down to the wharf.

As we approached the wharf we were stopped by a cordon of soldiers. The wharf was also the rail terminus and no one was allowed on the premises. We talked to the sergeant, the lieutenant, the captain, the colonel, and finally, with the military escort, were permitted to go to the boat.

The equipment was brought out. I had been trying to decide whether to select a salmon rod or light fly, or, if need be, a spinning outfit. The total equipment proved to be three ten-cent-store rods and reels -- one of which had black strings tied in knots; the others were without line of any kind -- some beat-up pieces of tin called spoons, no net, no boots. We gathered it all together and sadly returned to the hotel.

A searching party went out after line. They could find nothing in Puño but some catgut the size with which you string tennis rackets. By this time by dinner was up and I was going to go fishing if I had to use a bent pin and a piece of string. The catgut was wound upon the empty spools -- it was certainly strong enough to haul in the Queen Mary if you had hooked her.

Arrangements were made with the hotel to get us up at five a.m., have breakfast and a lunch ready so we could leave at six sharp. Our driver came to us at this point to tell us that the car had taken such a beating on those Andean roads that it couldn't possibly be ready before two in the afternoon. The doctor came to our rescue and offered us the use of his *Communetta*, a truck with seats in it. We accepted with alacrity and promptly turned in.

It should be noted that this was the month of June, the dead of winter on that side of the world, and we were at an elevation of better than 13,000 feet. The hotel had no heat and it was bitterly cold. We were called at five a.m., according to arrangement -- unfortunately the electricity and water do not turn on in the hotel that early. We got dressed in the dark, without water, and descended to the dining room -- which was silly since breakfast could not be prepared until the water and electricity were turned on at seven a.m.

My fishing companion slipped and fell when the carpeting gave way on the stairs and broke his coccyx -- from then on he was more comfortable standing than sitting. We tried to keep warm. Breakfast finally arrived and we swallowed it hurriedly and dashed out to the *Communetta*. After all we had only that one day and we were determined to make the most of it.

The lunch had been forgotten; so we returned and urged speed upon the cooks, who eventually -- in half an hour -- produced a lunch. We were off -- but the doctor, who at the last minute had decided to come with us, now had to stop to see a patient before he could leave town. When he returned to the car the driver decided he had forgotten to get gas and oil; so we stopped again for that necessary operation, which is quite an operation in Puño.

Again we were off -- with a scheduled stop to pick up a guide who worked at a hatchery and knew "the best places to catch Trucha." The director of the

hatchery was delighted to have foreign visitors and insisted that we see his establishment. So we saw how he got eggs and how they are hatched; how the fish were fed at different stages of development. While this was most interesting, we made our excuses as quickly as we could and left with the guide.

At last we were finally on our way. We had to pass through a little town that proved to be the typhus-control center for that part of Peru and our doctor was also the typhus control officer. All eighteen of his inspectors were in uniform and lined up for inspection when we arrived and there was nothing to do but inspect the inspectors and the quarters of the typhus-control program. I must admit it was a most cursory inspection -- our one day of fishing was slipping away rapidly. We finally made our escape and were on our way to the fishing grounds.

Up to this point my hopes had remained high, but my heart sank as the guide pointed out our destination spread out below us. A beautiful glacial river had formed a delta out into Lake Titicaca about seven miles long and five miles wide and the river wound its way through the area. It was a fertile plain -- never before even in the Nile valley have I seen so many people living on so little land -- thousands and thousands of Indians. You couldn't get near the water. Good trout fishing, in my opinion, is to be found only in areas remote from human habitation. We wound our way through this crawling mass of humanity, stopping only once to inspect a sanitary center which the good doctor had built with his own hands -- God knows it was needed -- and finally arrived at the fishing grounds, a stretch of the stream about 500 yards long where there were no dwellings and you could reach the water.

By now it was eleven o'clock -- the day half over. I had decided to use the rod and reel with the black string tied in knots. I was interested in seeing how far out into the stream I could cast before a knot caught on the ferrules and backlashed. I had made one or two abortive attempts when the Peruvian Army descended upon us -- truckload after truckload of soldiers. In the back of the trucks were balsa boats and big seining-nets which they proceeded to stretch across the river above our fishing grounds. With Indians and soldiers on both sides of the stream pulling the seine and balsa boats in the middle, stirring up the water with long sticks, they seined the whole stretch of fishable water. They were after food for the army.

I gave up and wandered off upstream and down looking for another possible spot -- without any success. By four p.m. I had given up and after eating a particularly dry and tasteless lunch, I returned to watch the seining operations. They were going through the fishing grounds for the second time. It was too cold to sit and pout; so I thought I would see if it were possible to cast that knotted black string any distance.

After several tries I got one nice long cast almost across the stream, which was quite swift and deep. Suddenly I had a strike and a tremendous trout shot up out of the water dancing on his tail. Here I was with the biggest trout I ever hoped to see on the end of my line -- black string tied in knots and a ten-cent-store rod and reel. After a fantastic aerial display he took off upstream -- with the best equipment I could not have held him. He took out all the black string with its many knots and came down to white string tied to the black string and this also ran out. I expected it to part at any moment. Finally there were only a few turns of white string left on the spool. If he had gone six feet further it would have been the usual story of the big fish that got away, but he started downstream at this point -- downstream, across-stream, up and down again

and again, with some tremendous leaps and runs.

To make a long story short -- with no net and no shallows to land him, I finally succeeded in getting him close enough for one of the party to attempt to gaff him. The gaff broke in two and the fish was off again. It was a shorter battle this time, and completely exhausted, we managed to grab him under the gills and lift him clear -- a 36-inch, 22.5-lbs. Rainbow Trout.

Although larger ones have been caught in the lake it was the opinion of our Ambassador to Peru, who happened to be in Puno when we returned, that this was one of the largest ever caught in a stream. Several people who saw it thought I should have it mounted, but my wife said, "I shall have to listen to this fish's story all the rest of my life -- I'm not going to have to look at it." So it was taken back to Lima and with twenty guests at the Country Club we stuffed ourselves on Peruvian Rainbow Trout.

FOLKLORE NEWS AND NOTES

Joan Moser

Joan Moser, of Swannanoa, Second Vice President of the North Carolina Folklore Society, is in Scandinavia on a one-year Fulbright Fellowship awarded to enable her to become acquainted with Norwegian and Swedish folksongs and to study relationships between these and British-American folksongs. A talented singer, musician, and collector of North Carolina mountain songs, Miss Moser has appeared on the programs of the North Carolina Folklore Society and the annual Carolina Folk Festival at Chapel Hill. After taking her B.A. in music at the Woman's College, U.N.C., she transferred to Chapel Hill to work for an M.A. in musicology. She expects to go on to the Ph.D. after her return from Scandinavia next year. (Her father, Professor Artus M. Moser, is on the program of the Folklore Society meeting in Raleigh, December 2.)

N.C.F.S. Members on the SAMLA Program

Two members of the North Carolina Folklore Society appeared on the Folklore Section program of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association at its meeting in Charleston, November 4. Philip Kennedy, of Charlotte, U.N.C. '58, who has been enrolled in the Curriculum in Folklore at Indiana University since the fall of 1959, presented "Re-eliciting Songs from Previous Informants." A. P. Hudson offered part of his paper in this issue of North Carolina Folklore, "Animal Lore in Lawson's (1709) and Brickell's (1737) Natural Histories of the Carolinas," and distributed among his audience photographs of the title pages and of some copper-plate illustrations of the two books.

N. C. FOLKLORE in the Public Schools

A number of North Carolina public schools use the journal North Carolina Folklore as teaching material in junior-high and high-school courses. For example, the Winston-Salem City Schools now subscribe for eighty-seven copies of each issue to serve as periodical material in a junior-high-school course called "Common Learning." Dr. William Selph, Assistant Superintendent of the Winston-Salem City Schools, has written the Editor a letter expressing his high estimate of the value of North Carolina Folklore as a means of teaching young North Carolinians in an authoritative and attractive way an important aspect of their cultural heritage. Public schools subscribing for ten or more

(Cont. on p. 44)

A PAPERBACK FOLKLORE LIBRARY FOR LESS THAN \$25

Compiled by Virginia Dober

[A graduate of the School of Library Science of the University of North Carolina in 1956, Miss Dober is librarian of the Pearisburg, Virginia, High School. She contributed an autobiographical article, "We'll Tell 'Em," to North Carolina Folklore, IV, No. 1 (July 1956).]

Though this is by no means a complete or comprehensive collection of folklore, it serves the reader in locating relevant current paperback materials at a minimum of cost. The books may be purchased at or through your local bookstore, or may be ordered directly from the publisher. When ordering, give the code number (when given). A list of publishers follows the bibliography.

A Bibliography of Folklore

Anonymous. The Poem of the Cid (selected), Leonary Arnaud, translator.
\$.95 Barron's

Anonymous. Sir Gawain and the Green Knight; James R. Kreuzer, editor,
James L. Rosenberg, translator. \$.75 Rinehart

Beattie, William, editor. Border Ballads. \$.65 D20 - Penguin

Botkin, B. A., editor. Lay My Burden Down: A Folk History of Slavery.
\$1.65 P24 - Phoenix

Cawley, A. C., editor. Everyman and Medieval Miracle Plays. \$1.35
D36 - Everyman

Chase, Richard. American Folk Tales and Songs. \$.50 KD340 - New
American Library

Clark, Ella E. Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest. \$1.95
University of California

Colum, Padraic. Myths of the World. \$1.65 50 - Universal Library

Conley, Emma. Vegetable Dyeing. \$.50 Penland

De Lys, Claudia. Treasury of Superstitions. \$1.65 15 - Wisdom Library

Fink, Paul M. That's Why They Call It: The Names and Lore of the Great
Smokies. \$.50 Council of the Southern Mountains

Herman, Michael. Folk Dances for All. \$1.00 Barnes and Noble

Ives, Burl. Sea Songs of Sailing, Whaling, and Fishing. \$.35 146 -
Ballantine

Kennedy, Charles O'Brien and David Jordan, editors. American Ballads.
\$.35 S32 - Premier Books

King, Elizabeth. Quilting. \$.60 8 - Sentinel

- Kolb, Sylvia and John, editors. A Treasury of Folksongs. \$.35
A1227 - Bantam
- Mayo, Margot. The American Square Dance. \$.95 36 - Sentinel
- Morse, James. Folk Songs of the Caribbean. \$.50 F1788 - Bantam
- Parrinder, Geoffrey. Witchcraft. \$.85 A409 - Penguin
- Putnam, John F. The Plucked Dulcimer. \$.50 Council of the Southern
Mountains
- Roberts, Leonard, collector. I Bought Me a Dog: A Dozen Authentic
Folktales from the Southern Mountains. \$.50 Council of
the Southern Mountains
- Roberts, Leonard, collector. Nippy and the Yankee Doodle and More Folk
Tales from the Southern Mountains. \$.50 Council of the South-
ern Mountains
- Sumner, William Graham. Folkways. \$2.49 Dover
- Trench, Richard C. Dictionary of Obsolete English. \$1.45 38 - Wisdom
Library
- Vaughan Williams, R., and A. L. Lloyd, editors. The Penguin Book of
English Folk Songs. \$.95 Q18 - Penguin
- Williams, Charles. Witchcraft. \$1.45 M62 - Meredian

The Publishers

- Ballantine Books, Inc., 101 Fifth Ave., New York 36, New York
- Bantam Books, Inc., 25 West 45th. St., New York 36, New York
- Barnes and Noble, 105 Fifth Ave., New York 3, New York
- Barron's Educational Series, Inc., 343 Great Neck Rd., Great Neck, New
York
- Council of the Southern Mountains, College Box 2000, Berea, Kentucky
- Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick St., New York 14, New York
- Everyman Paperbacks; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Park Ave., South,
New York 10, New York
- Meredian Books, Inc., 12 East 22nd. St., New York 10, New York
- New American Library of World Literature, Inc. (Signet, Mentor, Signet Key
Books), 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York
- Penguin Books, Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Maryland
- Penland School of Handicrafts, Inc., Penland, North Carolina

Phoenix Books, University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37,
Illinois

Premier Books, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 West 44th. St., New York 36,
New York

Rinehart Editions Reprint Series, Rinehart & Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave.,
New York 16, New York

Sentinel Books Publishers, Inc., 112 East 19th. St., New York 3, New York

Universal Library, Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York 10,
New York

University of California Press, Berkeley 4, California

Wisdom Library Paperbacks; Philosophical Library, Inc., distributed by
Book Sales, Inc., 352 Park Ave., South, New York 10, New York

FOLKLORE NEWS AND NOTES (Cont. from p. 41)

copies of each issue are given a 20% discount. These new wholesale subscriptions are replenishing the treasury of the Folklore Society and enabling the Editor to put out a bigger and better journal.

Summer and Fall Folklore Recording

During the summer and fall A. P. Hudson spent many happy hours recording folklore that came into his sight and hearing. Two eighteen-year-old girls from Helsinki, winners of a competition among Girl Scouts of Finland for travel awards to the United States, sang for him in their native language passages from the Kalevala (the great national epic), the national hymn and anthem, and a number of charming folksongs. (He has discovered, sometimes to his embarrassment, that the young people of most other nations know a great deal more about their folklores than young Americans know about theirs.) At a folksong party given in his house the latter part of August, he recorded English, Scottish, and American folksongs sung by Lieutenant Christopher Wren, a paratrooper from Fort Bragg, who had spent a year on a fellowship at the University of Edinburgh; lively courtship songs by Dan Brock and Sandra Norvell of Kentucky; Swedish and American folk lyrics by Mrs. Betsy Sandulli of Naugatuck, Connecticut; shanteys and Western ballads by Fred Hall, late of California, Alaska, and Mexico, who had just blown into Chapel Hill. He spent half a day with Ike Greer of Chapel Hill recording and re-recording a few of the scores of songs known by this distinguished veteran North Carolina folksinger. On September 17 Professor Hudson had as guests of his Introduction to Folklore class two beatniks who had just hitchhiked their way from Norfolk (where they had taken leave of a schooner from Boston). One of them, Fred Bazler, who said he had been singing in his night club, The Golden Vanity, in Boston, is an accomplished folksinger of the "synthetic" variety. His repertory, with excellent guitar accompaniment, included five shanteys, two "Child" ballads, several broadsides, and a number of other pieces -- all recorded. Mr. Bazler also played two excellent numbers on his recorder -- "Hares on the Mountain" and "Foggy, Foggy Dew" (an Irish version of the tune).

(Cont. on p. 49)

FOODS IN EARLY NORTH CAROLINA

By Hazel Griffin

[Miss Griffin is from Woodland, Northampton County. She has been a teacher of English at Chowan College and various North Carolina high schools and is at present instructor in English at North Carolina State College. She contributed "Folk Remedies of the Roanoke-Chowan Section" to North Carolina Folklore, VI, No. 2 (December 1958).]

Life may have been rough and crude in Carolina in the 1600's, but according to travelers who recorded their findings and inhabitants who wrote of their way of life in the newly-found country, good food and an abundance of it were not lacking. Ingenuity and hard work were essential in producing or finding or cooking the products, but with the task done they must have satisfied the best of gourmets. Certainly they were a far cry from the frozen and hidden contents of the supermarket package of today.

When Governor Drummond of Virginia traveled into the Roanoke-Chowan area in 1657, he found that foods were a combination of Indian, English, and American origin.

By way of the Indian, the colonists learned to cure fish by laying them on hurdles to dry by fire or sun. If eaten fresh, the fish were cooked whole and later the skin with scales, as well as entrails, was removed. Naturally all cooking was done on coals from open fires. The recent fad of outdoor charcoal cooking therefore is only a renewal of an old method.

For meats there were wild turkey; all manner of other birds and wildfowl, such as goose, mallard, canvasback, redhead, and plover; squirrel, rabbit, bear, and deer; pickled fish when salt was obtainable; diamond-back terrapin roasted whole; fresh-water mussels (the mussel shells are found today in the Roanoke-Chowan River valley areas); "hogges" which roamed wild in the woods and made good, lean bacon, reputed by Lawson to be better than any in Europe; and beef from cattle which also roamed the woods but made inferior meat. Chickens were common too, but the housewife had to entice bee martins and king birds to the poultry yard to protect the flock from the predatory hawks and crows. Bird houses were erected on tall poles.

But good eating in colonial days wasn't confined to meats alone. The wild land produced an abundance of wild onions, hops, strawberries, raspberries, mulberries, cranberries, currants, blackberries, and huckleberries. Wild grapes were abundant, and later were domesticated. Also, watermelons and muskmelons were grown by both Indians and settlers. Many varieties of nuts, such as the chinkapin, hickory, and walnut, were plentiful.

For sugar, the colonist learned from the Indian to distill the juice of the maple tree.

To balance the diet, the colonists had an ample variety of vegetables, some from seeds brought from England and others secured from the Indians. Early known vegetables were peas, sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbage, corn, Indian squash, and beans. Lawson stated that "kidney beans were here before the English came," and other vegetables he found in Carolina were carrots, leeks, parsnips, "Colly-flower," "burmillions," "turneps," rocket "sallad," sorrel, cress, and wild purslane.

For flavoring, the tuckahoe, a tuberous root found in fresh-water bogs, was used. The root was placed in a dirt mound, covered with leaves, fern, and loose dirt, and a fire was built around the mound and kept burning several hours. The result -- a strong acid, sauce-like substance used with meat and fowl. Mint, garlic, and chives were grown.

Meal was made from grains of corn steeped about twelve hours in hot water, pounded in a mortar, then sifted in a small basket (as a sieve). Small sticks of bread were baked in hot coals. And the colonist was not without his butter and cheese.

Another starch product was hominy, a porridge made of boiled corn mixed with pohickory, a milky liquor extracted from the hickory nut. Sometimes pohickory was drunk as a beverage. Often it was used also with sauces. Rum was obtained from the Indians.

To preserve fresh meats, the early settlers met the need by keeping ice in holes in the ground or by building box-like houses over cool, flowing springs or over a running stream.

For her household and kitchen equipment, the colonial housewife did not depend on the Indian or her own ingenuity but used chiefly what was brought from England with the exception of pottery.

And for her early or first home, England to some degree furnished her model. The frame was built from small trees and decked over with bark and mats woven of grasses.

No question will be asked about what the seventeenth-century Carolina woman did with her leisure time. There was no leisure. But what good feasting!

Bibliography

- Samuel A'Court Ashe, History of North Carolina (1908)
Frances Latham Harris, ed., Lawson's History of North Carolina (1951)
Roy Johnson, Murfreesboro Daily News, Special Edition, Ch. III (1959)
William S. Powell, ed., Ye Countie of Albemarle (1958)
William L. Saunders, ed., Colonial Records of North Carolina (1886-1890)

ANATOMICAL SUPERSTITIONS IN BLUM'S ALMANAC

By Addison Barker

[At the time he wrote this article Mr. Barker was a member of the English staff of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (now Auburn University). He has recently accepted a position at Tennessee Wesleyan College. In 1957 he contributed to the July number of North Carolina Folklore an article entitled "Weather Lore in Blum's Almanac, 1844-1850." Blum's Almanac has been published annually at Winston-Salem since 1844.]

The anatomical superstitions listed below form part of a thesis, "Folklore in Blum's Almanac, 1844-1950," completed by the writer in 1950 in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the M.A. degree in English at the University of North Carolina. Each entry is followed by the year of publication and the number of the page on which it may be found in the Almanac.

A singing in the left ear means someone is asking about you.
1937; 50.

If your left ear burns, you are spoken ill of. 1933; 50.

A singing in the right ear means someone is thinking about you.
1937; 50.

If your right ear burns, you are spoken well of. 1933; 50.

If your left eyebrow itches, you will be bothered by something.
1937; 50.

If your right eyebrow itches, you will receive a letter from a friend. 1937; 50.

If both of your feet itch, you will travel shortly. 1937; 50.

A white mark on the fingernail bespeaks misfortune. 1891; 39.
1933; 58.

Broad fingernails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature.
1891; 39. 1933; 58.

Choleric, martial men have red and spotted fingernails. 1933; 58.

Fingernails growing into the flesh at the points or sides indicate
luxurious tastes. 1891; 39. 1933; 58.

It is bad luck to cut fingernails or toenails if anyone is sick in
bed. 1950; 30.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiments have round fingernails.
1933; 58.

Pale or lead-colored fingernails indicate melancholy people.
1933; 58.

People with narrow fingernails are ambitious and quarrelsome.
1891; 39. 1933; 58.

People with pale fingernails are subject to much infirmity of the
flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. 1933; 58.

Small fingernails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and
conceit. 1891; 39. 1933; 58.

To have the bottom of the foot itch is a sign that you will walk
on strange ground. 1950; 30.

Itching of the left foot means complications of your plans.
1937; 50.

Itching of the right foot means a successful undertaking. 1937;
50.

The putting of a left shoe on a right foot is a forerunner of evil.
1933; 50.

To have your left hand itch is a sign that you will receive money.
1937; 50. 1950; 30.

To have your right hand itch is a sign that you will meet a stranger.
1950; 30.

If your left knee itches, expect to hear news. 1937; 50.

If your right knee itches, you will receive an opportunity that
will either make or break you. 1937; 50.

When your lips itch, someone is crying about you. 1937; 50.

If the back of your neck itches, either you or someone you know
will fail. 1937; 50.

An itching in the nose means a change of affairs. 1937; 50.

If your nose itches, you will have company. 1933; 50.

If your right palm itches, you will hear news. 1937; 50.

If your shins itch, you will travel to a strange place and have a
painful illness. 1937; 50.

If your spine itches, you will listen to slander. 1937; 50.

Editor-Secretary-Treasurer Invited to Buenos Aires

In September the Editor of North Carolina Folklore and the Secretary-Treasurer of the Folklore Society received an invitation by air-special-delivery-and-registered-mail to represent the North Carolina Folklore Society, the University of North Carolina, and American Folklore in general at an International Folklore Congress in Buenos Aires, Argentina, December 5-10, to be held in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Revolución de Mayo (1810) of the Republic of Argentina. He was also invited to send a bibliography of his published works in Folklore ("bibliografía folklórica actualizada") and a cabinet-size photo of himself ("foto más grande") for exhibit at the Congress. He was able to comply with the latter request, but the invitation to attend the Congress in person presented a more serious problem in the form of heavy expenses, for transportation and subsistence. At the time of the writing of this item he was not without hope that the financial problem might be solved. President William Friday of the Consolidated University was working on it with Mr. George Allen of the U. S. Information Agency, and two State Department Bureaus were trying to find ways and means.

NEW EQUIPMENT AND BOOKS FOR FOLKLORE

As Executive Secretary of the Curriculum in Folklore, Professor Hudson has recently received from the University an allocation of funds for the purchase of a new phonograph record player and a filing cabinet for his folklore recordings. He now has about fifty tapes (perhaps seventy-five playing hours) of many varieties of folklore recordings, in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Rumanian, Finnish, Arabic, Greek, Syrian, Yiddish, Hindustani (several dialects), Gaelic, Hebrew, Swedish, Norwegian, Cherokee, Tagalog, Turkish, and a few other languages, to say nothing of English as she is spoke in Mississippi and North Carolina. In addition, Professor Hudson has at his disposal perhaps a hundred hours of playing time on phonograph records (Library of Congress, commercial albums, field recordings). Some of the North Carolina recordings have been made available for schools by the University Bureau of Audio-Visual Education. Others will be available on demand.

The annual University Library allocation to Folklore for books and periodicals is \$600. New acquisitions, added at a rate thus indicated to the already large holdings in Folklore and to the Music Department's fine collection of Folk Music, give the University of North Carolina rich material for the study of Folklore.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL SESSION OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Friday, December 2
2 P.M.

(Virginia Dare Ballroom
The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh)

Presiding, Norman C. Larson, Raleigh

"Adventures in Ballad Collecting in Western North Carolina,"
Artus M. Moser, Swannanoa

"North Carolina Negro Oral Narratives," J. Mason Brewer, Salisbury

"The Legend of Happy Valley: A Tom Dooley Ballet," The
The North Carolina Civic Ballet Company,
John Lehman, Director, Raleigh

Business.

The Speakers and Performers

Professor Moser has been a lifelong singer and collector of ballads. Born into a ballad-singing family, and college-educated at the University of North Carolina, he has lived and taught in various schools and colleges of the Appalachian region. He has recorded scores of songs for the Folksong Archive of the Library of Congress and has made several commercial albums. He is a lively speaker, perfectly capable of illustrating his songs by singing and self-accompaniment. (Professor Moser is the father of Joan Moser, Second Vice President of the Society, and has held office in it himself.)

Professor Brewer, now teaching at Livingstone College, Salisbury, is a native, and was a long-time resident, of Texas; he has recently moved to North Carolina. Author of half a dozen folklore books (for example, The Word on the Brazos: Preacher Tales, and Dog Ghosts, both by the University of Texas Press), of numerous articles in folklore journals, and of original poetry, he is perhaps the most distinguished Negro folklorist in America. He has been a paid lecturer at the Universities of Texas, Colorado, Chicago, Indiana, and other higher institutions. He is a fluent and graceful speaker, and a master of Negro dialect. The Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folklore Society is personally acquainted with Professor Brewer and has had the pleasure of hearing him speak.

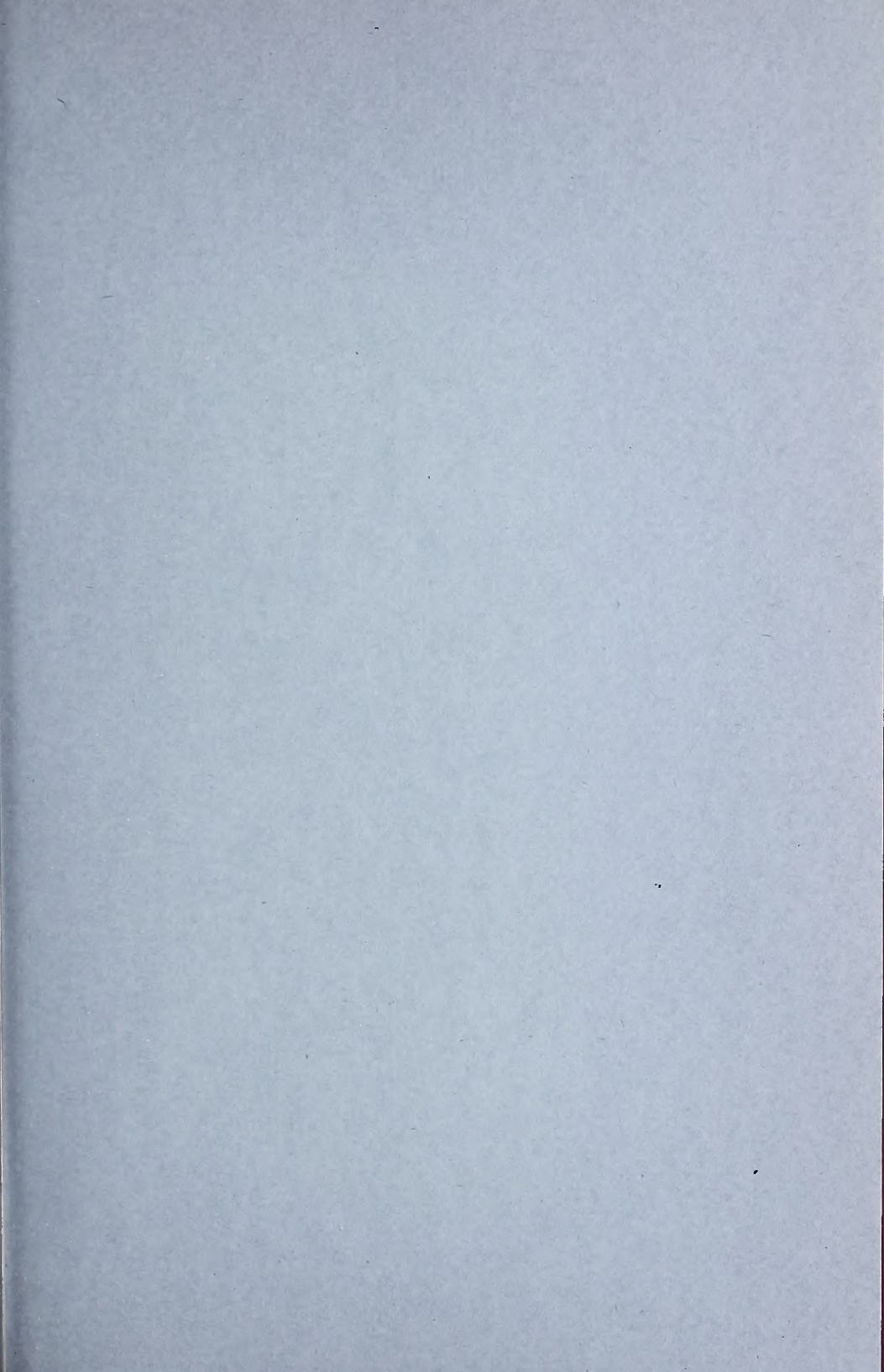
For some time Mr. John Lehman of Raleigh has been working on a ballet treating the theme of the "Ballad of Tom Dooley." Professor Wilton Mason, of the Department of Music at U. N. C., has been advising him about the music. Mr. Lehman has organized the North Carolina Civic Ballet Company from local talent. He and his company plan to offer an experimental production of The Legend of Happy Valley for the pleasure of the North Carolina Folklore Society.

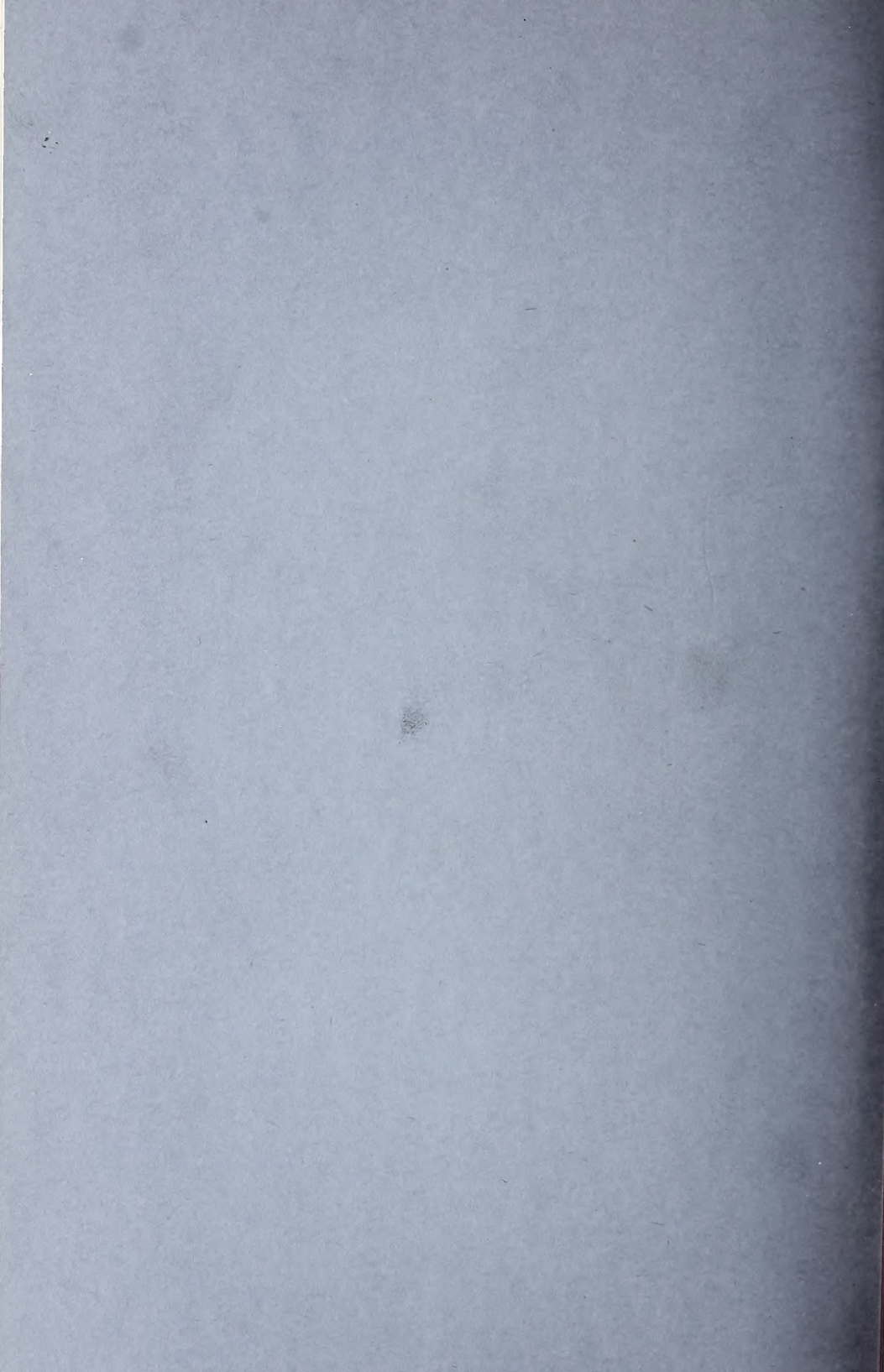
The December 2 meeting of the Folklore Society, then, promises to be a memorable one. All members of the Society and their friends are cordially invited to attend it.

Besides attending to routine business, the Society may well broach tentative plans for celebrating the Golden Anniversary of the Society in 1963.

TAR HEEL TRACKS ON THE COVER

The Tar Heel tracks on the front cover of this issue of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE were made by Jeanne D. (Didi) Hudson. No kin of the Editor, Mrs. Hudson is a professional illustrator. She lives in the handsome house, the last on the right, before the circle at the end of Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill. To NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE, Vol. IV, No. 1 (July 1956), she contributed the illustration for Rebecca Cushman's "Two Mountain Portraits."





NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

AN ANALYTICAL INDEX TO
NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE
Vols. 1-8

T. Barry Buemann

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A Publication of
THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY and
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL
Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

Arthur Palmer Hudson

Editor of North Carolina Folklore

The University of North Carolina

710 Greenwood Road

Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Annual subscription, \$2 for adults, \$1 for students (including membership in The North Carolina Folklore Society). Price of this number, \$1.

THE NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Norman C. Larson, Raleigh, President

Daniel W. Patterson, Chapel Hill, 1 Vice President

Herbert Shellans, Raleigh, 2 Vice President

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill, Secretary-Treasurer

The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

Arthur Palmer Hudson, Chapel Hill, Chairman

Isaac G. Greer, Chapel Hill, Vice Chairman

Manly Wade Wellman, Chapel Hill, Secretary

The Folklore Council was organized in September, 1935, to promote the cooperation and coordination of all those interested in folklore, and to encourage the collection and preservation, the study and interpretation, and the active perpetuation and dissemination of all phases of folklore.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

The compiler of this index, T. Barry Buermann, a native of St. Louis, Missouri, and a graduate of St. Louis University, is working for the Ph.D. degree in English at the University of North Carolina, his special fields of interest the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

With only general suggestions from the Editor as to model and format, and occasional conferences about various problems, Mr. Buermann has compiled the index independently. He is to be commended for his industry, his good judgment, and his painstaking thoroughness and accuracy. The North Carolina Folklore Society is grateful to him.

The Editor is somewhat surprised and thoroughly gratified by the scope and fullness of the index. The author-contributor section runs to around 300 names, including such scholars, writers, and scientists as Boggs (Miami), Bronson (California), Brown (North Carolina), Bryan (formerly of Northwestern), Clark (North Carolina State), Colgrave (Durham, England), Dorson (Indiana), Dunbar (Virginia), Green (Chapel Hill), Jagendorf (New York), McGavran, Mason, and Patterson (North Carolina), Stovall (Virginia), Walser (North Carolina State), Wellman (Chapel Hill), Wilson (formerly of Woman's College, U. N. C.), Wilgus (Western Kentucky), and Williams (Appalachian State). Over 200 articles are listed. The verse index lists 225 titles and first lines. The geographical index lists 380 North Carolina places, and places in 32 states, all the continents except Australia, and 32 countries. The subject index comprises examples of all the major categories and most of the types of folklore. Few publications illustrate more fully the ramifications of folklore. The index shows the centrality and the representative character of North Carolina folklore.

It is confidently hoped that Mr. Buermann's Index will interest the general reader and serve usefully libraries and researchers.

Copies of the Index may be obtained at fifty cents by members of the North Carolina Folklore Society and one dollar by non-members by addressing the Editor, North Carolina Folklore, 710 Greenwood Road, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and enclosing the proper amount (stamps, if sent, in denominations less than ten cents).



Section 1: INTRODUCTION.

I

This Analytical Index to the first eight volumes of North Carolina Folklore includes 1) an Author-contributor Index, 2) a Title Index, 3) a Verse-title and First-line Index, 4) a Geographical Index, 5) a Subject Index, and 6) a Word Index. This last index is the key to finding particular subjects which can easily be overlooked in the Subject Index because they are grouped under general classifications. This Word Index also includes key words not found within the classification of the Subject Index.

Every effort has been taken to make this Index complete and free from error. Human beings, however, do fail; undoubtedly omissions, proof-reading errors and faulty subject-classifications will occasionally be found. Yet I sincerely hope that this Index in some small way will aid scholars and readers to study and enjoy folklore. If this Index accomplishes that, it has fulfilled its purpose.

A debt of gratitude is due to Tristram P. Coffin for his Analytical Index to the Journal of American Folklore (Philadelphia, 1958); I have consulted his work several times to glean ideas for this Index.

I want especially to thank Dr. Arthur Palmer Hudson, Kenan Professor of English and Folklore at the University of North Carolina, for his judicious advice and encouragement, which have both helped complete this index.

II

The Author-contributor Index alphabetizes authors, editors, contributors, musical transcribers, and illustrators of folklore in North Carolina Folklore. Abbreviations differentiate these classes in the index.

Authors include authors of articles and, when known, of narrative and lyrical folklore. Mock or pseudo-authors, such as appear in "Some North Carolina Mock Orations" (Vol. III, No. 2, pp. 20-26), have not been indexed.

Editors include those who have directly submitted folklore to the journal and have mainly just prepared that folklore for publication. If a collector offers enough original comment on the folklore he submits, he is considered the author of an article. Furthermore, one is not considered an editor if he appears to be telling some folklore from his personal experience or if he is contributing literature he has written himself. When a person in one article both edits some folklore and submits original literature, he is designated as an editor on the basis of his article as a whole.

Contributors are those individual persons who, usually through oral communication, have directly or indirectly transmitted folklore or information to the journal. A person is not indexed as a contributor if his information has merely been used as support for a scholarly argument; this situation occurs usually when writers are citing written or printed texts in their articles.

Persons who have merely called the attention of other people to items of folklore have not been included, even though they may have caused a certain item to be included in the journal.

Honorifics in this index are generally omitted, except when the first name of a man is not known or when "Mrs." is needed to distinguish a wife from her husband.

All anonymous articles, notes, notices, and editions have been automatically attributed to the editor of North Carolina Folklore.

III

The Title Index alphabetizes the titles of articles and of traditions, tales, legends, and anecdotes, whenever they appear in the journal with their titles. It lists a title of verse only when that title is also the title of the article. When this does not occur, the verse title will be indexed in Section 4.

This index will include notes and notices by the editor whenever they are not merely the editor's preface to someone else's contribution.

IV

The Verse-title and First-line Index includes titles of verse, whenever these titles are accompanied by the verse in the journal, and, in all cases, the first lines of all verse folklore presented in the journal.

This list will not repeat titles of verse given in Section 3, the Title Index, i. e., when the title of the verse is also the title of the article in the journal. Furthermore, this list will not index a first line of verse when the beginning of that line simply duplicates the title of that verse. If, however, they are identical and the title has appeared in Section 3 (and therefore not in Section 4), the first line will be included.

First lines include those from all poetry, from riddles in verse, and from slogans and epitaphs, when they can definitely be identified as verse and not prose. The criteria for this judgment have had to rest on rhyme and meter.

This index includes Child's ballad titles and numbers, whenever the journal indicates a variant of a Child ballad. Moreover, the index lists more than one title for a poem, when more than one is given in the journal.

V

The Geographical Index includes all locations that the journal indicates are important for the folklore which it presents. These locations are places from which folklore has been contributed to the journal, places where this folklore has been performed or presented, and places with which this folklore deals. No attempt is made to distinguish these classes in the index because quite often one location comes under two or three classes for one appearance in the journal. Since places where folklore is communicated are often just as important to the folklorist as places with which folklore deals, this index also includes places where folklore might possibly have been communicated. It lists, for instance, places where a person has lived after he has contributed folklore to the journal, because he might have communicated that folklore to others there.

This index lists North Carolina locations more strictly than it does those of other regions. In fact, if a certain place in North Carolina is simply mentioned in an article, that location is usually indexed. When colleges and universities need to be listed, this index gives their geographic location usually without naming the institution. This index also includes publishing places of books from which some folklore appears in the journal.

Not included in this index are general geographic regions like "Western North Carolina" or "New England." Nor does this index list places that are mentioned in the journal and not connected with any folklore presented therein; hence locations mentioned in articles on folk festivals and folklore meetings are not indexed. Also locations of people who have sent in letters commenting on the journal are not included. Moreover, although all folklore in the journal is presented at Chapel Hill because it is published there, Chapel Hill is not indexed unless folklore is specifically about Chapel Hill.

VI

The Subject Index, except for minor alterations, is completely indebted to Ralph Steele Boggs's excellent "Folklore Classification," printed in Volume XIII (1949) of Southern Folklore Quarterly, pp. 161-226. This index, then, lists folklore under the subject groups and subdivisions devised by Mr. Boggs. An outline of his classification precedes this index.

Folklore is indexed by the most important subject under discussion; for instance, each recipe is indexed under its major ingredient. When, however, folklore deals principally with more than one subject, that folklore is indexed under each one.

This index does not include folklore mentioned in articles about folk festivals or folklore society meetings. Also, because of their constant recurrence, reports concerning the collection and classification of materials (Boggs's Class A600) are not included when they appear in prefaces to articles or editions. When the reader is looking for this information, he should check the beginning of each article throughout the journal in addition to looking under A600.

VII

The Word Index alphabetizes key words found throughout the Subject Index, key words from proverbs and from beliefs in prediction, and all diseases, illnesses and their remedies. This index, therefore, lists subjects too particular to be found easily in the general classes of the Subject Index.

In this section, animals, folk medicine, beliefs in prediction, proverbs, and riddles are indexed very minutely.

Section 2: AUTHOR-CONTRIBUTOR INDEX.

Alphabetized by last names, this index lists all authors, editors, contributors, musical transcribers, and illustrators. Everyone, except authors, will have in parentheses following his or her name "ed.," "contr.," "transcr.," or "illustr." to designate the classes listed above.

When a person is an author of some narrative or lyrical work that appears within an article, which itself does not bear the title of that literary work, the title of the narrative or lyrical work will follow the author's name and then the title of the article in parentheses will follow that. Authors of narrative and lyrical works can be distinguished from authors of articles because the work ascribed to the former will appear all in capitals; a title appearing completely in capitals indicates always that it is a title of a narrative or lyrical work.

The word "music" in parentheses after a title indicates that the music is given in the journal for that particular song or tune.

Each entry lists 1) name, 2) the title of the article or literature that person has written, edited, or contributed to, 3) a Roman numeral designating the volume number, 4) an Arabic numeral designating the number within that volume, 5) the month and year of that volume and number, in parentheses, and 6) the page number(s).

Adams, Elijah. THE MURDER OF LOTTIE YATES (music). VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 26-28.

Adams, Rebecca (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1 (July 1960), 19-26.

Alfonso, Pedro. THE TALE OF MAIMUNDUS THE SERVANT (Source of "The Hard-luck Stories"). III, 1(July 1955), 12.

Allen, James Lane (contr.). Fabulous Characters In the Southern Mountains. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.

Anderson, John Q.

(ed.). AFTER THE SCREECH OWL HOLLERS. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 18-19.

(ed.). SERENADE IN NORTH CAROLINA. VI, 1(July 1958), 20-21.

Ansell, Henry Beasley. Recollections of a Knotts Island Boyhood. VII, 1(July 1959), 1-13.

Arnold, Lattye Eunice.

MARTHY AND LOUISE (A Sketch and Two Songs). VI, 1(July 1958), 16-17.

(ed.). Sketch and Two Songs, A(music). VI, 1(July 1958), 16-19.

Arthur, Billy (cantr.). Hunting and Fishing Tales. VIII, 1(July 1960), 7-11.

Arthur, Virginia (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.

Austin, Mrs. W. H. (contr.). More Posies. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 1.

Bache, Anna (cantr.). Quilts in Moore County. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.

Ballard, Bill (illustr.). OL' RING. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 3-5.

Barbee, C. C. (contr.). True Stories and Tall Tales of Early Mining in North Carolina. VI, 1(July, 1958), 6-12.

Barker, Addison.

(ed.). Anatomical Superstitions in Blum's Almanac. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 47-48.

(ed.). Weather Lore in Blum's Almanac, 1844-1950. V, 1(July 1957), 11-19.

Batchelor, William T. (cantr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.

Bates, Issachar (contr.). Turtle Creek to Busro: Notes on Shaker Ballads (music). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 31-37.

Belden, Henry M. (contr.). The Tragedy of the Allen Family of Hillsville, Virginia. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 1-17.

Bennington, Aldie (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.

Bibb, William R. PROTOCOL. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 20.

Bird, Ernest (ed.). OLD VEEN (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 6-7.

Bisher, Furman (ed.). HOW DAN'L BOONE NEARLY NIPPED A ROMANCE. I, 1(June 1948), 5-6.

- Boggs, Ralph Steele (ed.). NAOMI WISE. I, 1(June 1948), 14-15.
- Bostic, S. C. (contr.). True Stories and Toll Toles of Early Mining in North Carolina. VI, 1(July 1958), 6-12.
- Boswell, George W. (contr.). A Pick of Posies. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
- Bowmon, Groce Greenlee. AN ELEGY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 27.
- Brodley, Mrs. C. L. (contr.). Tarheel Ploce Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
- Brodshaw, Laura (contr.). NAOMI WISE. I, 1(June 1948), 14-15.
- Brody, Bill (transcr.). A BROACH OF THREAD (music). IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 11-16.
- Brickell, John (contr.). Animal Lore in Lawson's and Brickell's Histories of North Carolina. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 1-15.
- Briggs, B. F. (contr.). Graveyard Wisdom. VII, 1(July 1959), 17-26.
- Bronson, Bertrand H. (contr.). A Pick of Posies. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
- Brooks, C. C. (contr.). A Sheaf of North Carolina Folksongs (music). IV, 1(July 1956), 23-31.
- Brown, Roy M. (contr.). Morris Games, Fox and Geese. III, 1(July 1955), 17-18.
Treatment of Snake-bite in Chapel Hill in the 1930's, The. IV, 1(July 1956), 1.
WILLIAM A-TRIM'LETOE. III, 1(July 1955), 19-20.
- Brown, S. S. (ed.). A Folk Saying of Western North Carolina. IV, 1(July 1956), 34.
"He Ought to Be Bored for the Simples." V, 2(Dec. 1957), 27.
Hidden Treasures of the Blue Ridge. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 17-19.
Morris Games, Fox and Geese. III, 1(July 1955), 17-18.
- Brunvard, Jan. The Taming of the Shrew Story: A Query. VIII, 1(July 1960), 11.
- Bruton, Hoyle S. Carolina Folk Festival. I, 1(June 1948), 29-31.
Editor's Foreword. I, 1(June 1948), 1-3.
(ed.). Miscellaneous Beliefs and Home Remedies. I, 1(June 1948), 20-26.
- Bruton, L. A. (contr.). Miscellaneous Beliefs and Home Remedies. I, 1(June 1948), 20-26.
- Bryon, William Frank. A Modern Ballad. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 8-9.
- Buchon, E. R. (contr.). Hunting and Fishing Toles. VIII, 1(July 1960), 7-11.
- Burgin, Charles Edward. The Extroction of Poin from Burns. VIII, 1(July 1960), 17-18.
- Burton, Mrs. L. A. (contr.). Games and Game Rhymes. I, 1(June 1948), 13-14.
- Busbee, Mrs. Jacques (contr.). A Sheaf of North Carolina Folksongs (music). IV, 1(July 1956), 23-31.
- Busbee, Juliana (ed.). OLD JOE SHUFFLE. V, 1(July 1957), 6.
- Caraway, Hermine. Anson Anecdotes. III, 1(July 1955), 21-23.
- Carpenter, Joke. CATALOGUE OF DEATH ON THREE-MILE CREEK. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 22.
- Carpenter, James M. (ed.). SOFT-PEDALING SORROWFUL NEWS (Two Versions of a Hard-luck Story). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 16.
- Chambers, Philip (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Chose, Richard (ed.). OLD BANGUM (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 5-6.
- Clark, Joseph D. (contr.). A Pick of Posies. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
Some North Carolina Riddles. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 19-21.
- Clarkson, Thomas M. (contr.). Sampson County's Shower of Flesh and Blood. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 34-35.
- Cobb, Lucy M. (ed.). Proverbs. I, 1(June 1948), 26-27.
(ed.). Riddles. I, 1(June 1948), 28.
(ed.). Two Folktoles. VI, 1(July 1958), 13-15.
- Coffin, Ostor J. (contr.). Some North Carolina Mock Orations. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 20-26.
- Coffin, Richard N. Dark Pursuit and Green Hope. III, 1(July 1955), 13-16.
- Cole, Mrs. Ed (contr.). Miscellaneous Beliefs and Home Remedies. I, 1(June 1948), 20-26.

- Cole, Peggy (ed.). Riddles. I, 1(June 1948), 28.
- Colgrave, Bertram. Some Durham Worms. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 2-4.
- Cooper, Elizabeth Scott. HOW OCRACOCK GOT ITS NAME. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 19-21.
- Corey, Johnny. CHURCHES ON THE MOVE (Tales of the Storm). VII, 1(July 1959), 28-29.
- Corley, H. W. Pender Popping. I, 1(June 1948), 16.
- Cornett, Ray (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Cox, Diane Garner (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Cranford, Rachel (ed.). Games and Game Rhymes. I, 1(June 1948), 13-14.
- Cranford, Ruth (contr.). Rope-skipping Games. I, 1(June 1948), 10-12.
- Crittenden, Mrs. Christopher C. (contr.). More Posies. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 1.
- Cushman, Rebecca.
- AT THE END OF A QUEST. V, 1(July 1957), 7-8.
- Two Mountain Portraits. IV, 1(July 1956), 3-5.
- Denny, Mrs. J. A. (contr.). Quilts in Moore County. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.
- Deyo, Ruth Howland. Midsummer Eve in Carteret County. VIII, 1(July 1960), 29-30.
- Dixon, Annie (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Dober, Barbara (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Dober, George (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Dober, Virginia.
- A Paperback Folklore Library for Less than \$25. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 42-44.
- We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Dorson, Richard M. (contr.). A Pick of Posies. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
- Driscoll, Eleanor. Quilts in Moore County. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.
- Dunbar, Gary S. Geographical Lore from the Outer Banks. VI, 1(July 1958), 1-6.
- Earp, Bill (contr.). Hunting and Fishing Tales. VIII, 1(July 1960), 7-11.
- Earp, Henry (contr.). Hunting and Fishing Tales. VIII, 1(July 1960), 7-11.
- Edwards, Cornelia A. (contr.). Gar (Gyar) Broth; Gowbral (Gowbrawl). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 38-39.
- Evans, Charles Napoleon Bonaparte. A LETTER FROM THE FOOL KILLER. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 22-25.
- Fleming, Ellen Dupree (contr.). Some Folk Sayings from North Carolina. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 7-17.
- Forbus, Ina B. Orange County Home Cures. VIII, 1(July 1960), 12-16.
- Fowler, Flora (contr.). THE OLD DUNCAN HOUSE. I, 1(June 1948), 7-8.
- Fowler, Malcolm (contr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
- Fulton, J. T. (contr.). THE LIGHTS OF BROWN MOUNTAIN. I, 1(June 1948), 6-7.
- Garrett, Allen M. (ed.). Riddles from New York State. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 32.
- Gilllin, John P. (contr.). Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
- Goode, B. (contr.). A Sampling of Folklore from Rutherford County, North Carolina. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 6-16.
- Green, Mr. A JOB OF WORK. III, 1(July 1955), 3-4.
- Green, Paul.
- THE HARNETT HAG. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 13-14.
- Witchcraft in Chapel Hill. IV, 1(July 1956), 6-10.
- Greer, I. G. (contr.). Some North Carolina Mock Orations. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 20-26.
- Griffin, Hazel.
- Folk Remedies of the Roanoke-Chowan Section. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 30-31.
- Foods in Early North Carolina. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 45-46.
- Guilford, Mrs. W. L. (contr.). A TARHEEL AT A MISSISSIPPI HOUSE PARTY. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 5-6.
- Guilford, W. L. (contr.). A TARHEEL AT A MISSISSIPPI HOUSE PARTY. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 5-6.

- Haas, Mrs. Paul (contr.). *We'll Tell 'Em*. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Hall, Alonzo C.
Grave Humor in North Carolina. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 1-12.
Graveyard Wisdom. VII, 1(July 1959), 17-26.
- Hall, James (contr.). *Fabulous Characters In the Southern Mountains*. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.
- Hall, Louise McG. (contr.). *Gar (Gyar) Broth; Gowbral (Gowbrawl)*. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 38-39.
- Hamilton, Andra Joy (ed.). *A Garland of Ballads from Caldwell County (music)*. III, 1(July 1955), 5-10.
- Hamilton, Mrs. Andrew J. (contr.). *A Garland of Ballads from Caldwell County (music)*. III 1(July 1955), 5-10.
- Hansle, Mr. (contr.). *We'll Tell 'Em*. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Hardison, Luby (contr.). *Hunting and Fishing Tales*. VIII, 1(July 1960), 7-11.
- Harrell, Mary Ann (contr.). *Witchcraft in Durham*. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 32-33.
- Harrell, Mrs. W. O. (contr.). *Quilts in Moore County*. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.
- Hartman, Vladimir (contr.). *Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs*. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
- Hatten, Nola Jean (contr.). *Notes on A Tarheel at a Mississippi House Party*. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 7-9.
- Henry, Mrs. Mellinger E. *The Ballad-hunting Henrys*. VII, 1(July 1959), 32-34.
- Henry, Mellinger E. (contr.). *The Tragedy of the Allen Family of Hillsville, Virginia*. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 1-17.
- Hicks, Mrs. J. G. (contr.). *Folk Foods*. I, 1(June 1948), 19.
- Hicks, Mrs. L. R. (contr.). *Folk Foods*. I, 1(June 1948), 19.
- Hicks, Mary A.
 (ed.). *DEVIL AT THE REVIVAL, THE*. I, 1(June 1948), 9.
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 (ed.). *Proverbs*. I, 1(June 1948), 26-27.
 (ed.). *Riddles*. I, 1(June 1948), 28.
- Hill, Lena (contr.). *Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina*. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Hodgson, Adam (contr.). *Fabulous Characters in the Southern Mountains*. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.
- Holland, Mr. (contr.). *Sampson County's Shower of Flesh and Blood*. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 34-35.
- Hudson, Arthur Palmer, (editor, 1954--).
Acknowledgments. III, 1(July 1955), 36.
Animal Lore in Lawson's and Brickell's Histories of North Carolina. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 1-15.
Annual Meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society. III, 1(July 1955), 23.
Bibliographical Note on North Carolina Folklore, A. III, 1(July 1955), 33-34.
 (ed.). *BUNCOMBE--TALKING TO BUNCOMBE*. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 23.
Chicago Folklore Prize, The. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 41.
 (ed.). *CRUEL MOTHER, THE*. V, 1(July 1957), 20-21.
December 1955 Meeting of the Folklore Society, The. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 40-41.
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December 1959 Meeting of the Folklore Society, The. VIII, 1(July 1960), 30.
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Eighth Annual Carolina Folk Festival. III, 1(July 1955), 35-36.
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- Folklore Society Meeting, December 6, 1957, The. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 12.
 Forty-ninth Annual Session of the North Carolina Folklore Society. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 49-50.
- Gar (Gyar) Brath; Gowbral (Gowbrawl). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 38-39.
 (ed.). Legends of Teach. VI, 1(July 1958), 21-22.
 (ed.). More Posies. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 1.
- New Equipment and Books for Folklore. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 49.
 Ninth Annual Carolina Folk Festival. IV, 1(July 1956), 35-36.
 North Carolina Folklore Society Meeting. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 37.
- Nate on At Home, My Lassie. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 19.
 Nate an "Bore for the Simples." V, 2(Dec. 1957), 27.
 Nates an A Tarheel at a Mississippi House Party. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 7-9.
 (ed.). Pick of Posies, A. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
 (ed.). PIRATES AND THE PALATINES, THE. VI, 1(July 1958), 23-26.
 Posies in Return. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 1.
- Preliminary Announcement concerning December Meeting. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 41.
 Seventh Annual Carolina Folk Festival, The. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 36-38.
 Tar Heel Tracks on the Cover. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 50.
 Tenth Carolina Folk Festival, The. VI, 1(July 1958), 27.
 (cantr.). Tragedy of the Allen Family of Hillsville, Virginia, The. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 1-17.
- Twelfth Carolina Folk Festival, The. VIII, 1(July 1960), 6.
 Twenty-fifth Annual Ramp Convention, The. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 39-41.
 (ed.). Two Versions of a Hard-luck Story. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 16-17.
 (ed.). WIDOW PEBBLES IS WILLIN', THE. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 10.
- Hudson, Jeanne D.
 (illustr.). Cover. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960).
 (illustr.). Two Mountain Portraits. IV, 1(July 1956), 3-5.
- Hunt, Tam (cantr.). OLD BANGUM (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 5-6.
 Hypes, Mae (cantr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
 Jackson, Margaret B. (cantr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
 Jagendarf, Moritz (cantr.). A Pick of Posies. III, 1(July 1955), 1.
- Jahnsan, Mrs. Jahn L. BRER TERRAPIN LEARNS TO FLY. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 14-15.
 Jordan, Travis. Candy Cracking. I, 1(June 1948), 16.
- Keller, John E.
 Source of "The Hard-luck Stories." III, 1(July 1955), 11-12.
 The Source of The Walf, the Fox, and the Well. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 23-25.
- Kincaid, Mrs. William (cantr.). Miscellaneous Beliefs and Home Remedies. I, 1(June 1948), 20-26.
- King, Edward (cantr.). Fabulous Characters in the Southern Mountains. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.
- King, G. W. (cantr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Kiser, Julia B. (cantr.). THE MURDER OF LOTTIE YATES (music). VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 26-28.
- Kiser, Roger (cantr.). Gar (Gyar) Brath; Gawbral (Gowbrawl). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 38-39.
- Lane, James S.
 (cantr.). "Lost" Ballad of George Collins, The (music). IV, 1(July 1956), 31-33.
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- Lane, Uncle Davy (cantr.). Fabulous Characters in the Southern Mountains. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.
- Lanman, Charles (cantr.). Fabulous Characters in the Southern Mountains. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 1-6.
- Larkins, Jr., Jahn D. (cantr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
- Lawrie, J. D. (cantr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
- Lawsan, Jahn (cantr.). Animal Lore in Lawsan's and Brickell's Histories of North Carolina. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 1-15.

- Levenson, Beverly Lazarus. Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
- Levenson, Myron H. Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
- Lewis, Henry Clay (contr.). AFTER THE SCREECH OWL HOLLERS. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 18-19.
- Lewis, Hylan (contr.). Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
- Littleton, Bessie Porkin (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Branca Reed (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Edward Franklin (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Eliza (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Everett (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, James Reed (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Sr., John A. (contr.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26.
- Littleton, Tucker R. (ed.). Ghosts and Haunted Houses of Eastern North Carolina. VIII, 1(July 1960), 19-26. Legends from Beaufort, North Carolina, VII, 1(July 1959), 14-16.
- Long, Mason (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- Long, Ruth (contr.). We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
- McCanless, James. A NORTH CAROLINA VERSE EPISTLE OF THE 1850's. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 22-26.
- McCaskill, Angus. DUNCAN AND SIMMONS (Some North Carolina Mock Orations). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 25.
- McCaskill, Mrs. George (contr.). Miscellaneous Beliefs and Home Remedies. I, 1(June 1948), 20-26.
- McCaskill, Joan (ed.). Rope-skipping Games. I, 1(June 1948), 10-12.
- McCraw, Walter (ed.). A Variant of Sir Hugh (music). VII, 1(July 1959), 35-36.
- MacDonald, Donald. The Linville Highland Games and Gathering of the Clans. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 36-37.
- McDonald, Flora (ed.). Home Remedies. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 17-18.
- McDonald, Leon (contr.). Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
- McGavran, Edward G. THE ENCHANTED LAKE. V, 1(July 1957), 1-2. The Fishin' I. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 38-41.
- McIntire, Russ (contr.). Alec Whitley: The Man and the Ballad (music). VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 16-21.
- McLain, Raymond. (transcr.). OLD BANGUM (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 5-6. (transcr.). OLD VEEN (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 6-7.
- McLean, Albert S. (ed.). AN ELEGY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 27. (ed.). A NORTH CAROLINA VERSE EPISTLE OF THE 1850's. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 22-26.
- McLeod, Mrs. J. B. (contr.). Quilts in Moore County. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.
- MacNemar, Richard (contr.). Turtle Creek to Busro: Notes on Shaker Ballads (music). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 31-37.
- Mallison, Dallas. Neuse River Lighthouse: The Old Lightkeeper and His Tales. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 17-25. Tales of the Storm. VII, 1(July 1959), 27-31.

- Markey, Morris (ed.). CATALOGUE OF DEATH ON THREE-MILE CREEK. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 22.
- Martin, Dave (contr.). True Stories and Tall Tales of Early Mining in North Carolina. VI, 1(July 1958), 6-12.
- Mason, Wilton. The Music of the Waldensians in Valdese, North Carolina (music). VIII, 1(July 1960), 1-6.
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 Quilts in Moore County. IV, 1(July 1956), 11-14.
 Recipe for Pine Bark Stew. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 5.
 Recollections of a Knotts Island Boyhood. VII, 1(July 1959), 1-13.
 Riddles. I, 1(June 1948), 28.
 Riddles from New York State. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 32.
 Rope-skipping Games. I, 1(June 1948), 10-12.
 Sampling of Folklore from Rutherford County, North Carolina, A. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 6-16.
 Sampson County's Shower of Flesh and Blood. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 34-35.
 "SARAH JONES" ROCKING CHAIR, THE. VII, 1(July 1959), 30-31.
 SERENADE IN NORTH CAROLINA. VI, 1(July 1958), 20-21.
 Seventh Annual Carolina Folk Festival, The. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 36-38.
 Sheaf of North Carolina Folksongs, A (music). IV, 1(July 1956), 23-31.
 SHINING FIGURES ON CHIMNEY ROCK. VIII, 1(July 1960), 27-28.
 Sketch and Two Songs, A (music). VI, 1(July 1958), 16-19.
 Soap Making. I, 1(June 1948), 17-18.
 SOFT-PEDALING SORROWFUL NEWS. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 16.
 Some Durham Worms. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 2-4.
 Some Folk Sayings from North Carolina. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 7-17.
 Some North Carolina Mock Orations. III, 2(Dec. 1955), 20-26.
 Some North Carolina Riddles. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 19-21.
 Some Southern Folk Remedies and Related Beliefs. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 26-31.
 SORTER LIKE THIS. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 16-17.
 Source of "The Hard-luck Stories." III, 1(July 1955), 11-12.
 Source of The Wolf, the Fox, and the Well, The. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 23-25.
 SPELL ON GRANDMA PARKER'S COW, THE. V, 2(Dec. 1957), 22.
 Syrup Making. I, 1(June 1948), 17.
 TALE OF MAIMUNDUS THE SERVANT, THE. III, 1(July 1955), 12.
 Tales of the Storm. VII, 1(July 1959), 27-31.
 Taming of the Shrew Story: A Query, The. VIII, 1(July 1960), 11.
 TARHEEL AT A MISSISSIPPI HOUSE PARTY, A. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 5-6.
 Tarheel Place Names. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 28-32.
 Tar Heel Tracks on the Cover. VIII, 2(Dec. 1960), 50.
 TEACH AT BATH. VI, 1(July 1958), 21-22.
 Tenth Carolina Folk Festival, The. VI, 1(July 1958), 27.
 That Word "Tar Heel" Again. V, 1(July 1957), 3-4.
 Traditional Verses from Autograph Albums. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 23-31.
 Tragedy of the Allen Family of Hillsville, Virginia, The. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 1-17.
 Treatment of Snake-bite in Chapel Hill in the 1930's, The. IV, 1(July 1956), 1.
 TREE NAMED WILLIAM, THE. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 20-21.
 True Stories and Tall Tales of Early Mining in North Carolina. VI, 1(July 1958), 6-12.
 Turtle Creek to Busro: Notes on Shaker Ballads (music). III, 2(Dec. 1955), 31-37.
 Twelfth Carolina Folk Festival, The. VIII, 1(July 1960), 6.
 Twenty-fifth Annual Ramp Convention, The. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 39-41.
 TWINS, THE. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 11-12.
 Two Folktales. VI, 1(July 1958), 13-15.
 Two Mountain Portraits. IV, 1(July 1956), 3-5.
 Two Revenants. IV, 1(July 1956), 5.
 Two Versions of a Hard-luck Story. II, 1(Sept. 1954), 16-17.
 UNSANITARY. V, 1(July 1957), 24.
 VANDY, VANDY (music). II, 1(Sept. 1954), 3-4.

Variant of Sir Hugh, A (music) (155). VII, 1(July 1959), 35-36.
Weather Lore in Blum's Almanac, 1844-1950. V, 1(July 1957), 11-19.
We'll Tell 'Em. IV, 1(July 1956), 15-22.
WHITE PIGEON, THE. IV, 1(July 1956), 5.
WIDOW PEEBLES IS WILLIN', THE. IV, 2(Dec. 1956), 10.
WILLIAM A-TRIM'LETOE. III, 1(July 1955), 19-20.
Witchcraft in Carteret County. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 26-27.
Witchcraft in Chapel Hill. IV, 1(July 1956), 6-10.
Witchcraft in Durham. VI, 2(Dec. 1958), 32-33.
WITCH OF THE DUNES, THE. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 26-27.
YOUPON TEA MAN, THE. VII, 2(Dec. 1959), 26.

Section 4: VERSE-TITLE AND FIRST-LINE INDEX.

This Index alphabetizes verse titles and the first lines of verse by the first word in the title or line, "a" and "the" excepted.

"Music" in parentheses after a title indicates that the music for that poem is transcribed in the journal. A number in parentheses after a ballad's title indicates the number in Child's ballad collection with which the poem is associated, when that association is indicated in the journal.

Titles appear in capitals to distinguish them from first lines.

Each entry lists 1) the title or first line, 2) the volume, 3) the number of that volume, and 4) the page number(s).

- A B C D goldfish. II, 1, 29.
Ah! Friend at home, and kindred dear! V, 2, 8.
ALEC WHITLEY (music). VIII, 2, 16-17.
Alight, 'light, 'light, my little Scottee. III, 1, 7.
All hear what silent whisper this. V, 2, 4.
Ananias was a-layin' in his bed. IV, 1, 25.
And when old Ball had got his fill. III, 2, 25.
ANGLER'S PRAYER, THE. III, 1, 31.
As I looked through Hazle Gazle. II, 1, 32.
As I was goin' to St. Ives. II, 1, 34.
AT HOME, MY LASSIE (music). III, 1, 6.
At your quilting, maids, don't dally. IV, 1, 12.
Baptist, Baptist is my name. V, 2, 16.
Be good. II, 1, 26.
Big at bottom, little at top. V, 2, 20.
Big at the bottom. II, 1, 34.
BLACK JACK DAVY (music) (200). VI, 1, 18-19.
Black within, red without. I, 1, 28.
BOWLER'S PRAYER, THE. III, 1, 31.
Bushel of wheat. I, 1, 13.
Carolina, Carolina, what's the score? III, 2, 27, 28.
Cinderella, dressed in yellow. I, 1, 10.
CLAUDE ALLEN. VII, 2, 11-12.
Come, all you people, if you want to hear. VII, 2, 13.
Come all you young people. I, 1, 14.
Come an angel from the north. I, 1, 21.
Come, blooming youth in midst of day. VI, 1, 11.
Come, blooming youths, as you pass by. V, 2, 2.
Come listen, friends, while I relate. VI, 2, 27.
Come, Lord Jesus. II, 1, 1.
CUCULO, IL (music). VIII, 1, 4.
David had a harp with a thousand strings. II, 1, 8.
Day is set, the ladies meet, The. IV, 1, 11.
Dear Friend the Clerk my favorite brother. IV, 2, 22.
Dear mother, now gone to rest. VII, 1, 21.
Do what conscience says is right. II, 1, 26.
Down in some lone valley in a far lonely place. IV, 1, 4.
Down in the meadow. I, 1, 12.
Elephant stepped on the baby's face, The II, 1, 27.
Ere sin could blight. V, 2, 6.
Everybody works but Adam. III, 2, 29.

Eye-ball, eeball. I, 1, 13.
 Farewell, my lovely wife, farewell. V, 2, 11.
 Far from affliction, toil and care. VII, 1, 21.
 First comes love. II, 1, 24.
 FISH'S PRAYER, A. III, 1, 31.
 Five in one bed. III, 1, 29.
 Friend after friend departs. V, 2, 3.
 Frog in the mill pond. I, 1, 13.
 From this last tribute of affection from on. VII, 1, 23.
 GEORGE COLLINS (music). IV, 1, 32.
 GOLDEN VANITY, THE (music) (286). III, 1, 8-9.
 GOLDEN WILLOW TREE, THE (music) (286). III, 1, 8-9.
 Gone before me O my idol. V, 2, 4.
 Gone—Like a meteor, that o'erhead. V, 2, 6.
 Good-by, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze. VII, 2, 25.
 Grab the Gun and whistle up the dog. IV, 1, 27.
 Grace, Grace, dressed in lace. I, 1, 10.
 Great God is this our certain doom. VII, 1, 23.
 Green as grass and grass it ain't. V, 2, 20.
 Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green. III, 1, 16.
 Green grow the rushes, O. III, 1, 16.
 GREEN GROWS THE WILLOW TREE (music). IV, 1, 30-31.
 GROUND HOG (music). IV, 1, 27.
 GYPSY DAVY, THE (music) (200). VI, 1, 18-19.
 GYPSY LADDIE, THE (music) (200). VI, 1, 18-19.
 Had an old dog and his name was Veen. II, 1, 7.
 Hark the sound of loyal voices. V, 2, 17.
 Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices. V, 2, 18.
 He murdered Bert Tucker in the West. VIII, 2, 16.
 Here lie I at the Chapel door. VII, 1, 18.
 Hippy, tippy, upstairs. V, 2, 20.
 His horse dropped dead and his mule went lame. II, 1, 17.
 Horace, Tommy, Charlie Lee. III, 2, 28.
 Houseful, a hole full, A. V, 2, 20.
 How I love the dear old hills. IV, 1, 1.
 I ask you a simple question. III, 1, 31.
 I don't write for fortune. II, 1, 28.
 If death's by sin. V, 2, 3.
 If I had Eenus Geenus. II, 1, 32.
 If I had my dog. II, 1, 32.
 If in heaven we do not meet. II, 1, 26.
 If you get to heaven. II, 1, 27.
 If your life is very sad. II, 1, 26.
 I HAVE A LITTLE ROOSTER (music). IV, 1, 28.
 I hope the jerk that catches me. III, 1, 31.
 I love you little. II, 1, 25.
 I'M A LITTLE SAILOR BOY COME FROM THE SEA. IV, 1, 29-30.
 I'm a Tar Heel born. V, 2, 18.
 INSCRIPTIO. III, 2, 23.
 Inspiration won't come. II, 1, 28.
 In the State of Old Virginia. VII, 2, 14.
 In this book is room to write. II, 1, 28.
 L'inverno se neancato L'Aprile non c'e piu. VIII, 1, 4.
 I saw you in the garden. II, 1, 27.
 It rained a mess, it rained a mess. VII, 1, 35.
 It tickles me so. II, 1, 28.

I went down to Eubanks' store to buy some cigarettes. III, 2, 28.
 John Lawson first saw the critters, shorp and clean. VIII, 2, 15.
 Johnnie on the ocean. I, 1, 10.
 Just as the morning of her life. VII, 1, 20.
 Lay down, boys, and take o little nap. II, 1, 41.
 Let the mourner check the murmuring sigh. VII, 1, 20.
 Let Worms devour my wosting frame. VII, 1, 21.
 Life is o jest and all things show it. V, 2, 12.
 Life is real and life is earnest. V, 2, 7.
 Like as a shadow on the morning dew. V, 2, 10.
 Like the Sun Rising in the Morn. IV, 2, 27.
 LITTLE SCOTTEE (music) (68). III, 1, 7.
 Lord glive me grace. III, 1, 31.
 Mabel, Mabel, set the toble. I, 1, 12.
 Mammy, Mammy, now I'm married. IV, 1, 23.
 Marguerite I II, 1, 27.
 Mary had a little lamb. II, 1, 30.
 Mary now. II, 1, 24.
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary. II, 1, 30.
 Mon pere avoit cinq cent moutons. VIII, 1, 5.
 My (heart pants for you). II, 1, 28.
 MY HORSES AIN'T HUNGRY (music). VI, 1, 17-18.
 My name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed. VII, 1, 12.
 My nose itches. II, 1, 34; III, 2, 6.
 Never B. II, 1, 28.
 NIGHTINGALE, THE (music). III, 1, 10.
 Obiut in vicino status villae. III, 2, 23.
 Oh, my horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay. VI, 1, 17.
 Old Ball, he was a quadruped. III, 2, 22.
 Old Joe Shuffle he walked with a limp. V, 1, 6.
 Old Mother Hubbard. II, 1, 30.
 Old Mother Twitchit had but one eye. I, 1, 28.
 O MOLLY (music). VI, 1, 17-18.
 One day amidst the place. V, 2, 3.
 One Monday morning I did go. IV, 1, 26.
 ONE MORNING IN MAY (music). III, 1, 10.
 One potato, two potato. I, 1, 14.
 ORE KNOB, THE. VI, 1, 11-12.
 O the Oak and the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree. III, 1, 5.
 Our friendship has budded on earth. II, 1, 26.
 Our life is ever on the wing. V, 2, 3.
 Paddy from Ireland. II, 1, 27.
 PARDON OF SIDNA ALLEN, THE. VII, 2, 14.
 Peaches in the parlor. I, 1, 11.
 Pic dat babee up. III, 2, 14.
 PIERRE LANLEROU (music). VIII, 1, 5.
 POEM. III, 2, 22.
 Pot he punted, Simpkins run. II, 1, 9.
 PRETTY SARO. IV, 1, 4-5.
 RABBLE SOLDIER (music). VI, 1, 17-18.
 Red in the morning. III, 2, 9.
 Remember M. II, 1, 29.
 Remember me. II, 1, 26.
 Remember the girl from the city. II, 1, 28.
 Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. I, 1, 11.
 Ring is round, A. II, 1, 25.

Roses are blue. II, 1, 27.
 Roses are red. II, 1, 24, 25.
 Round as a biscuit. V, 2, 20.
 SAINT ESPRIT (music). VIII, 1, 5.
 Sallie saunds the sacred shore. V, 2, 5.
 See one red bird, don't see two. I, 1, 20.
 She took the cup of life to sip. V, 2, 5.
 SIDNEY ALLEN. VII, 2, 13.
 SIR HUGH (music) (155). VII, 1, 35.
 SIR LIONEL (music) (18). II, 1, 5-6.
 Sixteenth day of January, The. III, 2, 33.
 Slave to no sect, he took no private road. VII, 1, 23.
 Snake in the Gully. I, 1, 13.
 Some folks say a nigger won't steal. III, 2, 27.
 Some folks write up. II, 1, 30.
 SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN (music). IV, 1, 26.
 Springtime has come to the Island. IV, 2, 19.
 Star light, star bright. III, 2, 7.
 Stoop down my thoughts that use to rise. VII, 1, 21.
 Stop, blooming youth, as you pass by. VII, 1, 24.
 Stork came flying, The. II, 1, 25.
 Such is life. II, 1, 26.
 Sweet little flower too tender to stay, A. VII, 1, 20.
 Teacher, teacher don't whoop me. II, 1, 34.
 Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear. I, 1, 10.
 Tell me not in mournful numbers. V, 2, 7.
 There are mansions exempted from sin and woe. V, 2, 11.
 There is a wild boar in these woods. II, 1, 5.
 There is so much good in the warst of us. V, 2, 7.
 There was a lady and a lady gay. V, 1, 20.
 There was a little ship, and she sailed upon the sea. III, 1, 8.
 This is a laundry ticket. II, 1, 29.
 This simple stone. VII, 1, 22.
 Tippy, tippy upstairs. V, 2, 21.
 To market, to market. II, 1, 27.
 TO MY CHIEF. III, 1, 27.
 TO MY SQUAW. III, 1, 27.
 Ta the dead the living came. II, 1, 32.
 Transferred to heaven Eliza has no share. V, 2, 3; VII, 1, 25.
 Tread, tread the green grass. III, 1, 15.
 Twelve pears hanging high. I, 1, 28.
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star. II, 1, 30.
 Twa little girls in Lenoir County. IV, 2, 15.
 Two look-abouts. I, 1, 28.
 UNCLE ANANIAS' FUNERAL SONG (music). IV, 1, 25.
 Vandy, Vandy, I've come ta caurt yau. II, 1, 4.
 Venus gave all the graces. V, 2, 6.
 Violets are pink. II, 1, 25.
 WAGONER'S LAD, THE (music). VI, 1, 17-18.
 Way back here and out of sight. II, 1, 27.
 What can ga up the chimney down. I, 1, 28.
 What does the Catholic church bell say? III, 2, 29.
 What runs and runs and never walks. V, 2, 21.
 WHAT THE BELLS SAY. III, 2, 29.
 What ta us is life without thee? V, 2, 11.
 When apples grow in orange trees. II, 1, 26.

When these lines you do regret. II, 1, 25.
 When with your dear companions. II, 1, 26.
 When women find. III, 1, 27.
 When you are married. II, 1, 24.
 When you get married. II, 1, 24.
 When you're in love it's (heart). II, 1, 29.
 When your heels hit hard. III, 1, 31.
 Where flies my wife, oh lovely once, and fair. V, 2, 9.
 Where perhaps some beauty lies. IV, 2, 7.
 While ye hear my heart strings break, The. VII, 1, 24.
 William A-Trim'letoe. III, 1, 19.
 William-a-trimmetoes. II, 1, 35.
 William Trimatoe, he's a good fisherman. I, 1, 14.
 WILLY WEAVER (music). IV, 1, 23-24.
 Wire brlar, limberlock. II, 1, 34.
 Wit's a feather, A. V, 2, 9.
 WRAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES (music) (200). VI, 1, 18-19.
 You asked me to write in your album. II, 1, 28.
 You are my big strong Injun chief. III, 1, 27.
 You have many a friend. II, 1, 28.
 You kissed him in the moonlight. II, 1, 25.
 You makeum me one perfect mate. III, 1, 27.
 YOUNG HUNTING (music) (68). III, 1, 7.
 You will marry. I, 1, 11.
 Y Y U R. II, 1, 29.

Section 5: GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

This index lists all geographic locations pertinent to the folklore presented in the journal. These include 1) places from which folklore has been contributed to the journal, 2) places where this folklore has been performed or presented, and 3) places with which this folklore deals. This index also includes places where folklore in this journal might possibly have been communicated to others; an asterisk precedes these entries to indicate they are not as certain as the others.

Three main sections form this Index: 1) NORTH CAROLINA, 2) OTHER STATES, and 3) OTHER LANDS. North Carolina towns, counties, mountains, and bodies of water are alphabetized in the first section; under each county entry will also be found references to all the county places alphabetized throughout the rest of this section. When, however, bodies of water and mountains are indexed and refer to locations in more than one county, they are listed alphabetically without county cross-reference. Mountain gaps, though, when they are situated on a boundary between two counties, are cross-indexed under both counties. The second section alphabetizes other states, mountains, and bodies of water in the United States and, under each state entry, alphabetizes the locations in that state. The third section alphabetizes other countries, mountains, bodies of water, and continents; specific locations are alphabetized under each country.

Counties appear all in capitals in the North Carolina section to distinguish them from other places in the state. In the second section capitals indicate states and, in the third, continents.

Under each place entry will be found 1) the volume, 2) the number within that volume, and 3) the page number(s) for each appearance of that location that should be indexed.

NORTH CAROLINA

- Aberdeen. V, 2, 4.
Adam's Spring. I, 1, 15.
Addie. IV, 2, 31.
Akehurst Ridge. IV, 2, 29.
Alamance. VIII, 2, 22, 24.
ALAMANCE CO. See Alamance,
 Burlington, Elan College, Glen
 Raven, Graham, Mayben (Mebane),
 Saxapahaw, and Snow Camp.
Albemarle. VIII, 2, 17, 18-19, 20.
Albemarle Sound. IV, 2, 29.
ALEXANDER CO. See Happy
 Plains and Taylorsville.
ALLEGHANY CO. See Vax.
Andrews. VIII, 2, 32-37.
Angier. I, 1, 5; IV, 2, 11.
ANSON CO. III, 1, 21-23; III, 2,
 3-5; V, 1, 22-24; V, 2, 28-29;
 see also Cheek's Creek, Lilesville,
 Morven, Pee Dee River, and
 Wadesboro.
Appalachian Mt. VIII, 1, 27-28.
Appalachian Mts. VI, 2, 1-6; VII,
 1, 32-34.
Arden. IV, 1, 27.
ASHE CO. See Ore Knab.
Asheville. III, 1, 25-32; III, 2, 20; *III,
 2, 20-26; *IV, 1, 3-5; IV, 1, 31; IV,
 2, 22-26, 27; V, 1, 4, 7-8; V, 2, 11,
 17; VI, 2, 34; VII, 1, 34; VIII, 1, 17.
Atlantic. VIII, 2, 27, 31.
Aurora. IV, 2, 5-6.
AVERY CO. See Banner Elk, Crossnore,
 Grandfather Mt., and Linville.
Back Creek. VII, 1, 3.
Bald Mt. VI, 2, 3.
Banner Elk. V, 2, 10.
Barbecue Creek. IV, 2, 28.
Barchane Hill. VI, 1, 3.
Barca. VII, 1, 1-13.
Barkes' Island Bay. VII, 1, 3.
Bat Cave. III, 1, 3-4; IV, 2, 28-29.
Bath. IV, 2, 5-6; V, 2, 11; VI, 1, 21-22;
 VIII, 2, 1.
Bay River. VI, 2, 23; VII, 1, 30.
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 lico River, Teach's Paint, and Washing-
 tan.

NORTH CAROLINA (cont.)

- Beaufort Inlet. VI, 1, 1.
Beech Creek. II, 1, 5-6.
Bertha. IV, 2, 31.
BERTIE CO. See Cashie Swamp,
Lewistawn, Snakebite, and
Windsor.
Beta. IV, 2, 31.
Betsy's Marsh. VII, 1, 11.
Big Lick. VIII, 2, 19, 21.
Black Camp Gap. II, 1, 39.
Black Mt. VII, 1, 32.
BLADEN CO. III, 1, 21; see also
White Oak River.
Blanche. IV, 1, 30-31.
Blue Ridge. II, 1, 6-7; III, 2, 18;
IV, 1, 15; VI, 2, 36-37.
Blue Ridge (town). VII, 1, 32.
Blue Ridge Mts. VIII, 1, 1.
Bogue Banks. VIII, 1, 21.
Bogue Sound. VII, 1, 27-31.
Boane. II, 1, 20; III, 1, 17-18,
19-20; III, 2, 18, 26; VI, 2, 1-6.
*Brevard. V, 1, 22-24.
Broad Creek. VI, 2, 19, 23; VII, 1, 30.
Broad River. IV, 2, 28.
Brown Mt. I, 1, 6-7.
Brunswick. VII, 1, 19, 26.
BRUNSWICK CO. See Brunswick and
Cape Fear.
Brushy Mts. IV, 2, 31.
Bules Creek. II, 1, 13-14; IV, 2, 11.
BUNCOMBE CO. II, 1, 19; V, 2, 23;
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Arden, Black Mt., Blue Ridge (town),
Enka, Montreat, Oteen, and Zion
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BURKE CO. IV, 2, 27; see also Brawn Mt.,
Gingercake Mt., Morganton, Saura Mts.,
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CALDWELL CO. See King's Creek.
CAMDEN CO. See Akehurst Ridge, Albe-
marle Sound, Down River, Old Trap,
Pasquotank River, Raymond's Neck,
and The Trap.
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Cape Fear. IV, 2, 28.
Cape Hatteras. VI, 1, 2; VI, 2, 20.
Cape Lookout. V, 2, 24; VI, 1, 1.
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CARTERET CO. V, 2, 24; VII, 2, 26-27;
VIII, 1, 29-30; see also Atlantic,
Beaufort, Beaufort Inlet, Bogue Banks,
Bogue Sound, Cape Lookout, Cedar
Island, Core Creek, Harbor Island,
Harkers Island, Lukens, Morehead
City, Otway, Shackelford Banks,
South River, and Stella.
Carthage. IV, 1, 12-14; V, 2, 2.
Cary. I, 1, 19.
Cashie Swamp. IV, 2, 30.
CASWELL CO. See Blanche and Milton.
Cedar Island. VII, 1, 15.
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CHATHAM CO. IV, 1, 8.
Cheek's Creek. III, 1, 21.
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Chimney Mt. VIII, 1, 27-28.
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ton, and Holliday's Island.
Chawan River. VI, 1, 22, 23; VI, 2, 30-
31; VIII, 2, 45.
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Clinton. VI, 2, 35.
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Comfort. IV, 2, 30.
Concord. VI, 1, 7.
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CRAVEN CO. IV, 2, 12-13; VIII, 1, 8;
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Craatan Sound. VI, 1, 5.
Crassnare. V, 2, 24.
Cullawhee. II, 1, 6-7, 40.
CUMBERLAND CO. See Fayetteville.
Cumberland Mts. VI, 2, 6.
Currituck. VII, 1, 1, 10.
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Hill, Barco, Barks' Island Bay, Bertha,
Betsy's Marsh, Coinjack, Corolla,
Currituck, Currituck Banks, Currituck
Inlet, Currituck Sound, Great Marsh,
Knotts Island, Mackey's Island, Morse's
Paint, Moyock, Swan Island, Whale-
head, Whale Head Bay, and Whale Head
Hill.

NORTH CAROLINA (cont.)

Currituck Inlet. VII, 1, 5, 11.
 Currituck Sound. VI, 1, 4; VII, 1, 3.
 Darby Town. V, 1, 3-4.
 DARE CO. See Buxton, Cape Hatteras, Colington Island, Croatan Sound, Diamond Shoals, Gingite Creek, Gingoque Creek, Hatteras, Hatteras Island, Jean Guite Creek, Kitty Hawk, Manns Harbor, Martin's Point, Nags Head, Roanoke Inlet, Roanoke Island, Roanoke Marshes, Rodanthe, and Wanchese.
 DAVIDSON CO. See Denton, High Rock, Lexington, and Thomasville.
 Deep River. 1, 1, 15.
 Denton. 1, 1, 5-6.
 Diamond Shoals. VI, 1, 2.
 Dillsboro. II, 1, 17.
 Down River. IV, 2, 29.
 Durham. *II, 1, 16; III, 1, 5-10; IV, 1, 5; IV, 2, 11; V, 1, 4; VI, 2, 32-33; VII, 2, 12, 16, 17; VIII, 1, 1, 10; VIII, 2, 23, 24.
 DURHAM CO. See Durham, Red Mt., Rougemont, and South Lowell.
 Edenton. III, 1, 21; V, 2, 5, 8-9, 11; VII, 1, 18; VIII, 2, 11.
 EDGECOMBE CO. III, 2, 39; see also Tarboro.
 Elizabeth City. VI, 2, 20; VII, 1, 1; VIII, 1, 7, 8.
 Elon College. II, 1, 33-35; IV, 2, 11; V, 2, 5, 13-15.
 Enka. IV, 1, 23-24, 31-32.
 Eno River. VIII, 2, 1.
 Fayetteville. V, 2, 9; VI, 1, 7; VI, 2, 34-35; VII, 1, 20, 25.
 Ferguson. V, 2, 13.
 Flat Rock. V, 1, 9-10.
 Florence. IV, 2, 31; VII, 1, 30.
 Forest City. III, 2, 11.
 Forestville. V, 2, 4.
 FORSYTH CO. III, 2, 11; see also Salem and Winston-Salem.
 Freeman's Creek. VIII, 1, 22-23.
 Gingercake Mt. VI, 2, 3.
 Gingite Creek. VI, 1, 4.
 Gingoque Creek. VI, 1, 4.
 Glen Raven. IV, 2, 31.
 Gold Hill. VI, 1, 8-11.
 Goldsboro. IV, 1, 8.
 Goshen. V, 2, 13.
 Graham. II, 1, 34; V, 2, 3, 5, 6.
 GRAHAM CO. V, 1, 7-8; VIII, 2,

32-37; see also Santeetla(h) Dam.
 Grandfather Mt. VI, 2, 3, 36-37.
 GRANVILLE CO. See Oxford.
 Great Marsh. VII, 1, 3.
 Great Smoky Mts. II, 1, 6-7, 39-41 (HAYWOOD CO.); IV, 1, 3-4; V, 1, 7-8; VI, 2, 4, 6.
 Great Smoky National Park. IV, 1, 3; VII, 1, 32, 33.
 GREENE CO. See Lizzie.
 Greensboro. 1, 1, 6-7, 21; II, 1, 3-4, 16; III, 2, 38; V, 1, 4; V, 2, 2, 5, 6, 7, 11; *V, 2, 1-12; VI, 2, 7-17; VII, 1, 17-26, 28-29; VIII, 2, 22, 23.
 Greenville. V, 2, 5, 11; *VI, 1, 16-19; VII, 1, 20.
 Guilford College. VII, 1, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25.
 GUILFORD CO. V, 2, 11; VII, 1, 17-26; see also Greensboro, Guilford College, Guilford Court House, High Point, and Summerfield.
 Guilford Court House. IV, 2, 28; VII, 2, 3.
 Halifax. V, 2, 6.
 HALIFAX CO. III, 2, 39; see also Halifax and Roanoke Rapids.
 Harbor Island. VIII, 1, 20.
 Harkers Island. V, 2, 24; VII, 2, 26.
 HARNETT CO. VI, 2, 36; see also Angier, Barbecue Creek, Buies Creek, Lillington, and Olivia.
 Hatteras. VI, 1, 2; VIII, 1, 22.
 Hatteras Island. VI, 1, 5.
 Happy Plains. IV, 2, 31.
 HAYWOOD CO. II, 1, 39-41; VIII, 1, 9; see also Black Camp Gap, Camp Hope, Canton, Great Smoky Mts., Maggie, Nellie, Pidgeon River, and Waynesville.
 Henderson. V, 2, 2.
 HENDERSON CO. See Bat Cave, Broad River, Flat Rock, and Hendersonville.
 Hendersonville. IV, 2, 28; V, 2, 2.
 HERTFORD CO. IV, 2, 11; see also Murfreesboro (Chowan College).
 Highfalls. IV, 1, 11-13; VIII, 2, 25.
 High Point. V, 2, 11; VII, 1, 21, 23, 24.
 High Rock. VIII, 2, 23-25.
 Hillsboro. IV, 1, 1; IV, 2, 22; V, 1, 7-8; V, 2, 11; VII, 1, 19, 22; VIII, 2, 1.
 Hobucken. VI, 2, 20.
 Holliday's Island. VI, 1, 22.

NORTH CAROLINA (cont.)

- HYDE CO. VII, 1, 19, 30; see also
Lake Mattamuskeet, Ocracoke,
Ocracoke Inlet, Ocracoke Island,
Quake Hammack, Quarks Hammock,
Quokes Point, Quork Hammock, and
Swanquarter.
- IREDELL CO. See Mooresville and
Statesville.
- Jackson. VIII, 2, 32-37.
- JACKSON CO. See Addie, Beta,
Cullowhee, and Dillsboro.
- Jacksonville. VII, 1, 15.
- Jean Guite Creek. VI, 1, 4.
- JOHNSTON CO. VI, 2, 16-17; see
also Selma and Smithfield.
- JONES CO. See Comfort and Trenton.
- Jugtown. IV, 1, 25; V, 1, 5-6; V, 2,
25.
- King's Creek. III, 1, 5-10.
- Kings Mt. II, 1, 22.
- Kinston. IV, 2, 13; VIII, 1, 25.
- Kitty Hawk. VI, 1, 4, 5.
- Knotts Island. VII, 1, 1-13.
- Lake Mattamuskeet. VII, 2, 28-30.
- *Laurel Hill. III, 2, 38.
- Laurel Mt. V, 2, 14-15.
- Leaksville. VII, 2, 9.
- LEE CO. See Sanford.
- LENOIR CO. IV, 2, 12-16; see also
Kinston.
- Lexington. V, 1, 5.
- Lewistown. IV, 2, 30.
- Lilesville. V, 1, 22-23.
- Lillington. IV, 2, 28.
- LINCOLN CO. IV, 2, 27.
- Linville. VI, 2, 36-37.
- Little Mts. VI, 2, 2.
- Lizzie. IV, 2, 31.
- Lukens. VIII, 1, 26.
- MCDOWELL CO. III, 2, 10, 14-15;
VIII, 1, 2; see also McKinney
(McKinney) Gap, Marion, Scott-
roads, and Turkey Trot Mt.
- McKinney (McKinney) Gap. II, 1, 22.
- Mackey's Island. VII, 1, 3.
- MACON CO. VIII, 2, 32-37.
- MADISON CO. See Spill Corn.
- Maggie. IV, 2, 31.
- Manns Harbor. VIII, 1, 8.
- Maribel. IV, 2, 31.
- Marion. VIII, 1, 17-18.
- Martin's Point. VI, 1, 4.
- Maw Point. VI, 2, 23.
- Mayben (Mebane). IV, 1, 7-9.
- Meadow Creek. VI, 1, 7-8.
- Mebane. See Mayben.
- MECKLENBURG CO. V, 2, 11; VII, 1,
17-26; see also Charlotte and Old
Sugaw Creek.
- Middle Creek. I, 1, 5.
- Miller's Creek. IV, 1, 28-30.
- Milton. VI, 2, 34-35; VIII, 2, 22-25.
- MITCHELL CO. See McKinney (McKinney)
Gap, Penland, and Three Mile Creek.
- Mitchell Mt. VI, 2, 4.
- MONTGOMERY CO. I, 1, 14, 20-26,
28; see also Troy.
- Montreat. VII, 1, 32-34.
- MOORE CO. IV, 1, 11-14; IV, 2, 17-
18; V, 1, 5; VII, 1, 26; see also
Aberdeen, Carthage, Highfalls, Jug-
town, Pinehurst, Robbins, and Southern
Pines.
- Mooresville. V, 2, 6.
- Morehead City. VII, 1, 15-16; VII, 2,
26-27; VIII, 1, 29-30.
- Morganton. III, 2, 18; VIII, 1, 2.
- Morse's Point. VII, 1, 3.
- Morven. III, 1, 22.
- Mount Airy. VII, 2, 2, 4, 6-8, 14-15.
- Moyock. VII, 1, 1.
- *Murfreesboro (Chowan College). VI, 2,
30-31; VIII, 2, 45-46.
- Nags Head. VI, 1, 4, 5, 6.
- NASH CO. I, 1, 19.
- Nellie. IV, 2, 31.
- Nettle's Knob. VI, 2, 2.
- Neuse River. VI, 1, 23; VI, 2, 17-25
(PAMLICO CO.); VII, 1, 27; VII,
1, 29 (PAMLICO CO.); VIII, 2, 1, 9.
- New Bern. III, 1, 21; V, 2, 4, 8, 10, 11;
VI, 1, 23; VI, 2, 20, 34; VII, 1, 18,
19, 22, 23, 26; VIII, 1, 10, 25.
- NEW HANOVER CO. See Wilmington.
- NORTHAMPTON CO. See Jackson and
Woodland.
- North Wilkesboro. V, 2, 13; VIII, 1, 10.
- Narwood. V, 2, 22.
- Ocracoke. IV, 2, 19-21; V, 2, 3, 10.
- Ocracoke Inlet. VI, 1, 22.
- Ocracoke Island. VI, 1, 2-3.
- Old Sugaw Creek. V, 2, 3-4.
- Old Trap. IV, 2, 29.
- Olivia. IV, 2, 28.
- ONslow CO. See Bear Creek, Freeman's
Creek, Jacksonville, and Swansboro.

NORTH CAROLINA (cont.)

ORANGE CO. III, 1, 21; IV, 1, 26;
VII, 1, 17-26; VIII, 1, 12-16;
VIII, 2, 22; see also Carrboro,
Chapel Hill, Hillsboro, Tear (Teer),
and White Cross.

Ore Knob. VI, 1, 6, 11-12.

Oriental. VI, 2, 19, 23, 24; VII, 1,
29-30.

Oteen. IV, 1, 31.

Otway. VII, 1, 14-15.

Oxford. IV, 2, 11; VIII, 1, 9.

Pamlico. VI, 2, 18-19, 20, 23.

PAMLICO CO. See Bay River, Broad
Creek, Florence, Hobucken,
Maribel, Maw Point, Neuse River,
Pamlico, Pamlico Sound, Vandemere,
and Whartonsville.

Pamlico River. VI, 1, 21.

Pamlico Sound. IV, 2, 20; VI, 2, 17-25
(PAMLICO CO.).

PASQUOTANK CO. See Elizabeth City
and Symons' (Symonds) Creek.

Pasquotank River. IV, 2, 29.

Pee Dee River. III, 1, 21; III, 2, 3-5.

PENDER CO. I, 1, 16; see also Topsail
Township and Topsail Island.

Penland. II, 1, 22.

PERQUIMANS CO. VII, 1, 24.

Pigeon River. II, 1, 40-41.

Pinehurst. IV, 1, 14.

PITT CO. VI, 1, 13-14; see also Green-
ville.

Plymouth. V, 2, 6, 11.

POLK CO. See Tryon.

Quake Hammock. VI, 1, 3.

Quarks Hammock. VI, 1, 3.

Quokes Point. VI, 1, 3.

Quork Hammock. VI, 1, 3.

Raleigh. II, 1, 39; III, 2, 3-5; IV, 1,
12-13, 26; IV, 2, 12-13, 27; *IV,
2, 19-21; V, 1, 3-4; V, 2, 6-7,
11, 19-21, 24-26; VI, 1, 13-15;
VI, 2, 3, 29, 30-31, 34-35; VII,
1, 24; *VII, 1, 27-31; VII, 2, 28-
30; VIII, 1, 10, 27-28; VIII, 2, 22,
23, 25, 32, 45-46.

RANDOLPH CO. I, 1, 14-15; V, 1, 5;
see also Adam's Spring, Deep River,
and Seagrove.

Raymond's Neck. IV, 2, 29.

Red Mt. VIII, 2, 23, 24.

Roanoke Inlet. VI, 1, 4.

Roanoke Island. VI, 1, 1, 4-5.

Roanoke Marshes. VI, 1, 5-6.

*Roanoke Rapids. VII, 1, 35-36.

Roanoke River. VI, 2, 30-31; VIII, 2, 22,
45.

Robbins. V, 1, 5.

ROBESON CO. III, 1, 21.

ROCKINGHAM CO. See Leaksville and
Spray.

Rocky Broad Gorge. IV, 2, 29.

Rocky River. VIII, 2, 19.

Rodanthe. VI, 1, 5.

Rougemont. VIII, 2, 23, 24.

ROWAN CO. VI, 2, 29; VII, 2, 1; VIII,
1, 9; see also Gold Hill and Salisbury.

Ruth. IV, 2, 31.

Rutherford. III, 1, 17-18; III, 2, 27-30.

RUTHERFORD CO. III, 2, 6-16; VIII, 1,
27-28; see also Appalachian Mt.,
Chimney Mt., Chimney Rock, Forest
City, Ruth, South Mt., and Watkins.

Salem. V, 1, 11-19.

Salisbury. III, 2, 21; V, 2, 4-5, 6, 23;
VI, 1, 23-26; VIII, 2, 1, 16-21, 24.

SAMPSON CO. III, 2, 39; VI, 2, 34-35;
see also Clinton.

Sanford. III, 2, 39.

Santeetla(h) Dam. V, 1, 7.

Saura Mts. I, 1, 6-7.

*Saxapahaw. IV, 2, 19-21.

SCOTLAND CO. *III, 2, 38; see also
Laurel Hill.

Scottroads. III, 2, 10.

Seagrove. V, 1, 5.

Selma. I, 1, 19.

Shackleford Banks. VI, 1, 3; VII, 2, 26-
27.

Smithfield. VIII, 1, 9.

Snakebite. IV, 2, 30.

Snow Camp. V, 2, 4.

Southern Pines. II, 1, 3-4.

South Lowell. VIII, 2, 24.

South Mt. *III, 2, 27-30; III, 2, 29.

South River. VIII, 1, 26.

Spill Corn. IV, 2, 29.

Spray. V, 2, 6.

STANLY CO. III, 2, 39; VIII, 2, 17-21;
see also Albemarle, Big Lick, Norwood,
Rocky River, and Town Creek.

Statesville. III, 2, 21; IV, 2, 5-6.

Stella. IV, 2, 31.

Stoney Fork. V, 2, 13-14.

Sugar Loaf Mt. VI, 2, 2.

Summerfield. IV, 2, 10.

SURRY CO. VI, 2, 2; see also Mount
Airy and Toast.

NORTH CAROLINA (cont.)

SWAIN CO. VIII, 2, 32-37; see also Black
Camp Gap.

Swan Island. VII, 1, 11.

Swanquarter. VII, 1, 28-29.

Swansboro. VII, 1, 14, 15; *VII, 1, 14-16;
VIII, 1, 19-26.

Symons' (Symonds) Creek. VI, 1, 22.

Table Shoals. VIII, 2, 25.

Tarboro. V, 2, 2, 11.

Taylorsville. III, 2, 20-25; IV, 2, 31.

Teach's Point. VI, 1, 22.

Tear (Teer). IV, 1, 10.

The Trap. IV, 2, 29.

Thomasville. I, 1, 10-14, 20-26, 28.

Three Mile Creek. II, 1, 22.

Toast. IV, 2, 32.

Topsail Island. IV, 2, 29-30.

Topsail Township. IV, 2, 29-30.

Town Creek. VIII, 2, 21.

TRANSYLVANIA CO. See Brevard.

Trenton. IV, 2, 30.

Trent River. VI, 1, 23.

Troy. V, 2, 6.

Tryon. II, 1, 8-9; III, 2, 13.

Turkey Trot Mt. III, 2, 10.

TYRRELL CO. VIII, 1, 7.

Valdese. VIII, 1, 1-6.

VANCE CO. See Henderson.

Vandemere. VI, 2, 23.

Vox. VI, 1, 11-12.

Wadesboro. III, 1, 21-23; V, 1, 22-24;
V, 2, 8, 28-29.

WAKE CO. VI, 1, 16-19; see also Cary,
Forestville, Middle Creek, and Raleigh.

Wanchese. VI, 1, 5.

Washington. V, 2, 9-10, 11; VII, 1, 19-20;
VIII, 1, 8, 20-21.

WASHINGTON CO. See Plymouth.

WATAUGA CO. III, 2, 17-19; IV, 2, 22-
26; V, 2, 1; see also Beech Creek,
Boone, Nettle's Knob, Rutherford, and
Sugar Loaf Mt.

Watkins. III, 2, 11.

WAYNE CO. See Goldsboro.

Waynesville. IV, 2, 31; V, 2, 2; VI, 2, 4;
VII, 1, 22; VIII, 1, 9.

Whalehead. VI, 1, 4.

Whale Head Bay. VI, 1, 4.

Whale Head Hill. VI, 1, 4.

Whartonsville. VI, 2, 21; VII, 1, 28, 30-31.

White Cross. I, 1, 14-15.

White Oak River. VIII, 1, 23.

WILKES CO. V, 2, 13-15; see also Darby
Town, Ferguson, Goshen, Laurel Mt.,

Miller's Creek, North Wilkesboro,
Stoney Fork, and Yadkin River.

Wilmington. IV, 2, 28; V, 1, 4; V, 2, 1,
3, 6, 9, 11; VII, 1, 20, 23, 25; VIII,
1, 24-25.

*Wilson. VII, 1, 27-31.

WILSON CO. I, 1, 9; see also Wilson.

Windsor. IV, 2, 30; VI, 1, 20-21.

Winston-Salem. II, 1, 1; III, 2, 38; V,
1, 4; V, 2, 8.

*Woodland. VI, 2, 30-31; VIII, 2, 45-46.

Yadkin River. I, 1, 5-6; III, 2, 18-19
(WILKES CO.); VI, 2, 2.

YANCEY CO. III, 2, 14-15; IV, 2, 22-
26; VIII, 1, 2; see also Bald Mt.,
Burnsville, and Mitchell Mt.
Zion Springs. II, 1, 19.

OTHER STATES

ALABAMA. III, 1, 22; *VI, 2, 2; VII,
2, 10-14; VIII, 2, 28-29, 30.

Auburn. VIII, 2, 47-48.

Birmingham. V, 1, 22.

ARKANSAS. II, 1, 18; VIII, 2, 18, 20,
21.

CALIFORNIA. VI, 1, 6.

Los Angeles. VII, 2, 9.

*Palm Springs. V, 2, 17.

CONNECTICUT. *III, 1, 13-16.

Enfield. III, 2, 33-37.

Hartford. VI, 2, 4.

DELAWARE. III, 1, 5-10.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington. II, 1, 32; IV, 2, 11; V,
1, 10, 22; VI, 2, 26-28; VII, 2, 9,
12, 28-30.

FLORIDA. VI, 1, 2; VIII, 1, 9-10, 11.

Titusville. III, 1, 17-18; III, 2, 17-
19; V, 2, 27.

GEORGIA. III, 1, 22; III, 2, 14; V, 2,
29; VI, 2, 10, 14; VII, 1, 24, 33;
VII, 2, 10-14; *VIII, 1, 27-28; VIII,
2, 32.

Athens. II, 1, 14-15.

Atlanta. III, 1, 32.

Dudley. IV, 1, 5.

*Macon. V, 1, 22-24.

Savannah. IV, 2, 6.

Tennille. IV, 1, 5.

Thomasville. IV, 1, 16.

Washington Co. IV, 1, 5.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago. *II, 1, 8-9; IV, 1, 4, 12;
VIII, 2, 1.

OTHER STATES (cont.)

ILLINOIS (cont.)

*Evanston. II, 1, 8-9.
Winnetko. II, 1, 1; *II, 1, 23-31.

INDIANA. IV, 1, 11-13; VII, 1, 23.
Bloomington. VII, 2, 23; VIII, 1, 11.
Busro (West Union). III, 2, 31-37.
Locry (Lochry) (Loughery) Creek. III, 2, 34, 37.
Muskoketoc (Muscototuck) River. III, 2, 34, 35.
Ohio River. III, 2, 36-37.
Post Vincent (Vincennes). III, 2, 37.
Wobash River. III, 2, 36, 37.
White River. III, 2, 35.
Whitewater River. III, 2, 36.

IOWA. II, 1, 26.

Des Moines. VII, 2, 8.

KENTUCKY. III, 2, 23, 28; IV, 1, 31;
VI, 2, 2, 5, 12; VII, 1, 9; VII, 2, 10-14.

Bell Co. VI, 2, 4.
Bowling Green. IV, 1, 1.
Breathitt Co. VI, 2, 5.
Carter Co. VI, 2, 26-28.
Cumberland Gap. II, 1, 40-41.
E. K. Junction. VI, 2, 26-28.
Groyson. VI, 2, 26-28.
Gregoryville. VI, 2, 26-28.
Jackson. VI, 2, 5.
Hitchens. VI, 2, 26-28.
Little Sandy River. VI, 2, 26-28.
Louisville. IV, 2, 11; *VI, 1, 16-19
(Southern Baptist College of Church
Music); VI, 2, 34.
South Union. III, 2, 33-36.
Sulphur Well. IV, 1, 18.
Willard Community. VI, 2, 26-28.

LOUISIANA. II, 1, 18-19; IV, 2, 7.

Baton Rouge. VI, 1, 1-6.
New Orleans. III, 2, 20; IV, 2, 8;
VI, 2, 34.

MAINE. VIII, 1, 25.

Brunswick. III, 1, 13-16.

MARYLAND. V, 1, 9.

MASSACHUSETTS. IV, 1, 26; V, 1, 4.
Boston. V, 2, 1; VI, 2, 3-5; VII, 1, 17.

*Cambridge. II, 1, 16.
*Northampton. II, 1, 16.
Springfield Mt. IV, 1, 26.
*Wellesley. II, 1, 16.
*Williamstown. II, 1, 16.

MICHIGAN.

Bottle Creek. IV, 1, 21.

MICHIGAN (cont.)

Frederick. III, 1, 25-32.

MISSISSIPPI. III, 1, 22; IV, 2, 7; VII, 2, 10-14; VIII, 2, 12.

Attala Co. IV, 2, 8.

Big Black River. III, 2, 39.

*Clinton. II, 1, 14-15.

*Hattiesburg. II, 1, 14-15.

Jackson. IV, 2, 5-6, 8.

Pascagoulo. IV, 2, 7.

Scooba Chitto Creek. III, 2, 39.

Scott. II, 1, 20-21.

Vicksburg. IV, 2, 5.

Mississippi River. II, 1, 14; III, 1, 21;
IV, 2, 8, V, 2, 21.

MISSOURI.

Menett. VIII, 1, 2.

St. Louis. VI, 2, 2.

NEVADA. VI, 1, 6; VIII, 1, 11.

NEW JERSEY. III, 2, 11; VII, 1, 34.

NEW YORK. II, 1, 16, 21; V, 1, 4, 5;
VII, 1, 12.

Adirondack Mts. II, 1, 32.

Cranberry Lake. II, 1, 32.

*Ithaco. VII, 1, 27-31.

Lake Placid. IV, 1, 16, 17.

New York City. II, 1, 19, 27; III, 1, 25-32; III, 2, 20; IV, 1, 12, 15; IV, 2, 5, 6; V, 1, 5; VI, 1, 20-21; VI, 2, 2, 3, 5, 20; VII, 2, 3, 10-11, 14, 16, 17.

*Poughkeepsie. II, 1, 16.

OHIO. IV, 1, 18, 22; V, 1, 4.

Baltimore. III, 2, 21; VI, 2, 20.

Cincinnati. IV, 2, 8; VI, 2, 2.

Columbus. IV, 1, 15, 16, 17, 18, 21; IV, 2, 8.

Hocking Hills. IV, 1, 21.

Lebanon. III, 2, 36-37.

Reynoldsburg. IV, 1, 21.

Turtle Creek (Union City). III, 2, 31-37.

Ohio River. IV, 2, 8.

OKLAHOMA. II, 1, 18.

Ozark Mts. II, 1, 19.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphio. II, 1, 18-19; IV, 1, 15; VI, 1, 4, 8.

Rio Grande River. VIII, 2, 22.

SOUTH CAROLINA. II, 1, 16-17; III, 1, 21, 22; IV, 1, 33; V, 1, 4; V, 2, 29; VI, 2, 15.

Charleston. V, 2, 2; VI, 1, 23-26;
VIII, 2, 1.

SOUTH CAROLINA (cont.)

Kent. VIII, 2, 29-30, 31.
Marlon. III, 1, 32.
Santee River. III, 2, 4; VIII, 2, 4.
TENNESSEE. *III, 1, 11-12; III, 1, 21;
III, 2, 17; IV, 1, 1; VI, 2, 3, 4, 5;
VII, 1, 32; VII, 2, 10-14; VIII, 2, 32.
*Athens. VIII, 2, 47-48.
Codes Cove. VII, 1, 32, 33.
Cumberland Gap. II, 1, 40-41.
Elizabethton. III, 2, 17.
Knoxville. III, 1, 25-32.
Lebanon. VI, 2, 34.
*Nashville. VII, 1, 27-31.

TEXAS. II, 1, 16-17.

College Station. II, 1, 18-19; VI,
1, 20-21.

Wolf Ridge. VIII, 1, 2.

UTAH. VIII, 1, 2.

VIRGINIA. III, 1, 21; III, 2, 38-39; IV,
1, 15-22; IV, 2, 7; *V, 1, 22-24; VI,
1, 1-6; VI, 2, 5, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16,
34; VII, 1, 3, 11; VIII, 2, 22, 45.

Accomack Co. VI, 2, 9, 12.

Brush Mt. IV, 1, 19.

Buchanan Co. IV, 1, 16.

Cambria. IV, 1, 20.

Carroll Co. VII, 1, 35-36; VII, 2, 1-
17.

*Charlottesville. III, 2, 27-30.

Chesapeake Bay. VIII, 1, 10-11.

Chincoteague. VI, 1, 2-3.

Cumberland Gap. II, 1, 40-41.

Danville. VI, 2, 13; VIII, 2, 22, 24,
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Dublin. IV, 1, 21.

Fancy Gap. VII, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 15.

Giles Co. IV, 1, 18.

Hillsville. VII, 2, 1-17.

James River. VI, 1, 23.

Knotts Island. VII, 1, 3.

Lambsburg. VII, 2, 8.

Long Island South. VII, 1, 3.

Manassas. V, 1, 3.

Montgomery Co. IV, 1, 17, 21.

Mt. Airy. VII, 2, 8.

Newport. IV, 1, 17, 21.

Newport News. V, 1, 20-21.

New River. IV, 1, 15, 18.

Norfolk. VI, 2, 20.

Ocean View. VIII, 1, 10-11.

Pound Gap. VI, 2, 5.

Prices Fork. IV, 1, 16.

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VI, 2, 13, 15; VII, 2, 8, 11.

Roanoke. III, 1, 21; VII, 2, 7.

Roanoke River. IV, 1, 20.

Shawsville. IV, 1, 16, 17, 18, 20.

Spruce Run. IV, 1, 17.

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Suffolk. VIII, 2, 22.

Tazewell Co. IV, 1, 16.

Ward's Gap. VII, 2, 6.

Wythe Co. IV, 1, 21; VII, 2, 16.

Wytheville. VII, 2, 8.

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White Sulfur Springs. VI, 2, 2.

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Argentina. VIII, 1, 2.

Austria. IV, 1, 17.

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*British Guiana. III, 2, 27-30.

Canada. VI, 2, 37.

Gulf of St. Lawrence. VII, 1, 8.

White Horse. VII, 1, 19.

Yukon. VII, 1, 19.

Yukon River. VII, 1, 19.

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*Colombia. III, 2, 27-30.

Denmark. VI, 1, 2.

England. II, 1, 16; IV, 1, 17; VI, 1, 1-2,
4, 23; VI, 2, 15; VII, 1, 9-10, 17, 18;
VII, 2, 23; VIII, 1, 29-30; VIII, 2, 32,
45, 46.

Durham. IV, 2, 2-4.

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VI, 2, 4; VII, 1, 3-4, 11, 13;

VIII, 2, 1-15.

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York. IV, 2, 2.

Yorkshire Co. VI, 2, 7, 8.

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10; IV, 2, 11; VII, 2, 18, 19, 24.

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3, 4-5.

Aix. VI, 2, 34.

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Cottian Alps. VIII, 1, 1.

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- Languedoc Region. VIII, 1, 1.
- Lyons. VIII, 1, 1.
- Provence Region. VIII, 1, 1, 3.
- Savoy Region. VIII, 1, 1.
- Germany. II, 1, 21; *III, 1, 13-16; IV, 1, 15, 16, 17, 21; VI, 2, 34.
- Palatinate. IV, 1, 15.
- Greece. II, 1, 18; VI, 1, 2.
- India. IV, 1, 11; IV, 2, 28; VII, 2, 24.
- Enchanted Lake. V, 1, 1-2.
- Pachmar. V, 1, 1-2.
- Iran. VII, 2, 24.
- Ireland. II, 1, 27; VI, 2, 1.
- Cork. II, 1, 27.
- Dublin. VIII, 2, 1-15.
- Israel.
- Jerusalem. I, 1, 26.
- Italy. VI, 1, 2; VI, 2, 15; VII, 2, 23; VIII, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
- Brescia. VIII, 1, 1.
- Pragelato. VIII, 1, 1.
- Rome. II, 1, 18.
- Jordan.
- Bethlehem. III, 2, 16; IV, 1, 12-13.
- Malay. VII, 2, 20.
- Palestine. VII, 1, 19.
- Peru. VIII, 2, 38-41.
- Andes Mts. VIII, 2, 38-41.
- Arequipa. VIII, 2, 38.
- Lake Titicaca. VIII, 2, 38.
- Lima. VIII, 2, 38.
- Puño. VIII, 2, 38, 39, 41.
- Red Sea. V, 2, 21; VII, 1, 13.
- Saudi Arabia. III, 2, 10; VI, 1, 2.
- Scotland. III, 1, 5-10; III, 2, 38; IV, 2, 28; V, 2, 4; VI, 1, 2; VII, 2, 1; VIII, 2, 32, 33.
- Cuillin Hills. VI, 2, 37.
- Culloden Moor. VI, 2, 36.
- Edinburgh. VI, 2, 4, 36.
- Glasgow. VI, 2, 36-37.
- Glencoe. VI, 2, 36.
- Skye. VI, 2, 37.
- SOUTH AMERICA. VII, 2, 25.
- Spain. III, 1, 11-12; V, 2, 26; VI, 1, 2, 19; VII, 2, 23.
- Aragon. VII, 2, 24.
- *Madrid. III, 1, 13-16.
- Turkey. III, 1, 8.
- Constantinople. VII, 2, 24.
- Uruguay. VIII, 1, 2.

- *Venezuela. III, 2, 27-30.
- West Indies. *III, 2, 27-30; VI, 1, 2.
- British West Indies.
- Jamaica. III, 2, 30.
- Nags Head. VI, 1, 4.
- St. Kitts Island. VI, 1, 4.

Section 6: SUBJECT INDEX.

This Index arranges all folklore in the journal under Boggs's subject classifications. An outline ("Folklore Classification," pp. 166-167) of this classification precedes the index to help those unfamiliar with his system.

Each entry within a division includes 1) the volume, 2) the number within that volume, 3) the page number(s), and usually 4) key words to indicate more particularly the nature of that folklore being indexed. Folklore, however, belonging to any particular division, may appear more often on an indexed page than the key words for that page indicate.

OUTLINE

A	<u>GENERAL FOLKLORE</u>	N	<u>FOOD, DRINK</u>
A200	BIBLIOGRAPHY	N200	FOOD
A300	ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS	N400	DRINK
A400	INDIVIDUAL PUBLICATIONS	P	<u>BELIEF</u>
A500	BACKGROUND AND ENVIRON- MENTAL FACTORS	P200	MYTHOLOGY
A600	COLLECTION AND CLASSI- FICATION OF MATERIALS	P400	LEGEND
A700	SCIENCE	P500	CUSTOM
A800	VALUE, USE, APPLICATION	P600	MAGIC OF SPEECH, SIGN, COLOR
B	<u>PROSE NARRATIVE</u>	P700	MEDICINE
B200	MYTH	P800	PREDICTION, DIVINATION
B400	LEGEND	S	<u>SPEECH</u>
B600	TALE	S200	PHONOLOGY, PHONETICS
C	<u>BALLAD, SONG, DANCE, GAME, MUSIC, VERSE</u>	S300	MORPHOLOGY
C200	BALLAD	S400	SYNTAX
C300	SONG	S500	VOCABULARY, LEXICOGRAPHY
C400	DANCE	S600	GESTURE
C500	GAME, PASTIME, SPORT	S700	EXTRA-CORPORAL MEANS OF COMMUNICATION
C600	MUSIC	V	<u>PROVERB</u>
C700	VERSE WITHOUT MUSIC	V100	SLOGAN, MOTTO
C800	VERSE IN OTHER GROUP OF FOLKLORE	V200	PROVERBIAL METAPHOR
F	<u>CUSTOM, FESTIVAL</u>	V300	PROVERBIAL APOTHEGM, MAXIM
F500	CUSTOM	V400	BLASON POPULAIRE
F600	FESTIVAL	V500	WELLERISM
M	<u>ART, CRAFT, ARCHITECTURE</u>	V600	PROVERBIAL PHRASE
M200	ART, CRAFT	V700	PROVERBIAL COMPARISON
M800	ARCHITECTURE	W	<u>RIDDLE</u>
		W200	TRUE RIDDLE
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A GENERAL FOLKLORE.

A200 BIBLIOGRAPHY. III, 1, 33-34, 36; III, 2, 1, 19; IV, 1, 1; VIII, 2, 42-44, 49.

A300 ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS.

A320 CONTINUOUS. II, 1, 1, North Carolina Folklore, North Carolina Folklore Society; III, 1, 1, North Carolina Folklore, 23, North Carolina Folklore Society, 34; III, 2, 1, North Carolina Folklore, 40-41, North Carolina Folklore Society; IV, 1, 34, IV, 2, 1, 4, V, 1, 25, V, 2, 12, VI, 1, 26, VI, 2, 37, VII, 1, 13, VII, 2, 27, VIII, 1, 30, North Carolina Folklore Society; VIII, 2, 41, SAMLA, 41, 44, North Carolina Folklore, 49-50, North Carolina Folklore Society.

A340 INTERMITTENT. I, 1, 29-31, II, 1, 36-38, III, 1, 35-36, folk festival; III, 2, 41, folklore prize; IV, 1, 35-36, VI, 1, 27, VII, 1, 31, VIII, 1, 6, folk festival; VIII, 2, 49, folklore congress.

A400 INDIVIDUAL PUBLICATIONS.

A440 STUDIES. III, 1, 33-34.

A500 BACKGROUND AND ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS.

A560 PEOPLE. VIII, 1, 1-6, Waldensians.

A562 Origin, history. II, 1, 22; III, 1, 21-23; IV, 2, 7-8; VI, 1, 1-2, bankers; VII, 1, 3-4.

A566 Characteristic traits of groups, sexes, classes, types. II, 1, 8-9, football, students, 22; III, 1, 13-16, children, 21-23; III, 2, 27-30, football, students; IV, 1, 15-22, folk, German immigrants; V, 1, 7-8, mountoin folk; VI, 1, 1-2; VI, 2, 1-6, mountoin folk; VI, 2, 36-37, honor; VII, 1, 5-6, boy; VII, 2, 1, feud; VIII, 2, 32-37, music.

A600 COLLECTION AND CLASSIFICATION OF MATERIALS. See general "Introduction," VI. II, 1, 23, 26, 30, 40-41.

A620 INFORMANT. V, 2, 24-26.

A640 METHODS OF COLLECTING AND RECORDING. V, 2, 24-26, VII, 1, 32-34, VIII, 2, 44, recorder.

A700 SCIENCE.

A720 DEFINITION. I, 1, 1-3; IV, 1, 15-22, folk.

A740 THEORIES, PRINCIPLES, ANALYSIS. III, 1, 11-12, hardluck story, 13-16, game, rhyme; III, 2, 31-37, ballad; IV, 1, 1; IV, 1, 31-33, ballad; IV, 2, 8, comic song; V, 1, 11, olmanac; V, 2, 16-18, college song, 19, riddle, 27, cow, horn, simples; VI, 1, 11-12, Ore Knob; VII, 2, 1-17, ballad, 23-25, tale; VIII, 2, 1, onimol lore, 17-21, ballad, 22-23, fool killer, 26-27, folk medicine.

A780 TEACHING.

A786 Aids. III, 1, 36; VIII, 2, 49.

A800 VALUE, USE, APPLICATION.

A820 HISTORY. I, 1, 1-2.

B. PROSE NARRATIVE.

B400 LEGEND. Story based on specific persons, places, things.

B420 SUPERNATURAL BEING.

B422 Angel. V, 2, 13, husband, light, wor, 13-14, blasphemy, "drink," voice.

B425 Devil, demon. V, 1, 1-2, lake, weed; VIII, 1, 22.

B429 Ghost, spirit, phantom, specter. I, 1, 6-7; I, 1, 8, Negro; III, 2, 14-15, murder, 26; IV, 1, 5, dog, pigeo, 18, dog, 19, spinning wheel; V, 2, 14-15, mountain, murder, well; VI, 1, 23-26, ship; VIII, 1, 19-20, choin, light, Negro, 20, murder, Negro, wife, 20-21, feet, 21, baby, chair, 22, cart, 22-23; VIII, 1, 23, coffin, noise, 23-24, needle palm, 24-25; VIII, 1, 25, hitchhiker, 25-26, baby, murder, tree, 26, 27-28.

B430 HUMAN BEING. Prose letters are included here. I, 1, 5, prankster, 7-8, Negro; II, 1, 14, education, Negro, 22; III, 2, 15, harse, 17, bank, gold, silver, treasure, 18, prospector, 18-19, gold mine; IV, 1, 3-4, circus, mather, mule, 20, family, ice, letter, 20-21, fire, Indians, moonshiner, revenuer, snake; IV, 2, 5-6, letter, 10, letter, lover, 12-13, feud, murder, spool, thread; V, 1, 1-2, lake, weed, 9-10; V, 2, 23, Negro, speech,

- 29, Civil War, money, Negro; VI, 1, 8, coins, 10-11, suicide, train, whistle; VI, 2, 2, pioneer, 3, dog, bear, mule, peacock, 3-4, guide, 4, dog, hunter, photograph, 4-5, tobacco, 17-25, lighthouse; VII, 1, 5, Negro, revolution, 8-9; VII, 1, 15, Negro, strong man, 27, baby, crib; VII, 2, 26, 28-30; VIII, 1, 14-15, Negro, 16, 17-18; VIII, 2, 23-24, Negro, 24, money, professor, student, 25, Negro, whiskey, 38-41.
- B432 Religious hero. III, 1, 3-4, bridge, carpenter, Jesus, miracle; III, 2, 36-37; V, 2, 28-29, preaching, rum; VI, 2, 5, mystic, religious fanatics.
- B433 Secular hero. I, 1, 5-6, cat, Daniel Boone, lion; III, 1, 21, Columbus, Davy Crockett, De Soto, Walter Raleigh, 22-23, Sherman.
- B434 Outlaw, criminal, bandit, pirate. II, 1, 22, Frank and Jesse James; IV, 1, 31, murder, VI, 1, 7-8, lover, mine, murderer, 9-10, gold, 21-22, pirate, Teach, treasure, 23-26, fire, murder, pirate, ship; VII, 1, 11, pirate, Teach, 11-13, Kidd, 16, thief; VII, 2, 2-11; VIII, 2, 17-21.
- B435 Witch, root doctor. II, 1, 13-14, deer, silver; III, 2, 13, Negro, witch; IV, 1, 6-8, snake, spell, 8-9, bottle, juice, spell, 19, apple; V, 2, 22, cow, Negro, spell; VI, 2, 32-33, lover; VII, 1, 9-10, chicken, money, silver, 10, rosemary bush; VII, 2, 26-27, fish, gun, hog, Negro, silver.
- B437 Physically handicapped, deformed, mentally diseased or defective. III, 1, 3-4, cripple; III, 2, 10; V, 1, 22-23, dull-wit, tobacco, train; VI, 1, 16-17, marriage, Negro; VI, 2, 3, cattle; VII, 1, 16, mask, ugly.
- B438 Body part, senses. VI, 2, 34-35, blood, flesh, shower; VIII, 1, 12-13, toe.
- B440 ANIMAL.
- B442 Mammal. IV, 1, 21, snake; IV, 2, 2-4, dragon; VI, 1, 2-3, horse; VII, 1, 5, snake, 16, ox, 28, calf; VII, 2, 28-30, baby, bear, Negro; VIII, 2, 4, dog, horse, wolf, 6, oyster, possum, raccoon, 7, cat, crab, goose, mink, mud, panther, raccoon, thief, tiger, wolf, 9, alligator, dog, goose, Indian, mink, thief, 11, dog, snake, tree.
- B444 Bird. II, 1, 18-19, owl.
- B446 Insect. VIII, 2, 13, candlestick, tumblebug.
- B448 Fish. VIII, 2, 38-41.
- B460 AIR, WEATHER, FIRE.
- B465 Ice. VI, 2, 23-24.
- B466 Hurricane. VI, 2, 21-23; VII, 1, 29-31.
- B468 Fire. I, 1, 6-7, light; VI, 2, 24-25; VIII, 1, 19; VIII, 1, 23, light, murder, Negro, 24-25, light, train, 25-26, bridge, light.
- B470 EARTH.
- B472 Formation. IV, 2, 19-21, island; VI, 1, 1-6, banks; VII, 1, 1-13, island; VIII, 1, 27-28, mountain.
- B474 Mineral. III, 2, 18, gold, 18-19; VI, 1, 7, gold, Negro, 9-10, gold, 11, gold, Negro, power.
- B475 Plant. II, 1, 20-21, Negro, tree; VII, 1, 10, rosemary bush, 28, grass, tree, 29-30, Negro, tree.
- B477 Product or activity of man or animal. I, 1, 8, haunted house; III, 2, 17, treasure; V, 1, 5-6, pottery; V, 2, 17-18, song; VI, 1, 8-9, gold, Negro, 21-22, murder, treasure, 23-26, phantom ship; VII, 1, 11-13, treasure, 28-30, church, 30-31, Negro, rocking chair; VIII, 1, 19-20, graveyard, 20, chair, cover, haunted house, light, 21, haunted house, hidden treasure, money, 22, cemetery, door, haunted house, 24, graveyard, 26, chimney, door, haunted house, murder, whiskey.
- B478 Explanation of a name. III, 2, 23-25 (mock), "Ball," death, horse; IV, 2, 19-21; IV, 2, 28-32, bat, corn, crow, ox, snake; V, 1, 3-4,

- Tar Heel; VI, 1, 3-4, horse, whale; VII, 1, 15-16, Morehead.
- B480 WATER.
- B482 Still water.
- B482.4 Small body. V, 1, 1-2, lake, weed; VI, 1, 5-6, VI, 2, 17-25, sound; VIII, 2, 38-41, lake.
- B484 Running water.
- B484.2 Large current. VI, 2, 17-25, VII, 1, 16, VIII, 2, 40-41, river.
- B484.4 Small current. VIII, 1, 22-23, creek, fish.
- B600 TALE. Story not dependent on very specific elements of person, place, or time.
- B620 ANIMAL TALE. II, 1, 14-15, buzzard, terrapin; VI, 1, 13-14, dog, fence, mouse, pea, pitcher, pump, sausage, tree; VII, 2, 24-25, bucket, cheese, fox, well, wolf.
- B640 ORDINARY TALE.
- B642 Magic. I, 1, 6-7, ghost lights.
- B644 Religious. I, 1, 9, devil (feigned); III, 2, 16, Christmas, star, 30, church.
- B646 Romantic, realistic. II, 1, 11-12, king, queen, twin, 32, Indian, princess; VII, 1, 4, wolf.
- B660 JEST, ANECDOTE.
- B662 Stupid man or woman. I, 1, 9; II, 1, 20, dog, manure, Negro; V, 1, 22-23, tobacco, train, 24, baby, court, husband, letter, Negro, stamp; VI, 1, 9, dollar, Negro, 20-21, serenade; VII, 1, 16, ox; VII, 2, 28, bear, earthquake.
- B663 Married couple. II, 1, 16-17, barn, candle, curtain, dog, mother-in-law, wife; III, 1, 12, beam, candle, dog, house, maidservant, mule, son, well, wife; VIII, 1, 11, shrew.
- B664 Woman. V, 1, 23, devil.
- B665 Man. II, 1, 16, barn, candle, father, horse, magpie, mortgage, mother; V, 1, 23, corpse, whiskey, wood, 23-24, corn, lazy; VII, 1, 4, hunt, Indian, turkey.
- B666 Lie, tall tale. III, 1, 21, 22, 23; III, 2, 3-5, dog, fish, hunt, possum, 20-21, death, horse, 25; III, 2, 26, chicken, death, weasel; V, 1, 7, blackbird, 9-10; VI, 1, 10-11; VI, 2, 2, buck, cow, moon, pigeon, rifle, snake, turkey, 2-3, horse; VII, 1, 4, snake, tree, 14, circus, strong man, tax, 15, fish, ox, spit, 16; VIII, 1, 7, dog, hunt, raccoon, turkey, 7-8, dog, hunt, quail, 8, catamount, doe, dog, dove, duck, hunt, mosquito, mule, opossum, quail, rabbit, raccoon, sapsucker, terrapin, wildcat, 9, deer, dog, fox, hunt, rabbit, 9-10, fish, photograph, 10, boat, bread, chicken, fish, roach, teeth, whiskey, worm, 11, fish, shrimp, whale.
- B667 Formula tale, endless tale. II, 1, 16-17, dog, magpie; III, 1, 12, dog; III, 2, 16, house, star; VI, 1, 13-14, cabbage pot, mouse, 15, goose, house.
- B680 DREAM TALE. IV, 1, 9-10, monster, water.
- C BALLAD, SONG, DANCE, GAME, MUSIC, VERSE.
- C200 BALLAD. I, 1, 14-15, baby, murder; II, 1, 3-4, lover, soldier, 5-6, boar, 6-7, dog, hunt, possum, 8-9, football, harp, woman; III, 1, 5, tree, 6, baby, tree, 7, bed, bird, lover, murder, 8-9, murder, ship, 10, lover, soldier; III, 2, 27, Negro, steal, 32, 33-36, journey; IV, 1, 23-24, lover, 25, religion, 26, snake, 27, ground hog, hunt, 32, death, lover; IV, 2, 14-16, feud, murder, spool, thread, 19-21, name, pirate; V, 1, 6, death, drake, snake, whiskey, 20-21, birth, murder; VI, 1, 11-12, death, mine, 17-19, horse, lover, spell; VI, 2, 26-28, husband, lynch, murder; VII, 1, 12, murder, 35-36, ball, murder; VII, 2, 11-14, murder; VIII, 1, 4-5, lover, sheep, wolf; VIII, 2, 16-17, 18, 19, hang, murder.

C300 SONG.

C320 EMOTION.

- C322 Love. IV, 1, 1, 30-31.
C324 Joy, happiness. III, 2, 27, victory; VIII, 1, 4, cuckoo, joy, spring.
C325 Sorrow, unhappiness. III, 2, 28, defeat.
C326 Admiration, praise, adulation. V, 2, 16-18, college.
C328 Good humor, jest. IV, 1, 28, dog, rooster.
C329 Ill humor, ridicule, mockery. III, 2, 28, grade, professor, 29.
C340 CRUCIAL MOMENT OF LIFE.
C345 Marriage. IV, 1, 29-30.
C347 Parting. IV, 1, 4-5, lover.
C370 RELIGIOUS. V, 2, 16, Baptist; VIII, 1, 5, Holy Spirit, hymn.

C400 DANCE.

C480 ACCESSORIES.

- C482 Musical accompaniment. VIII, 2, 35-36, rules.

C500 GAME, PASTIME, SPORT. VII, 1, 7.

C520 BODILY ACTIVITY. IV, 1, 22, team pull.

- C522 Athletic sport and exercise. I, 1, 14, finger fist; III, 1, 19-20, animal, bed, finger; VI, 2, 37, log, wrestling; VII, 1, 7, ball, box, wrestling.
C523 Singing, dancing, marching. III, 1, 15-16, green, May game; IV, 1, 30; VI, 2, 36-37, dance, 37 bagpipe.
C524 Racing, chasing, fighting. I, 1, 13, hide and seek; III, 1, 14-15, tag; IV, 1, 22, chicken, coon; VII, 1, 7, hide, race.

C530 MENTAL ACTIVITY.

- C538 Guessing. II, 1, 33, corn, grain.

C560 SPECIAL OBJECT OR IMPLEMENT. I, 1, 10-12, rope; II, 1, 33, corn, Fox and Geese, grain, 33-34, Aintney Over, ball, house, rag; III, 1, 17-18, corn, Fox and Geese, grain, Morris game, 20, chestnut, chinquapin, corn, Fox and Geese, grain, Morris game; VII, 1, 6, top, 7, rope; VIII, 1, 4, baccia, ball.

C600 MUSIC. VIII, 2, 34-37, family, liquor.

C700 VERSE WITHOUT MUSIC.

C720 NARRATIVE VERSE. II, 1, 17, cow, earthquake, horse, hurricane, mule, tax collector, 34, honey, money, Negro, teacher; IV, 1, 11; IV, 2, 22-26, letter.

C730 LYRICAL VERSE. According to Boggs's suggestion ("Folklore Classification," p. 211) all epitaphs are included here.

- C730.322 Love. V, 2, 8.

- C730.324 Joy, happiness. VII, 1, 21, affliction, pain.

- C730.325 Sorrow, unhappiness. V, 2, 11; VII, 1, 24.

- C730.326 Admiration, praise, adulation. II, 1, 25-26, fire, ring; V, 2, 1, chicken, cow, hog, socks, 2, boy, 4, patriotism, 5, 6, 7-8; V, 2, 9-10, wife, 11; V, 2, 12, monument; VII, 1, 20, flower, 21, 22; VII, 1, 23, Confederate, pacifist, 24, 26.

- C730.327 Serious condemnation, scorn, advice. II, 1, 26, duty; V, 2, 2, 3, 4; V, 2, 6, murder, 12, jest; VII, 1, 20; VII, 1, 21, breath, 23, vanity, 24, river, tree, 24-25.

- C730.328 Good humor, jest. II, 1, 25, elephant, hairpin, mountain, ocean, pig, 26, apples, cat, cradle, desert, dog, hearse, heaven, oak, orange, 27, bathtub, blood, britches, "drink," elephant, egg, feet, heaven, name, 28, (heart), name, sin, writing, 29, (club), (diamond), goldfish,

- (heart), laundry, (spade), 34, britches, Negro, nose, peach; V, 2, 4-5, climate, distress, sick, wife, 11; VII, 1, 18; VII, 1, 24, sick; VIII, 2, 15, animal.
- ✓30.329 Ill humor, ridicule, mockery. II, 1, 24, rain, stovepipe, 25, horse, monkey, statue, stork; III, 2, 22, 23, death, horse; V, 2, 6, murder.
- ✓30.330 Daily life. III, 2, 14.
- ✓30.334 Work. V, 2, 8, doctor, 8-9, lawyer, 9, architect, merchant, pastor, sailor; VII, 1, 26, captain, judge, lawyer.
- ✓30.342 Birth. II, 1, 26, baby, name.
- ✓30.345 Marriage. II, 1, 24, baby, 29, (club); V, 2, 9-10.
- ✓30.346 Death. II, 1, 26, hearse, heaven, 27, baby, heaven, 29, (spade); IV, 2, 27, soldier; V, 2, 1-12, epitaph; VII, 1, 18-26, epitaph.
- ✓30.360 Children. II, 1, 30, bear, cupboard, dress, flashlight, garden, lamb, nursery rhymes, petunia, star.
- ✓30.370 Religious. II, 1, 1, benediction; III, 2, 29-30, bell, church; V, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11; VII, 1, 19-20; VII, 1, 20, virtue, 21, worms, 22, Bible, 23, nature, 24, 25.
- ✓50 GAME VERSE.
- ✓50.522 Athletic sport and exercise. I, 1, 14, finger; III, 1, 19.
- ✓50.523 Singing, dancing, marching. III, 1, 15-16.
- ✓50.524 Racing, chasing, fighting. I, 1, 13, hide and seek; II, 1, 34-35, cuckoo, fish, goose.
- ✓50.560 Special object or implement. I, 1, 10-12, rope.
- C800 VERSE IN OTHER GROUP OF FOLKLORE.
- C820 IN PROSE NARRATIVE.
- C820.478 Explanation of a name. III, 2, 25.
- C820.620 In animal tale. VII, 2, 25, fox, rabbit.
- C860 IN BELIEF.
- C860.646 Conjuration. III, 2, 7, speech, star.
- C860.760 Method of curing. I, 1, 21, angel, burn.
- C860.870 Prediction, observation. I, 1, 20, bird; II, 1, 34, III, 2, 6, breeches, Negro, nose, peach; III, 2, 9, cloud, weather.
- C880 IN PROVERB.
- C880.100 Slogan, motto. III, 1, 27, marriage, 29, dog, vice, 31, bowling, "drink," fish.
- C890 IN RIDDLE.
- C890.200 True riddle. I, 1, 28, chimney, corner, cow, needle, tail, thread, umbrella; II, 1, 34, churn; V, 2, 20, black, blackberry, blood, bowl, churn, grass, green, hole, house, ink, pokeberry, red, smoke, 21, run, talk, tongue, wagon, walk, wasp.
- C890.400 Riddle question. I, 1, 28, horse, pear, wagon, wood; II, 1, 32, bird, corn, cow, dog, egg, gun, horse, mist, 34, cot, sack, wife.
- F CUSTOM, FESTIVAL.
- F500 CUSTOM.
- F530 DAILY LIFE.
- F532 Home. VII, 1, 9-10, clothes; VIII, 2, 4, dog, horse, meal, 45, bee martin, crow, hawk, king bird.
- F534 Work, commerce, business. VIII, 2, 29, berry, ink.
- F536 Entertainment, diversion. I, 1, 16, candy, dance, Negro, peanut; II, 1, 34, hunt, snipe; IV, 2, 7, lasses draggings; VII, 1, 5-6, bird, egg, hunt, 6, bow, rabbit, 7-8, bee, nest; VIII, 2, 35-37, music, 38-41, fish.
- F538 Church. VII, 1, 7, Sabbath; VIII, 1, 3-4, dress; VIII, 2, 36, Sabbath.

F540 CRUCIAL MOMENT OF LIFE.

F545 Marriage. VIII, 1, 3-4, dress, 29-30, egg, husband, mirror, well, wind.

F546 Death. VII, 1, 17-19, funeral.

F600 FESTIVAL.

F640 FIXED DATE.

F644 June 21 solstice to September 22. VIII, 1, 29, midsummer.

F660 MOVABLE DATE.

F663 Spring. II, 1, 39-41, eating, ramp.

F664 Summer. I, 1, 16, peanut; VI, 2, 36-37.

M ART, CRAFT, ARCHITECTURE.

M200 ART, CRAFT.

M220 RAW MATERIAL.

M223 Wood. I, 1, 17-18, wood ash.

M226 Clay. V, 1, 5-6, pottery.

M227 Weaving material. IV, 1, 11-14, pattern, quilting.

M228 Human or animal body.

M228.4 Tattoo. VIII, 2, 29, berry.

M228.6 Deformation. IV, 1, 17-18, (pierced) ears, needle, potato, thread.

M240 FINISHED PRODUCT.

M242 Occupation.

M242.3 Hunting. VI, 2, 17, possum, stick, tail; VIII, 2, 4, deer, dog, Indian, polecat, turkey.

M242.5 Agriculture. IV, 1, 22, barley, corn, oats, wheat.

M243 Household furniture and utensil. I, 1, 17-18, lye, soap.

M246 Musical instrument. VIII, 2, 32-34, banjo, dulcimer, fiddle, guitar, mandolin.

M247 Means of transportation.

M247.3 Beast of burden. IV, 1, 22, horseshoe.

M248 Dress.

M248.4 Overall body cover. VII, 1, 9, suit.

M800 ARCHITECTURE.

M840 PERMANENT AND TEMPORARY DWELLING. VI, 2, 19-20, lighthouse.

M842 Plan, design, color, building material and technique. IV, 2, 8, saddle bag house; VIII, 2, 46, bark, grass, house, tree.

M880 MONUMENT.

M887 Aqueduct. IV, 1, 22.

N FOOD, DRINK.

N200 FOOD.

N220 MENU, SERVICE.

N226 Service, table furnishing and decoration.

N226.2 Food container. VIII, 2, 46, pottery.

N240 KIND OF FOOD AND ITS PREPARATION.

N242.4 Process. VIII, 2, 46, root.

N242.6 Preservation. VIII, 2, 45, drying, pickling, 46, ice, meat, water.

N244 Plant food. VIII, 2, 29, polk root.

N244.2 Cereal. I, 1, 19, corn (pone), flour, meal; IV, 1, 21, biscuit; VIII, 2, 46, corn, hominy, meal.

N244.4 Vegetable. I, 1, 19, potato, squash; II, 1, 39-41, ramp; VIII, 2, 45, beans, "bumillions," cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, corn, cress, leek, onion, parsnip, pea, potato, purslane, rocket salad, sorrel, squash, turnip.

N244.6 Fruit. VIII, 2, 29, berry, 45, blackberry, cranberry, currant, grape, hops, huckleberry, mulberry, muskmelon, raspberry, watermelon.

N244.8 Nut. I, 1, 16, peanut; VIII, 2, 45, chinquapin, hickory, walnut.

N245 Meat.

N245.4 Wild animal. VIII, 2, 45, bear, cattle, deer, hog, rabbit, squirrel.

N245.6 Bird, poultry. I, 1, 19, chicken; VIII, 2, 45, canvasback, chicken, goose, mallard, plover, redhead, turkey.

N245.8 Fish and other animal life related to water. III, 2, 5, fish, pine bark stew; VIII, 2, 45, fish, mussel shell, terrapin.

N246 Animal product.

N246.4 Milk product.

N246.42 Cheese. VIII, 2, 46.

N246.44 Butter. VIII, 2, 46.

N247 Pastry, sweet, dessert. I, 1, 16, candy, dance, Negro; IV, 1, 21, cookies, Christmas, Easter, roll dough bunnies.

N248 Flavoring.

N248.2 Herb. VIII, 2, 46, chive, garlic, mint, tuckahoe.

N248.6 Extract. I, 1, 17, cane, syrup; VIII, 2, 45, maple tree, sugar.

N400 DRINK.

N440 KIND OF DRINK AND ITS PREPARATION.

N444 Non-alcoholic cereal beverage. IV, 2, 7, sugar cane syrup.

N445 Non-alcoholic nut beverage. VIII, 2, 46, hickory, pohickary.

N446 Brew of leaf, bark, root. I, 1, 23, 24, 25, 26; III, 2, 9-10; IV, 1, 1, 17; IV, 2, 17, 18; V, 2, 22; VI, 2, 30; VII, 1, 9; VII, 2, 26, youpon; VIII, 2, 27, 28, 29.

N447 Alcoholic beverage.

N447.2 Fermented. I, 1, 17, beer, wine; IV, 1, 21, cider, wine; IV, 2, 7, cane beer, 17, wine.

N447.4 Distilled. I, 1, 17, monkey-rum, 23-24, 25, whiskey; II, 1, 18, brandy; IV, 2, 17, 18, V, 2, 22, VIII, 2, 29, whiskey; VIII, 2, 46, rum.

N448 Drink from animal product.

N448.4 Milk. I, 1, 25; III, 2, 9, 11; IV, 1, 18; IV, 2, 17; VII, 2, 18; VIII, 2, 29.

P BELIEF.

P400 LEGEND.

P420 SUPERNATURAL BEING.

P429 Ghast, spirit, phantom, specter. VI, 1, 11.

P430 HUMAN BEING.

P435 Witch. IV, 1, 4; VII, 1, 10, rosemary bush.

P438 Body part, senses. I, 1, 20, boil, 21, hair, 22, teeth; VI, 2, 34, blood, flesh; VIII, 2, 47, bashful, choleric, fingernails, knowledge, melancholic, red, toenail, 48, ambitious, conceit, fingernail, persecution.

P440 ANIMAL. VIII, 2, 4-15.

P442 Mammal. I, 1, 21, horsehair, snake, worm; III, 2, 8, bee, cat, cat-nip, cow, dog, horsehair, snake; IV, 1, 16, snake; V, 1, 13-14, badger, claud, ground hog, sun; VII, 2, 18-22, dog; VIII, 2, 4, beaver, 6, badger, beaver, cat, crab, mankey, oyster, possum, raccoon, salt, 7, bear, crab, dog, raccoon, tiger, 9, alligator, 11, goose, 11-12, snake, 12, egg, milk, mouse, squirrel, terrapin, 13, pig, 15, Indian, whale.

P444 Bird. I, 1, 20; I, 1, 22, owl, shovel; II, 1, 18-19, owl; VIII, 2, 13, eagle, egg, Indian, Negro, owl, pig, turkey.

P446 Insect. VIII, 2, 12-13, beetle, horse, tumblebug.

P448 Fish. IV, 1, 21, brainfood, milk, poison; VIII, 2, 15.

P450 CELESTIAL BODY.

P453 Moon. I, 1, 20, cow, 21; I, 1, 22, soap; IV, 1, 16.

P470 EARTH.

P472 Formation. VI, 1, 5, forest, 6, house, sand.

P475 Plant. IV, 2, 17, nail, tree.

P478 Explanation of a name. IV, 1, 21, "graveyard stew," milk toast.

P500 CUSTOM.

P530 DAILY LIFE.

P532 Home. I, 1, 20, ashes, 21, cook; III, 2, 7, kraut, pregnant, sweep, 8, dog, doorstep, flint, hair, hawk, lightning; IV, 1, 16, feet, sweep, 21, blood, chicken; IV, 2, 18, bitter medicine; VII, 2, 21, cut, dog, eyebrow, gunpowder, tail.

P533 Relations between relatives, friends, enemies. III, 2, 7, enemy, snake.

P534 Work, commerce, business. I, 1, 22, moon, soap; III, 2, 12, cattle insemination; VI, 1, 4-5, pirate, wrecker; VII, 2, 18, surgery, zodiac.

P536 Entertainment, diversion. III, 2, 8, cards, chair; IV, 1, 22, air, hunt, moon, raccoon; VII, 1, 6, arm, wren.

P540 CRUCIAL MOMENT OF LIFE.

P542 Birth, breeding. I, 1, 21, fowl, hair; III, 2, 9, child, 12; VII, 2, 20-21, alcohol, dog, nursing, turpentine; VIII, 2, 6, possum, 7, bear, 9, fish, teeth, venery, 13, egg, milk, turkey, water, 15, whale, 28, alligator, birth mark, cripple, deformity, frog, toad, 29, ax, 30, scissors, sugar, trousers, umbilical cord.

P545 Marriage. I, 1, 20, chair, 21, lover, 22, dream, needle, salt, saucer, spider, toe, 22-23, ball, thread; III, 2, 7, apple, blue bird, button, hair, heel, knife, love, name, seed, stocking, whippoorwill.

P546 Death. I, 1, 20, cemetery, 23, cedar tree; III, 2, 7, grave, shovel, 8, bee, 9, child, VII, 2, 22, dog, magic, rabies.

P600 MAGIC OF SPEECH, SIGN, COLOR.

P640 EXPRESSION OF FIXED FORM.

P642 Prayer. I, 1, 21, angel, burn; III, 2, 9, bless, sneeze.

P646 Charm, enchantment, conjuration. I, 1, 22, Bible, nosebleed, 23, ball, thread; III, 2, 7, star, wish; IV, 1, 17, formula; VII, 2, 20, dog, litter; VIII, 1, 15-16, bleeding, burn, water, 17, Bible; VIII, 2, 27, Bible, cross-road, sty, 28, angel, Bible, frost, 29, bleeding.

P660 WORD, LETTER. I, 1, 20, alphabet.

P680 SIGN, COLOR.

P682.4 Cross and its various modifications. III, 2, 8.

P700 MEDICINE.

P720 CURER. I, 1, 20, bastard; III, 2, 9, burn, hives, 11, hives; IV, 1, snake-bite, 18, throat; VII, 1, 9, herb; VIII, 1, 13, mother, 15, nose, 15-16; VIII, 1, 16, 17-18, burn; VIII, 2, 28, burn, stranger.

P740 MEANS OF CAUSING OR AVOIDING ILLNESS. I, 1, 23, toad, wart, 26, flour, pepper, salt; II, 1, 19, collard; III, 2, 9, asafetida, buckeye, moon, sheep manure tea; IV, 1, 17, wine; IV, 2, 17, mustard leaves; VI, 2, 30, treadsolve briar fruit; VII, 2, 18, candy, meat, milk, 19, mange; VIII, 1, 16, frog, wart; VIII, 2, 28, Negro, rag, umbilical cord, 29, luck, sheep manure, snake root, 30, sugar.

P750 REMEDY. Specific illnesses and remedies are indexed in detail in the Word Index (Section 7).

- P752 Animal. Animal products used as remedies are also included here. I, 1, 21, 23-25; III, 2, 9, 11; IV, 1, 17-18; IV, 2, 17-18; VI, 2, 30; VII, 1, 9; VII, 2, 22; VIII, 1, 12, 13, 27-29.
- P754 Plant. Plant products used as remedies are also included here. I, 1, 20, 22-26; II, 1, 18; III, 2, 9-10; IV, 1, 1, 17, 18, 21; IV, 2, 17-18; V, 2, 22; VI, 2, 30-31; VII, 1, 9; VII, 2, 18; VIII, 1, 12, 14-15; VIII, 2, 27-29.
- P756 Mineral. Mineral products used as remedies are also included here. I, 1, 23-26; III, 2, 9-10; IV, 1, 1, 17; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 18, 19, 22; VIII, 1, 12, 16; VIII, 2, 28-30.
- P760 METHOD OF CURING. I, 1, 21, angel, burn, hog, 22, Bible, nosebleed, sock, 23, 24; I, 1, 25, lockjaw, pneumonia, scarify; III, 2, 9, doorstep, pin, scarify, 10; III, 2, 11, scarify; IV, 1, 1; IV, 2, 17, ear-ache, 18, knife; V, 2, 27, bore; VI, 2, 31; VII, 2, 19, chair, fire, hang, 22, rabies; VIII, 1, 13-16; VIII, 2, 27, 28; VIII, 2, 29, towel.
- P770 SURGERY. I, 1, 25, hives; III, 2, 9, hives, wart, 11, hives; IV, 1, 17-18, ear; IV, 2, 18, blood; VII, 2, 18, tail, tongue, 19, ear; VIII, 1, 12, blood, knife; VIII, 2, 28, wart.
- P800 PREDICTION, DIVINATION.
- P840 SPIRIT, MIND, BODY, DREAM. I, 1, 20, cow, 21, dog, fowl, 22, death, meat, salt, toe; III, 2, 7.
- P860 USE OF OBJECT. I, 1, 20, buzzard, 21, cowlick, state, 22, needle, salt, saucer, toe; III, 2, 7, apple, button, heel, stocking; IV, 1, 16, fork, husband, pie; V, 1, 18, tree-frog; VIII, 1, 29, alphabet letter, apple, egg, husband, mirror, water, well, 30, egg.
- P870 OBSERVATION. Specific items observed are indexed in detail in the Word Index (Section 7). I, 1, 20-22; II, 1, 18-19, 35; III, 2, 6, 7, 9; IV, 1, 16, 17, 19-20; V, 1, 11-19; VII, 2, 19, 20, 22; VIII, 2, 47-48.
- P880 FATE, DESTINY, LUCK, CHANCE. I, 1, 20, baby, Bible, Christmas, luck, table, 21, dress, luck; III, 2, 7, black-eyed peas, cabbage, Christmas, hog jowl, New Year, opal, umbrella, wealth, 8, ax, (black) cat, blue bird, clover, cross, door, finger, Friday, garment, hat, horse shoe, journey, ladder, luck, match, mirror, mule shoe, pin, rabbit, salt, shoe, thirteen, three; IV, 1, 16-17, cabbage, death, name, New Year, pillow case; VII, 2, 22, dog, luck; VIII, 2, 28, birthmark, caul, luck, 47, fingernail, luck, toenail.

S SPEECH.

S200 PHONOLOGY, PHONETICS.

S220 GENERAL QUALITY OF SOUNDS. VI, 2, 29, will, misspelling.

S226 Folk etymology. III, 2, 38-39.

S500 VOCABULARY. III, 2, 38-39, gar broth, gowbral; IV, 2, 7, lasses dragging, 8, piles.

S520 COMMON WORD. VIII, 2, 9, insect.

S550 VOCABULARY OF SPECIAL GROUP. III, 2, 13-14, Negro; VI, 2, 36-37, Scots.

S555 Game, pastime, sport. VIII, 2, 33, musical instruments.

S570 FORMULA. II, 1, 34, meaningless chant.

V PROVERBS.

V100 SLOGAN, MOTTO. Specific topics and objects are indexed in the Word Index (Section 7). III, 1, 26-32.

V200 PROVERBIAL METAPHOR. Specific topics and objects are indexed in the Word Index (Section 7). I, 1, 26-27; IV, 1, 16, 34; V, 2, 27; VI, 2, 7-17.

- V300 PROVERBIAL APOTHEGM, MAXIM. 1, 1, 26, absent, 27, borrow, broad, feast, go, long; VI, 2, 7, baby, corpse, 9, day, 10, hand, heart, rain, 11, little, 12, pretty, ugly.
- V400 BLASON POPULAIRE. 1, 1, 26, beggar, louse, 27, thief.
- V500 WELLERISM. IV, 2, 9, cow, pig, sty.
- V600 PROVERBIAL PHRASE. IV, 1, 16, crying; VI, 2, 9, calf, cow, crow, 10, feet, fire, 15, trumpet, 16, God, Leo, meddler.
- V700 PROVERBIAL COMPARISON. Specific topics and objects are indexed in the Word Index (Section 7). 1, 1, 26-27; IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 7-17; VII, 1, 16.

W RIDDLE.

- W200 TRUE RIDDLE. 1, 1, 28, chimney, corner, cow, equal, needle, tail, thread, umbrella; II, 1, 34, churn; V, 2, 20, air, baldhead, bed, biscuit, black, broom, cat, coal, comb, corner, current, dishpan, ditch, door, eat, electric, eye, fly, foot, fur, garbage, griddle, head, hide, horse, house, ice, jar, leg, life, man, newspaper, plow, potato, red, riddle, tail, teeth, truck, walk, water, wheel, white, yard, zebra, 21, chimney, cup, dog, frog, hole, puppy, saucer, snake, sponge, strainer, umbrella, water, well.
- W400 RIDDLE QUESTION. 1, 1, 28, ashes, horse, pear, wagon, wood; II, 1, 32, bird, corn, cow, dog, egg, gun, horse, mist, 34, cat, sack, wife, 35, shoe; V, 2, 21, Red Sea, sick, stone, white, word.

Section 7: WORD INDEX.

This index alphabetizes words helpful for locating certain particular subjects in the journal. These words include 1) nearly all the key words from the Subject Index, 2) important words in the headings of Boggs's subject divisions, 3) key words, not included in Section 6, from proverbs and beliefs, and 4) all diseases, illnesses, and their remedies.

Each entry refers the reader to the letter and number of the class in the Subject Index, or to the volume, number, and page(s) of the journal, where that particular subject is located.

A

Absent. I, 1, 26.
 Accompaniment (musical). C482.
 Admiration. C326; C730.326.
 Adulation. C326; C730.326.
 Advice. C730.327; VI, 2, 7.
 Affliction. VII, 1, 21.
 Age. VI, 2, 7.
 Agriculture. M242.5
 Aintney Over. II, 1, 33-34.
 Air. B460; IV, 1, 22; V, 1, 15;
 V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 11.
 Alcohol. N447; VII, 2, 21; see
 also beer, brandy, cider, "drink,"
 rum, whiskey, and wine.
 Alder tea (tea). IV, 2, 17.
 Alligator. VIII, 2, 9, 28.
 Almanac. V, 1, 11.
 Alphabet. I, 1, 20; VIII, 1, 29.
 Alum. IV, 2, 17.
 Ambitious. VIII, 2, 48.
 Analysis. A740.
 Anecdote. B660.
 Angel. B422; I, 1, 21; VIII, 2, 28.
 Animal. B440; B477; B620; C820.
 620; M228; N245.4; N245.6;
 N245.8; N246; N448; P440; P752;
 III, 1, 19; VIII, 2, 1-15. Look
 also under specific names.
 Ankle (sprained). VIII, 2, 28.
 Ant. III, 2, 9; V, 1, 11; VIII, 2,
 28.
 Apple. II, 1, 26; III, 2, 7; IV, 1,
 19; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 1, 29.
 Aqueduct. M887.
 Arbeit. IV, 1, 16. See work.
 Architect. V, 2, 9.
 Architecture. M800.
 Arm. VI, 2, 7; VII, 1, 6.
 Art. M200.
 Asafetida. I, 1, 23-24; III, 2, 9.
 Ash. IV, 2, 18.
 Ashes. I, 1, 17, 20, 28.
 Asthma. VIII, 2, 29.
 Athletic. C522; C750.522.
 Auger. VI, 2, 7.

Aurora borealis. V, 1, 12.
 Ax. III, 2, 8; VIII, 2, 29.

B

Baby. I, 1, 15, 20; II, 1, 24, 26,
 27; III, 1, 6; III, 2, 6, 7; V, 1,
 24; VI, 2, 7; VII, 1, 27; VII, 2,
 28-30; VIII, 1, 21, 25-26; VIII,
 2, 28(misdeveloped).
 Baccia. VIII, 1, 4.
 Back. I, 1, 26, 27; VI, 2, 9; VIII,
 2, 29(bad).
 Backbone. VI, 2, 7.
 Background. A500.
 Badger. V, 1, 13-14; VIII, 2, 6.
 Bag(saddle). IV, 2, 8.
 Bagpipe. VI, 2, 37.
 Baldhead. V, 2, 20.
 Ball. I, 1, 22-23; II, 1, 33-34;
 III, 2, 20-25("Ball"); VII, 1, 7,
 35-36; VIII, 1, 4. See also foot-
 ball.
 Ballad. C200; III, 2, 31-37; IV,
 1, 31-33; VII, 2, 1-17; VIII, 2,
 17-21.
 Ball tea. I, 1, 24, 25; IV, 1, 17;
 IV, 2, 17.
 Balm of Gilead. VII, 1, 9.
 Bandit. B434.
 Banjo. VIII, 2, 33-37.
 Bank. III, 2, 17.
 Bankers. VI, 1, 1-2.
 Banks. VI, 1, 1-6.
 Baptist. V, 2, 16.
 Bar. VI, 2, 16.
 Bark. N446; III, 2, 5; VI, 2, 7;
 VIII, 2, 46.
 Barley. IV, 1, 22.
 Barn. II, 1, 16, 17.
 Bashful. VIII, 2, 47.
 Bastard. I, 1, 20; VI, 2, 8.
 Bat. IV, 2, 28-29.
 Bathtub. II, 1, 27.
 Batter. IV, 2, 17.
 Beam. III, 1, 12.
 Bean. VIII, 2, 45.

- Bear. II, 1, 30; V, 1, 12; VI, 2, 3;
VII, 1, 3; VII, 2, 28-30; VIII, 2,
7, 45.
- Beast. V, 1, 17.
- Beast (of burden). M247.3.
- Beaver. VIII, 2, 4, 6.
- Bed. III, 1, 7, 19-20; III, 2, 9(wetting);
V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 9.
- Bee. III, 2, 6, 8; VI, 2, 10; VII, 1,
7-8.
- Bee martin. VIII, 2, 45.
- Beer. I, 1, 17; IV, 2, 7. See also
alcohol, brandy, cider, "drink," rum,
whiskey, and wine.
- Beeswax. IV, 2, 18; VII, 1, 9.
- Beetle. VIII, 2, 12-13.
- Beggar. I, 1, 26.
- Belief. C860, P.
- Bell. III, 2, 29-30; V, 1, 17.
- Belly. I, 1, 26. See also stomach.
- Benediction. II, 1, 1.
- Berry. III, 2, 9; IV, 2, 17, 18; V, 1,
12; VIII, 2, 29.
- Bible. I, 1, 20, 22; VI, 2, 12; VII, 1,
22; VIII, 1, 17; VIII, 2, 27, 28.
- Bibliography. A200.
- Bird. B444; N245.6; P444; II, 1, 32;
III, 1, 7; III, 2, 6, 7, 8; VII, 1,
5-6. Look also under specific names.
- Birth. C730.342; P542; III, 2, 6; V, 1,
20-21.
- Birthmark. VIII, 2, 28.
- Biscuit. I, 1, 25; IV, 1, 21; V, 2, 20.
- Bite. VI, 2, 7.
- Black. V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 9.
- Blackberry. IV, 2, 17; V, 2, 20; VIII,
2, 45.
- Blackbird. V, 1, 7. See also crow.
- Black cat. III, 2, 8.
- Black-eyed peas. III, 2, 7.
- Blackgum. VI, 2, 8, 11.
- Blackhall berry. VIII, 2, 29.
- Blackjack. IV, 2, 17.
- Blason populaire. V400.
- Blasphemy. V, 2, 13-14.
- Bleeding. I, 1, 23; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 1,
12-14, 15-16; VIII, 2, 13, 27, 28, 29.
- Bless. III, 2, 9.
- Blister. IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 29. See also
burn.
- Blood. I, 1, 25; II, 1, 27; III, 2, 9, 11;
IV, 1, 17, 21; IV, 2, 17, 18; V, 2, 20;
VI, 2, 8, 34-35; VIII, 1, 12; VIII, 2,
28, 29.
- Blue. V, 1, 15, 16.
- Blue bird. III, 2, 7, 8.
- Boar. II, 1, 5-6.
- Boar-hog root. VIII, 2, 29.
- Boat. I, 1, 27; VIII, 1, 10.
- Body. B438; C520; M228; M248.4;
P438; P450; P840.
- Boil. I, 1, 20, 23; IV, 2, 17, 18;
VI, 2, 30; VII, 1, 9; VIII, 2, 29.
- Bone. III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17 (broken);
V, 1, 13; VI, 2, 9; VI, 2, 11(jaw).
- Bone felon. I, 1, 23.
- Boneset. I, 1, 24; IV, 1, 17.
- Boone, Daniel. I, 1, 5-6.
- Boot. VI, 2, 13.
- Borax. I, 1, 23, 26; VIII, 2, 28.
- Bore. V, 2, 27.
- Borrow. I, 1, 27.
- Bottle. IV, 1, 8-9.
- Bow. VI, 2, 10; VII, 1, 6.
- Bowels. I, 1, 21.
- Bowl. V, 2, 20.
- Bowling. III, 1, 31.
- Box. VII, 1, 7.
- Boy. V, 2, 2; VI, 2, 8; VII, 1,
5-6.
- Brain. I, 1, 27.
- Brainfood. IV, 1, 21.
- Brandy. II, 1, 18. See also alcohol,
beer, cider, "drink," rum,
whiskey, and wine.
- Breeding. P542.
- Bread. I, 1, 27; VIII, 1, 10; VIII,
2, 27.
- Breast. I, 1, 21, 24.
- Breath. IV, 1, 18; VII, 1, 21.
- Breeches. II, 1, 34; III, 2, 6; V,
1, 12. See also britches, pants,
and trousers.
- Brew. N446.
- Bridge. I, 1, 27; III, 1, 3-4; VI,
2, 8; VIII, 1, 25-26.
- Bridle. VI, 2, 8.
- Britches. II, 1, 27, 34. See also
breeches, pants, and trousers.
- Broad. I, 1, 27.
- Broken bone. IV, 1, 17.
- Broken leg(dog). VII, 2, 19.
- Broom. IV, 1, 16; V, 2, 20.
- Broom sage. IV, 2, 17.
- Bruise. I, 1, 25; VII, 1, 9; VIII,
2, 29.
- Buck. VI, 2, 2.
- Bucket. VII, 2, 25.
- Buckeye. I, 1, 20; III, 2, 9; IV,
1, 17; VIII, 2, 29.
- Bug. IV, 1, 17; VI, 2, 11, 16.
- Building. M842.
- Bunny. IV, 1, 21.
- Burdock root. VI, 2, 30.

"Bumillions." VIII, 2, 45.
 Burn. I, 1, 21, 22; III, 2, 9, 11; VIII,
 1, 16, 17-18; VIII, 2, 27, 28, 29.
 See also blister.
 Bush. VI, 2, 13; VII, 1, 10.
 Bushel. I, 1, 27; VI, 2, 8.
 Business. F534; P534.
 Butter. N246.44; VIII, 2, 28.
 Button. III, 2, 7.
 Buzzard. I, 1, 20; II, 1, 14-15; VI,
 2, 8, 10, 17.

C

Cabbage. III, 2, 7; IV, 1, 16; VI,
 13-14; VIII, 2, 45.
 Cake. VI, 2, 13.
 Calamus root. IV, 2, 17.
 Calf. VI, 2, 9; VII, 1, 28.
 Camphor. I, 1, 24; III, 2, 9; IV, 2,
 17.
 Candle. II, 1, 16, 17; III, 1, 12.
 Candlestick. VIII, 2, 13.
 Candy. I, 1, 16; VII, 2, 18.
 Cane. I, 1, 17; IV, 2, 7.
 Canvasback. VIII, 2, 45.
 Captain. VII, 1, 26.
 Cards. III, 2, 8.
 Carpenter. III, 1, 3-4.
 Carrot. VIII, 2, 45.
 Cart. VI, 2, 16; VIII, 1, 22.
 Castor oil. I, 1, 24, 25; VIII, 2, 29.
 Cat. I, 1, 6; II, 1, 26, 34; III, 2, 8;
 V, 1, 12; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 8, 16;
 VIII, 2, 6, 7, 27.
 Catamount. VIII, 1, 8.
 Catbird. VI, 2, 11.
 Catnip. I, 1, 24; III, 2, 8; IV, 2,
 17; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 29.
 Cattle. III, 2, 12; VI, 2, 3; VIII, 2,
 45.
 Caul. VIII, 2, 28.
 Cauliflower. VIII, 2, 45.
 Cedar. I, 1, 23.
 Cemetery. I, 1, 20; VIII, 1, 22. See
 also graveyard.
 Cent. VI, 2, 14.
 Cereal. N244.2; N444.
 Chain. VIII, 1, 19-20.
 Chair. I, 1, 20; III, 2, 8; VII, 1, 30-
 31; VII, 2, 19; VIII, 1, 20, 21.
 Chance. P880.
 Chant (meaningless). II, 1, 34.
 Chapped hands. VIII, 2, 29.
 Charge. VI, 2, 8.
 Chase. C524; C750.524.
 Chaulk. VI, 2, 8.

Cheese. N246.42; VI, 2, 8; VII,
 2, 24-25.
 Cherry. IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 29.
 Chestnut. III, 1, 20.
 Chicken. I, 1, 19; III, 2, 26; IV,
 1, 21, 22; V, 2, 1; VI, 2, 8, 13;
 VII, 1, 10-11; VIII, 1, 10; VIII,
 2, 28, 29, 45. See also hen and
 rooster.
 Child. III, 2, 9.
 Children. C730.360; III, 1, 13-
 16. See also baby, daughter, and
 son.
 Chills. V, 2, 22.
 Chimney. I, 1, 28; V, 1, 17; V,
 2, 21; VIII, 1, 26.
 China berry. IV, 2, 17.
 Chinquapin. III, 1, 20; VIII, 2, 45.
 Chive. VIII, 2, 46.
 Choleric. VIII, 2, 47.
 Christmas. I, 1, 20; III, 2, 7, 9,
 16; IV, 1, 21; V, 1, 12 (green);
 V, 1, 14, 17, 18; VI, 2, 8.
 Church. F538; III, 2, 29-30; VII,
 1, 28-30.
 Churn. II, 1, 34; V, 2, 20.
 Cider. IV, 1, 21. See also alcohol,
 beer, brandy, "drink," rum,
 whiskey, and wine.
 Cinders. IV, 2, 17.
 Circus. IV, 1, 3-4; VII, 1, 14.
 Civil War. V, 2, 29.
 Classification. A600.
 Clay. M226.
 Climate. V, 2, 5.
 Cloth(dish). III, 2, 6.
 Clothes. VII, 1, 9-10. See also
 dress.
 Clouds. III, 2, 9; V, 1, 12, 13,
 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.
 Clover. III, 2, 8.
 Club. II, 1, 29.
 Coals. IV, 2, 17; V, 2, 20.
 Cobweb. VIII, 1, 12.
 Coffin. VI, 2, 12; VIII, 1, 23.
 Coins. VI, 1, 8. See also money.
 Colitis. VII, 2, 20.
 Cold. I, 1, 24; III, 2, 9; IV, 1,
 17; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 28.
 Colic. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2,
 30; VIII, 2, 13, 29.
 Colitis. I, 1, 24.
 Collard. II, 1, 19; VI, 2, 16, 30.
 Collecting. A640.
 College. III, 2, 27-30; V, 2, 16-18.
 Color. M842; P680; VI, 2, 13. Look
 also under specific name.

Columbus. III, 1, 21.
 Comb. V, 2, 20.
 Comfrey root. VI, 2, 30.
 Comic. IV, 2, 8.
 Commerce. F534; P534.
 Compass. VII, 2, 20.
 Complaint. III, 1, 30.
 Concelt. VIII, 2, 48.
 Condemnation. C730.327.
 Cone. V, 1, 11.
 Confederate. VII, 1, 23.
 Congress. VIII, 2, 49.
 Conjuraton. C860.646; P646.
 Constipation. IV, 2, 17.
 Container. N226.2.
 Cook. I, 1, 21.
 Cookies. IV, 1, 21.
 Copper wire. VII, 2, 19.
 Corn. I, 1, 19(pone); II, 1, 32, 33;
 III, 1, 17-18, 20; IV, 1, 22; IV,
 2, 29; V, 1, 12, 24; VI, 2, 8; VIII,
 2, 45, 46.
 Corner. I, 1, 28; V, 2, 20.
 Corona. V, 1, 12. See also halo and
 ring.
 Corpse. V, 1, 23; VI, 2, 7.
 Cotton seed. VI, 2, 30.
 Cough. I, 1, 24; IV, 1, 17; IV, 2,
 17, 18; VIII, 2, 28, 29. See also
 whooping.
 Counsel. I, 1, 27.
 Court. V, 1, 24.
 Cover. M248.4; VIII, 1, 20.
 Cow. I, 1, 20, 28; II, 1, 17, 32; III,
 2, 8, 9; IV, 1, 17; IV, 2, 9; V, 1,
 13; V, 2, 1, 22, 27; VI, 2, 2, 9,
 12; VIII, 2, 29.
 Cowlick. I, 1, 21.
 Crab. VIII, 2, 6, 7.
 Cradle. II, 1, 26.
 Craft. M200.
 Cramps. IV, 2, 17.
 Cranberry. VIII, 2, 45.
 Creek. VIII, 1, 22-23.
 Cress. VIII, 2, 45.
 Crib. VII, 1, 27.
 Crick. I, 1, 21.
 Criminal. B434.
 Cripple. III, 1, 3-4; VIII, 2, 28.
 Crockett, Davy. III, 1, 21.
 Cross. P682.4
 Crossroad. VIII, 2, 27.
 Croup. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2,
 28.
 Crow. IV, 2, 31; V, 1, 13; VI, 2, 9;
 VIII, 2, 45. See also blackbird.

Crying. IV, 1, 16.
 Cuckoo. II, 1, 35; VIII, 1, 4.
 Cud. VI, 2, 9.
 Cup. I, 1, 27; V, 2, 21.
 Cupboard. II, 1, 30.
 Curer. P720.
 Curing. C860.760; P760.
 Currant. VIII, 2, 45.
 Current. V, 2, 20.
 Curtain. II, 1, 17.
 Custom. F500; P500.
 Cut. IV, 1, 17; VI, 2, 9; VII, 2,
 21.

D

Dance. C400; C523; C750.523; I
 1, 16; VI, 2, 9.
 Daughter. I, 1, 27. See also baby
 and child.
 Day. VI, 2, 9.
 Death. C730.346; F546; P546; I,
 1, 22; II, 1, 35; III, 2, 6, 20-
 26; IV, 1, 16-17, 19-20, 32; V,
 1, 6; VI, 1, 11-12; VI, 2, 9.
 See also murder and suicide.
 Decoration. N226.
 Deer. II, 1, 13-14; VII, 2, 22;
 VIII, 1, 9; VIII, 2, 4, 45.
 Defeat. III, 2, 28.
 Deformity. B437; M228.6; VIII, 2,
 28.
 Delirium. II, 1, 18.
 Demon. B425.
 Desert. II, 1, 26.
 Design. M842.
 De Soto. III, 1, 21.
 Dessert. N247.
 Destiny. P880.
 Devil. B425; I, 1, 9(feigned), 27;
 V, 1, 23; VI, 2, 9, 15.
 Dew. III, 2, 9; V, 1, 13.
 Dewclaws. VI, 2, 9.
 Diamond. II, 1, 29.
 Diarrhea. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 17;
 VII, 2, 19(dog).
 Dirt. VI, 2, 30. See also mud.
 Dirt dauber. III, 2, 9; VIII, 1, 12.
 See also wasp.
 Diseased. B437.
 Dish. VI, 2, 9.
 Dish cloth. III, 2, 6.
 Dishpan. V, 2, 20.
 Distress. V, 2, 5.
 Ditch. V, 2, 20.
 Diversion. F536; P536.

Divination. P800.
 Doctor. B435(root); V, 2, 8. See also medicine.
 Doe. VIII, 1, 8.
 Dog. I, 1, 21, 27; II, 1, 6-7, 17, 26, 32; III, 1, 12, 27, 28, 29, 32; III, 2, 3-5, 8; IV, 1, 5, 18, 28; V, 1, 13, 18(sun); V, 2, 21; VI, 1, 13-14; VI, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 14; VII, 2, 18-22; VIII, 1, 7-9; VIII, 2, 4, 7, 9, 11.
 Dollar. VI, 1, 9.
 Donkey. III, 1, 30; VIII, 2, 29.
 Door. III, 2, 6, 8; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 14, 16; VIII, 1, 22, 26.
 Doorstep. III, 2, 8, 9.
 Dough. IV, 1, 21.
 Dove. III, 2, 6; VIII, 1, 8.
 Dragon. IV, 2, 2-4.
 Drake. V, 1, 6.
 Dream. B680; P840.
 Dress. M248; I, 1, 21; II, 1, 30; VIII, 1, 3-4. See also clothes.
 Drink. N440.
 "Drink." II, 1, 27; III, 1, 29, 31; V, 2, 13-14; VI, 2, 16; VIII, 2, 36.
 See also alcohol, beer, brandy, cider, rum, whiskey, and wine.
 Driving. III, 1, 28.
 Drought. V, 1, 13.
 Drying. VIII, 2, 45.
 Duck. V, 1, 15; VI, 2, 15, 16; VIII, 1, 8. Look also under specific types.
 Dulcimer. VIII, 2, 33-37.
 Dull-wit. V, 1, 22-23.
 Duty. II, 1, 26.
 Dwelling. M840.
 Dysentery. IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 29.

E

Eagle. VIII, 2, 13.
 Ear. IV, 1, 17-18(pierced); VII, 2, 19; VIII, 2, 47.
 Earache. IV, 2, 17.
 Earring. III, 2, 10.
 Earth. B470; P470.
 Earthquake. II, 1, 17; VII, 2, 28.
 Easter. IV, 1, 21; V, 1, 12(white), 17.
 Eat. II, 1, 39-41; V, 2, 20.
 Eel. V, 1, 13; VI, 2, 11.
 Education. II, 1, 14.
 Egg. I, 1, 23, 24; II, 1, 27, 32; IV, 2, 17, 18; VI, 2, 13; VII, 1, 5-6; VIII, 1, 29, 30; VIII, 2, 12, 13, 29.
 Electric. V, 2, 20.

Elephant. II, 1, 25, 27.
 Elder. IV, 1, 21.
 Elm. I, 1, 24.
 Emotion. C320.
 Enchantment. P646.
 Endless (tale). B667.
 Enemy. P533.
 Entertainment. F536; P536.
 Environment. A500.
 Epileptic. III, 2, 10.
 Epitaph. V, 2, 1-12; VII, 1, 18-26.
 Epsom salts. I, 1, 25.
 Equals. I, 1, 28.
 Etymology. S226.
 Exercise. C522; C750.522.
 Expression. P640.
 Extract. N248.6.
 Eye. III, 2, 6, 10; V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 13, 27 (sty), (dirt in), 29.
 Eyebrow. VII, 2, 21; VIII, 2, 47.

F

Face. I, 1, 27.
 Family. IV, 1, 20; VIII, 2, 35-36.
 Fanatic. VI, 2, 5.
 Fat. VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 29. See also suet and tallow.
 Fate. P880.
 Father. II, 1, 16.
 Feast. I, 1, 27.
 Feet. I, 1, 21; II, 1, 27; III, 2, 7; IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 10, 16; VIII, 1, 21; VIII, 2, 47. See also foot.
 Female troubles. VIII, 2, 29.
 Fence. VI, 1, 13-14; VI, 2, 16.
 Festival. F600; I, 1, 29-31; II, 1, 36-38; III, 1, 35-36; IV, 1, 35-36; VI, 1, 27; VII, 1, 31; VIII, 1, 6.
 Fetus. III, 2, 9.
 Feud. IV, 2, 12-16; VII, 2, 1.
 Fever. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 18; V, 2, 22; VI, 2, 30.
 Fever blister. IV, 2, 17.
 Fiddle. VI, 2, 10; VIII, 2, 32-34.
 Fight. C524; C750.524.
 Finger. I, 1, 14; III, 1, 19-20; III, 2, 8; VI, 2, 10.
 Fingernail. VIII, 2, 47, 48.
 Fire. B460; B468; II, 1, 25; IV, 1, 21; VI, 1, 25-26; VI, 2, 10, 11, 14; VII, 2, 19.
 Fish. B448; N245.8; P448; II, 1,

35; III, 1, 28, 31; III, 2, 3-5; V, 1, 13; VI, 2, 10; VII, 1, 15; VII, 2, 26-27; VIII, 1, 9-10, 11, 22-23; VIII, 2, 9.

Fist. I, 1, 14.

Fits. IV, 2, 17; VII, 2, 19(dog).

Flashlight. II, 1, 30.

Flavoring. N248.

Flea. I, 1, 27.

Flesh. VI, 2, 34-35.

Flint. III, 2, 8.

Flour. I, 1, 19, 26.

Flower. VII, 1, 20.

Flux. IV, 2, 17.

Fly. V, 1, 13; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 9, 16.

Fodder. I, 1, 25; IV, 2, 18.

Fog. IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 13.

Folk. S226; IV, 1, 15-22; V, 1, 7-8; VI, 2, 1-6.

Folk festival. I, 1, 29-31; II, 1, 36-38; III, 1, 35-36; IV, 1, 35-36; VI, 1, 27; VII, 1, 31; VIII, 1, 6.

Folklore prize. III, 2, 41.

Folklore congress. VIII, 2, 49.

Folk medicine. P700; VIII, 2, 26-27.

Food. N200.

Fool. I, 1, 27; VI, 2, 10.

Fool killer. VIII, 2, 22-23.

Foot. III, 2, 9; V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 48.

See also feet.

Football. II, 1, 8-9; III, 2, 27-28.

Forest. VI, 1, 5.

Fork. III, 2, 6.

Formation (earth). B472; P472.

Formula. S570; IV, 1, 17.

Formula tale. B667.

Fowl. I, 1, 21.

Fox. II, 1, 33; III, 1, 17-18, 20, 26; VII, 2, 24-25; VIII, 1, 9.

Freckles. III, 2, 9.

Friday. III, 2, 8.

Friend. P533.

Frog. V, 2, 21; VIII, 1, 16; VIII, 2, 28.

Frog (tree-). V, 1, 18.

Frost. IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 13, 15; VIII, 2, 28.

Fruit. N244.6; V, 2, 20.

Funeral. IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 9; VII, 1, 17-19.

Fur. V, 2, 20.

Furnishing (table). N226.

Furniture (household). M243.

G

Game. C500; C750; S555; III, 1, 13-16.

Gander. VI, 2, 16.

Garbage. V, 2, 20.

Gar broth. III, 2, 38-39.

Garden. II, 1, 30.

Garlic. IV, 2, 17; VII, 2, 18; VIII, 2, 46.

Garment. III, 2, 8.

Geese. II, 1, 33; III, 1, 17-18, 20. See also goose.

German. IV, 1, 15-22.

Ghost. B429; P429. See also haint and spook.

Gilead (balm of). VII, 1, 9.

Glass. VII, 2, 18.

Go. I, 1, 27.

Goat. IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 8, 12, 14.

God. VI, 2, 16.

Gold. III, 2, 10, 17, 18-19; VI, 1, 7, 8-11.

Goldfish. II, 1, 29.

Golf. III, 1, 31.

Goose. II, 1, 34-35; V, 1, 13, 15; VI, 1, 15; VI, 2, 16; VIII, 2, 7, 9, 11, 45. See also geese.

Gossip. III, 1, 28.

Gourd. VI, 2, 17.

Gowral. III, 2, 38-39.

Grace. VI, 2, 10.

Grades. III, 2, 28.

Grain. II, 1, 33; III, 1, 17-18, 20; VIII, 2, 28.

Grandmother. I, 1, 27.

Grape. VIII, 2, 45.

Grass. IV, 2, 17; V, 1, 17; V, 2, 20; VII, 1, 28; VIII, 2, 46.

Grave. III, 2, 7.

Gravel. VIII, 1, 16.

Graveyard. VIII, 1, 19-20, 24.

See also cemetery.

Graveyard stew. IV, 1, 21.

Gray. V, 1, 16, 17, 18.

Grease. VI, 2, 11.

Green. V, 1, 15, 16; V, 2, 20.

Green Christmas. V, 1, 12.

Griddle. V, 2, 20.

Groin. I, 1, 21.

Ground hog. IV, 1, 27; V, 1, 13-14.

Group. A566; S550.

Guess. C538.

Guide. VI, 2, 3-4.

Guitar. VIII, 2, 33-37.
 Gum. IV, 2, 18.
 Gum-stump. VI, 2, 10.
 Gum swamp. VI, 2, 16.
 Gun. II, 1, 32; VI, 2, 14; VII, 1, 9;
 VII, 2, 26, 27. See also rifle.
 Gunpowder. VII, 2, 21.

H

Haint. VI, 2, 10. See also ghost and spook.
 Hair. I, 1, 21; III, 2, 7, 8.
 Hairpin. II, 1, 25.
 Halo. V, 1, 14. See also corona and ring.
 Ham. III, 2, 9.
 Hand. III, 2, 6; VI, 2, 10; VIII, 2; 29 (chapped), 48.
 Handicap. B437.
 Hang. VII, 2, 19; VIII, 2, 16-21.
 Happiness. C324; C730.324.
 Hard-luck story. III, 1, 11-12.
 Harp. II, 1, 8-9.
 Hat. III, 2, 8; VI, 2, 10.
 Hatband. VI, 2, 14.
 Haunted house. I, 1, 8; VIII, 1, 20, 21, 22, 26.
 Hawk. III, 2, 8; VI, 2, 10; VIII, 2, 45.
 Head. V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 29 (hog's).
 Headache. IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 13.
 Hearse. II, 1, 26.
 Heart. I, 1, 27, 28, 29; VI, 2, 10.
 Heat stroke. VIII, 2, 28.
 Heaven. II, 1, 26, 27.
 Heel. III, 2, 7; V, 1, 3-4; VI, 2, 13.
 Hell. IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 10.
 Hemorrhage. VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 30.
 Hen. VI, 2, 10, 13, 15. See also chicken and rooster.
 Herb. N248.2; IV, 1, 1; VII, 1, 9.
 Hero. B432; B433.
 Hickory. VIII, 2, 45, 46.
 Hide. V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 10; VII, 1, 7.
 Hide and seek. I, 1, 13.
 Hinge. VI, 2, 14.
 History. A562; A820.
 Hitchhiker. VIII, 1, 25.
 Hives. I, 1, 24-25; III, 2, 9, 11; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 1, 12; VIII, 2, 29.
 Hoecake. VI, 2, 10.
 Hog. I, 1, 21; II, 1, 20; III, 2, 7, 9; V, 1, 14; V, 2, 1; VII, 2, 26; VIII, 2, 29, 45.
 Hole. IV, 1, 34; V, 2, 20, 21.
 Home. F532; P532.
 Hominy. VIII, 2, 46.

Honey. I, 1, 23, 24, 25; II, 1, 34; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 10; VIII, 2, 28.
 Honor. VI, 2, 36-37.
 Hoof. VIII, 2, 29.
 Hops. VIII, 2, 45.
 Horehound. VI, 2, 30.
 Horn. V, 2, 27; VI, 2, 8, 10, 14.
 Hornet. V, 1, 14.
 Horse. I, 1, 28; II, 1, 16, 17, 25, 32; III, 1, 12; III, 2, 6, 8, 15, 20-25; V, 1, 14; V, 2, 20; VI, 1, 2-3, 4, 17-18; VI, 2, 2-3, 9, 11; VIII, 2, 4, 12. See nag.
 Horsehair. I, 1, 21; III, 2, 8. See also hair.
 Horsemint (tea). IV, 1, 17.
 Horseshoe. IV, 1, 22.
 House. M243; I, 1, 8; II, 1, 33-34; III, 2, 16; IV, 2, 8; V, 2, 20; VI, 1, 6, 15; VI, 2, 14; VIII, 1, 20, 21, 22, 26; VIII, 2, 46.
 Huckleberry. VIII, 2, 29, 45.
 Human being. B430; M228; P430.
 Humor. C328 (good); C329 (III); C730.328 (good); C730.329 (III).
 Hunt. M242.3; II, 1, 6-7, 34; III, 2, 3-5; IV, 1, 22, 27; VI, 2, 4; VII, 1, 4, 5-6; VIII, 1, 7-9.
 Hurricane. B466; II, 1, 17.
 Husband. IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 24; V, 2, 13; VI, 2, 26-28; VIII, 1, 29-30. See also marriage, wedding, and wife.
 Hymn. VIII, 1, 5.
 Hyssop. IV, 1, 18.

I

Ice. B465; IV, 1, 20; V, 1, 14; V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 46.
 "If." VI, 2, 11.
 Illness. P740.
 Immigrant. IV, 1, 15-22.
 Implement. C560; C750.560.
 Inch. VI, 2, 11.
 Indian. II, 1, 32; IV, 1, 21; VII, 1, 4; VIII, 2, 4, 9, 13, 15.
 Infection (kidney). VI, 2, 30.
 Infant. A620.
 Ink. V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 29.
 Insect. B446; VIII, 2, 9.
 Insemination. III, 2, 12.
 Instrument. M246.
 Iron. VI, 2, 14.

Irregularity. I, 1, 23-24.
Island. IV, 2, 19-21; VII, 1, 1-13.
Itch. I, 1, 21, 25; III, 2, 6; IV, 2,
17; VIII, 2, 29, 47, 48.

J

Jackass. IV, 1, 34.
Jacket. VI, 2, 12.
James, Frank and Jesse. II, 1, 22.
Jar. V, 1, 18; V, 2, 20.
Jaundice. I, 1, 25.
Jaw. III, 2, 9.
Jawbone. VI, 2, 11.
Jerusalem oak. IV, 2, 18.
Jest. B660; C328; C730.328.
Jesus. III, 1, 3-4.
Journey. III, 2, 8, 32, 33-36.
Jowl. III, 2, 7.
Joy. C324; C730.324.
Judge. VII, 1, 26.
Jug. VI, 2, 11.
Juice. IV, 1, 8-9.
Junebug. VI, 2, 11.

K

Katy. VI, 2, 16.
Katydid. VIII, 2, 28.
Kernel. I, 1, 25.
Kerosene. IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 31.
Kidd. VII, 1, 11-13.
Kidney (ailment). I, 1, 25; V, 2, 22; VI,
2, 30.
Kill. VI, 2, 15.
Killer. VIII, 2, 22-23.
King. II, 1, 11-12.
Kingbird. VIII, 2, 45.
Knee. VIII, 2, 48.
Knife. III, 2, 7; IV, 2, 18; VIII, 1, 12.
Knowledge. VIII, 2, 47.
Kraut. I, 1, 21; III, 2, 7.

L

Labor pain. VIII, 2, 29, 30.
Ladder. III, 2, 8; V, 1, 18.
Lake. V, 1, 1-2; VIII, 2, 38-41.
Lamb. II, 1, 30.
Land. VI, 2, 14.
Lard. I, 1, 25; IV, 2, 17.
Lasses dragging. IV, 2, 7.
Laudanum. I, 1, 24.
Laundry. II, 1, 29.
Lawyer. V, 2, 8-9; VII, 1, 26.
Lazy. V, 1, 23-24.

Leaf. N446.
Leak. VI, 2, 15.
Learning. VI, 2, 11.
Leek. VIII, 2, 45.
Leg. V, 2, 20; VII, 2, 19(broken).
Legend. B400; P400.
Lemon. VIII, 2, 29.
Leo. VI, 2, 16.
Lethargy. VIII, 2, 13.
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IV, 1, 20; IV, 2, 5-6, 10, 22-
26; V, 1, 24; VIII, 1, 29 (of
alphabet), 47.
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Life. C340; C730.330; F530; F540;
P530; P540; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 11.
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Lighthouse. VI, 2, 17-25.
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M

Madstone. IV, 1, 1; VII, 2, 22.
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 F545; P545; III, 1, 26-27; VI, 1,
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 Mile. VI, 2, 11.
 Milk. N246.4; N448.4; IV, 1,
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 Mill. I, 1, 27; VI, 2, 15.
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 Mine. III, 2, 18-19; VI, 1, 7-8, 9-
 12.
 Mineral. B474; P756.
 Mink. VIII, 2, 7, 9.
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 Monkey. II, 1, 25; VIII, 2, 6.
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 Monster. IV, 1, 9-10.
 Monument. M880; V, 2, 12; VI,
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 Moon. P453; III, 2, 9-10; IV, 1,
 22; V, 1, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16;
 VI, 2, 2, 11.
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 Morehead. VII, 1, 15-16.
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 Mortgage. II, 1, 16.
 Mosquito. VIII, 1, 8.
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 Mother. I, 1, 27; II, 1, 16; IV,
 1, 3-4; VIII, 1, 13.
 Mother-in-law. II, 1, 17.
 Motherwit. VI, 2, 11.
 Motto. C880.100; V100.
 Mountain. II, 1, 25; V, 1, 7-8
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 VIII, 2, 12.
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 Mulberry. VIII, 2, 45.
 Mule. II, 1, 17; III, 1, 12, 29;
 III, 2, 8; IV, 1, 3-4; VI, 2, 3,
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 Mullein. I, 1, 25; VI, 2, 30;
 VIII, 2, 28.
 Mumps. III, 2, 9; VIII, 2, 29.
 Murder. I, 1, 14-15; III, 1, 7, 8-
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 2, 12-16; V, 1, 20-21; V, 2, 6,
 14-15; VI, 1, 7-8; VI, 1, 22,
 23-26; VI, 2, 26-28; VII, 1, 12,
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 20, 23, 25-26; VIII, 2, 16-21.
 Music. C482; C600; M246.
 Muskmelon. VIII, 2, 45.
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 Mussel. VIII, 2, 45.
 Mustard. IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 30.
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N

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 Nail. VIII, 2, 29 (run-around).
 Nail wound. I, 1, 25; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 31.
 Name. C820.478; P478; II, 1, 26, 27, 28; III, 2, 7; IV, 1, 16; IV, 2, 19-21; VI, 2, 11.
 Narrative. B; C720; C820.
 Nature. VII, 1, 23.
 Neck. VI, 2, 11; VIII, 2, 48.
 Needle. I, 1, 22, 28; IV, 1, 17; VI, 2, 12.
 Needle palm. VIII, 1, 23-24.
 Negro. I, 1, 7-8, 16; II, 1, 14, 20-21, 34; III, 2, 6, 13-14, 27; V, 1, 24; V, 2, 22, 23, 29; VI, 1, 7, 9, 11, 16-17; VII, 1, 5, 15, 30; VII, 2, 26, 28-30; VIII, 1, 14-15, 19-20, 23; VIII, 2, 13, 23-25, 28, 29-30.
 Nerve. IV, 1, 17 (taut); IV, 2, 17 (taut); VI, 2, 12.
 Nest. III, 2, 9; VI, 2, 30; VII, 1, 7-8; VIII, 1, 12.
 Nettle. IV, 1, 18.
 Neuralgia. IV, 2, 18; VI, 2, 30.
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 New Year. III, 2, 7; IV, 1, 16.
 Noise. VIII, 1, 23.
 North Carolina Folklore. II, 1, 1; III, 1, 1; III, 2, 1; VIII, 2, 41, 44.
 North Carolina Folklore Society. II, 1, 1; III, 1, 23; III, 2, 40-41; IV, 1, 34; IV, 2, 1, 4; V, 1, 25; V, 2, 12; VI, 1, 26; VI, 2, 37; VII, 1, 13; VII, 2, 27; VIII, 1, 30; VIII, 2, 49-50.
 Nose. II, 1, 34, 35; III, 2, 6; VI, 2, 13; VII, 2, 19; VIII, 1, 15; VIII, 2, 48.
 Nosebleed. I, 1, 22; VIII, 1, 15-16.
 Nourishment. VI, 2, 12.
 Nursery rhyme. II, 1, 30.
 Nursing. VII, 2, 20.
 Nut. N244.8; N445. See also peanut.
 Nutmeg. VI, 2, 30.

O

Oak. I, 1, 23, 26; II, 1, 26; III, 2, 9; IV, 2, 18; VIII, 2, 29.
 Oat. IV, 1, 22.
 Observation. C860.870; P870.
 Occupation. M242.
 Ocean. II, 1, 25.

Oil. I, 1, 24-25; VIII, 2, 29.
 Onion. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 45.
 Opal. III, 2, 7.
 Opium. II, 1, 18.
 Opossum. VIII, 1, 8. See also possum.
 Orange. II, 1, 26.
 Ore Knob. VI, 1, 11-12.
 Organizations. A300.
 Origin (people). A562.
 Outdoors. VI, 2, 12.
 Outlaw. B434.
 Overcoat. VI, 2, 12.
 Owl. I, 1, 22; II, 1, 18-19; VIII, 2, 13, 29.
 Ox. IV, 2, 28; VII, 1, 15, 16.
 Oyster. VIII, 2, 6.

P

Pacifist. VII, 1, 23.
 Pain. VII, 1, 21; VIII, 2, 13, 29 (labor), 30 (labor).
 Paint. VI, 2, 12.
 Palm. VIII, 2, 48.
 Palsy. VIII, 2, 13.
 Pan. VI, 2, 11.
 Panther. VII, 1, 4; VIII, 2, 7.
 Pants. IV, 1, 16. See also breeches, britches, and trousers.
 Paralysis(dog). VII, 2, 18.
 Parsnip. VIII, 2, 45.
 Parting. C347.
 Partridge (snow-). V, 1, 17.
 Pass. VI, 2, 12.
 Pastime. S555.
 Pastor. V, 2, 9.
 Pastry. N247.
 Patch. I, 1, 27.
 Paternoster pea plant. V, 1, 15.
 Patriotism. V, 2, 4.
 Pattern (quilt). IV, 1, 11-14.
 Pea. III, 2, 7; V, 1, 15; VI, 1, 13-14; VIII, 2, 45.
 Peach. II, 1, 34; III, 2, 6; IV, 2, 17.
 Peacock. VI, 2, 3.
 Peanut. I, 1, 16. See also nut.
 Pear. I, 1, 28.
 Pea-time. VI, 2, 12.
 Pea-turkey. VI, 2, 12.
 Peck. I, 1, 27; VI, 2, 12.
 Peewee. V, 1, 15.
 Penny. VI, 2, 30.
 People. A560.

Pepper. I, 1, 26; IV, 2, 17; VII, 2, 18.
 Pepper grass. IV, 2, 17.
 Persecution. VIII, 2, 48.
 Persimmon. VI, 2, 12.
 Petunia. II, 1, 30.
 Phantom. B429; P429.
 Phonetics. S200.
 Phonology. S200.
 Photograph. VI, 2, 4; VIII, 1, 9-10.
 Pickling. VIII, 2, 45.
 Pie. IV, 1, 16.
 Piece. VI, 2, 11.
 Pig. II, 1, 25; IV, 2, 9; VI, 2, 8, 12, 13; VIII, 2, 29. See also pork and sow.
 Pigeon. IV, 1, 5; V, 1, 15; VI, 2, 2; VIII, 2, 13.
 Pike. VI, 2, 12.
 Piles. I, 1, 20; VIII, 2, 29.
 "Piles." IV, 2, 8.
 Pillow case. IV, 1, 16.
 Pin. III, 2, 8, 9; VIII, 2, 28.
 Pine. I, 1, 25; III, 2, 5.
 Pioneer. VI, 2, 2.
 Pirate. B434; IV, 2, 19-21; VI, 1, 4-5.
 Pitcher. VI, 1, 14.
 Plon. M842.
 Plant. B475; N244; P475; P754. Look also under specific names.
 Plantain. VI, 2, 30.
 Pleurisy. VIII, 2, 13.
 Plover. VIII, 2, 45.
 Plow. V, 2, 20.
 Pneumonia. I, 1, 25; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 30.
 Pocket(side-). VI, 2, 12.
 Pocketbook. VI, 2, 16.
 Pohickory. VIII, 2, 46.
 Poison. IV, 1, 21; VII, 2, 19(dog).
 Poison ivy. I, 1, 25; IV, 1, 18.
 Poison oak. I, 1, 25.
 Pokeberry. V, 2, 20.
 Poke root. IV, 2, 17. See also polk.
 Polecat. VIII, 2, 4.
 Politician. III, 1, 28.
 Polk root. VIII, 2, 29. See also poke.
 Poor. VI, 2, 12.
 Poplar. VIII, 2, 29.
 Pork. VI, 2, 30. See also pig and sow.
 Possum. II, 1, 6-7; III, 2, 3-5; VI, 2, 12, 17; VIII, 2, 6. See also opossum.
 Pot. VI, 1, 13-14; VI, 2, 11, 12, 16.
 Potato. I, 1, 19; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; IV, 2, 17; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 12; VIII, 2, 45.
 Pottery. V, 1, 5-6; VIII, 2, 46.

Poultry. N245.6; III, 2, 7.
 Power. VI, 1, 11.
 Praise. C326; C730.326.
 Frankster. I, 1, 5.
 Prayer. P642.
 Preaching. V, 2, 28-29.
 Prediction. C860.870; P800.
 Pregnant. III, 2, 7.
 Preservation (food). N242.6.
 Pretty. VI, 2, 12.
 Princess. II, 1, 32.
 Prize. III, 2, 41.
 Process (food preparation). N242.4.
 Product. B477; M240 (finished); N246; N448.
 Professor. III, 2, 28; VIII, 2, 24.
 Prose. B; C820.
 Prospector. III, 2, 18.
 Proverb. V; C880.
 Publications. A300; A400.
 Pump. VI, 1, 14.
 Pumpkin. I, 1, 26.
 Puppy. V, 2, 21.
 Purge grass. IV, 2, 17.
 Purslane. VIII, 2, 45.

Q

Quail. VIII, 1, 7-8.
 Quare. VI, 2, 13.
 Queen. II, 1, 11-12.
 Quick. VI, 2, 13.
 Quill. VI, 2, 12.
 Quilt. IV, 1, 11-14.

R

Rabbit. III, 2, 8; VII, 1, 6; VII, 2, 25; VIII, 1, 9, 10; VIII, 2, 45.
 Rabbit tobacco. VIII, 2, 29.
 Rabies. VII, 2, 21-22(dog); VII, 2, 22.
 Raccoon. IV, 1, 22; VIII, 1, 7, 8; VIII, 2, 6, 7.
 Raccoon root. VIII, 2, 29.
 Roce. C524; C750.524.
 Rag. II, 1, 33; VI, 2, 13; VIII, 2, 28.
 Rail. VI, 2, 13.
 Rain. II, 1, 24; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19; VI, 2, 8, 10.
 Rainbow. V, 1, 15, 16.
 Raleigh, Walter. III, 1, 21.
 Ramp. II, 1, 39-41.
 Rash. IV, 1, 17.

Raspberry. VIII, 2, 45.
 Ration. I, 1, 26.
 Realistic. B646.
 Recorder. V, 2, 24-26; VII, 1, 32-34; VIII, 2, 44.
 Recording. A640.
 Red. V, 1, 15, 16, 17, 18; V, 2, 20; VIII, 2, 47.
 Red bird. III, 2, 6.
 Redhead. VIII, 2, 45.
 Red pepper. IV, 2, 17.
 Red Sea. V, 2, 21.
 Relative. P533.
 Religion. IV, 1, 25.
 Religious. B644; C370; C730.370.
 Religious fanatic. VI, 2, 5.
 Religious hero. B432.
 Remedy. P750.
 Report. I, 1, 27.
 Resin. IV, 2, 18.
 Respiratory ailment. IV, 1, 18.
 Revenuer. IV, 1, 21.
 Revolution. VII, 1, 5.
 Rheumatism. I, 1, 20, 25; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; IV, 2, 17, 18; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 29.
 Rhyme. II, 1, 30; III, 1, 15-16.
 Rich. VI, 2, 12. See also wealth.
 Ride. VI, 2, 13.
 Riddle. C890; W; V, 2, 19.
 Ridicule. C329; C730.329.
 Rifle. VI, 2, 2. See also gun.
 Ring. II, 1, 25; V, 1, 16. See also corona and halo.
 Rinse. VI, 2, 13.
 River. V, 1, 16; VI, 2, 17-25; VII, 1, 16, 24; VIII, 2, 40-41.
 Roach. VIII, 1, 10.
 Roberson, Jack. VI, 2, 13.
 Rock. III, 2, 9; V, 1, 12.
 Rocket salad. VIII, 2, 45.
 Rocking chair. VII, 1, 30-31.
 Romantic. B646.
 Roof. VI, 2, 14.
 Room. VI, 2, 9.
 Rooster. I, 1, 20; II, 1, 35; IV, 1, 28; VI, 2, 13. See also chicken and hen.
 Root. N446; VIII, 2, 46.
 Root doctor. B435.
 Rope. I, 1, 10-12; VII, 1, 7.
 Rosemary bush. VII, 1, 10.
 Rot. VI, 2, 13.
 Rue (tea). V, 2, 22.
 Rum. I, 1, 17(monkey-); V, 2, 28-29; VIII, 2, 46. See also alcohol, beer, brandy, cider, "drink," whiskey, and wine.

Run. V, 2, 21.
 Run-around nail. VIII, 2, 29.

S

Sabbath. VII, 1, 7; VIII, 2, 36.
 Sack. II, 1, 34.
 Saddle bag. IV, 2, 8.
 Sage. I, 1, 23; IV, 1, 18; IV, 2, 17, 18.
 Sailor. V, 2, 9.
 Salt. I, 1, 22, 25, 26; III, 2, 8, 9; V, 1, 16; VI, 2, 30; VII, 2, 18; VIII, 2, 6, 28, 29, 30.
 SAMLA. VIII, 2, 41.
 Sand. VI, 1, 6; VI, 2, 13.
 Sapsucker. VIII, 1, 8.
 Sarsaparilla. VIII, 2, 29.
 Sassafra. IV, 1, 18; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 29.
 Sauce. VI, 2, 16.
 Saucer. I, 1, 22; V, 2, 21.
 Sausage. VI, 1, 13-14.
 Sawdust. I, 1, 24.
 Scarify. I, 1, 25; III, 2, 9, 11.
 Science. A700.
 Scissors. VIII, 2, 30.
 Scorn. C730.327.
 Scots. VI, 2, 36-37.
 Scoundrel. VI, 2, 10.
 Scurvy root. VIII, 2, 29.
 Sea. I, 1, 27; V, 2, 21.
 Secular hero. B433.
 Seed. I, 1, 26; III, 2, 7; IV, 2, 18; VI, 2, 30.
 Sense. B438; P438; VI, 2, 13, 17.
 Serenade. VI, 1, 20-21.
 Sex. A566; III, 1, 26-27; III, 2, 9.
 Shadow. VI, 2, 13.
 Shape. VI, 2, 13.
 Sheep. I, 1, 24, 25; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; IV, 2, 17; V, 1, 16; VI, 2, 10; VIII, 1, 4-5; VIII, 2, 29.
 Shell. VIII, 2, 45.
 Sherman. III, 1, 22-23.
 Shins. VIII, 2, 48.
 Ship. III, 1, 8-9; VI, 1, 23-26.
 Shirt. VI, 2, 9, 13.
 Shoe. I, 1, 27; II, 1, 35; III, 2, 8; VIII, 2, 48.
 Shoemaker. VI, 2, 13.
 Shore. I, 1, 27.
 Shot. VI, 2, 13.
 Shovel. I, 1, 22; III, 2, 7; VI, 2, 13.
 Shower. VI, 2, 34-35.
 Shrew. VIII, 1, 11.

- Shrimp. VIII, 1, 11.
 Shroud. VI, 2, 12.
 Sick. V, 2, 5, 21; VII, 1, 24.
 Sign. P680; III, 2, 9. See also zodiac.
 Silver. II, 1, 13; III, 2, 17; VII, 1, 10; VII, 2, 27.
 Simples. V, 2, 27.
 Sin. II, 1, 28; VI, 2, 15.
 Sing. C523; C750.523. See also song.
 Size. VI, 2, 13.
 Skate. VI, 2, 13.
 Skillet. VI, 2, 12.
 Skin. I, 1, 25(cracked); VI, 2, 13.
 Sky. V, 1, 16, 17.
 Slice. VI, 2, 13.
 Sloan's Liniment. VIII, 2, 29.
 Slogan. C880.100; V100.
 Slow. VI, 2, 13.
 Smart. VI, 2, 13.
 Smoke. V, 1, 17; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 11.
 Smoking. III, 1, 29.
 Snake. I, 1, 21; III, 2, 7, 8, 9; IV, 1, 6-8, 16, 21, 26; IV, 2, 30; V, 1, 6; V, 2, 21; VI, 2, 2, 12, 13, 14; VII, 1, 4, 5; VIII, 2, 11-12.
 Snakebite. IV, 1, 1; VIII, 2, 27.
 Snake root. VIII, 2, 29.
 Sneeze. I, 1, 22; III, 2, 9.
 Snipe. II, 1, 34.
 Snow. IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 14, 17, 18, 19; VI, 2, 14.
 Snow-partridge. V, 1, 17.
 Snuff. I, 1, 25.
 Soap. I, 1, 17-18, 22, 26; VI, 2, 17; VIII, 2, 29.
 Sock. I, 1, 22; IV, 1, 16; V, 2, 1. See also stocking.
 Soda. I, 1, 24; VIII, 2, 29.
 Sodium benzoate. VIII, 2, 28.
 Soldier. II, 1, 3-4; III, 1, 10; IV, 2, 27.
 Sole leather. VI, 2, 14.
 Son. III, 1, 12. See also baby and child.
 Song. C300; IV, 2, 8; VIII, 2, 47. See also sing.
 Soot. I, 1, 22, 23, 25; IV, 2, 17; VIII, 1, 12.
 Sore. I, 1, 23; IV, 2, 18; VI, 2, 30; VII, 2, 19(dog).
 Sore throat. I, 1, 22, 23, 26; IV, 1, 18; IV, 2, 17; VII, 1, 9; VIII, 2, 13.
 Sorrel. VIII, 2, 45.
 Sorrow. C325; C730.325.
 Sound. S220; V, 1, 17; VI, 1, 5-6; VI, 2, 17-25.
 Soup. VI, 2, 14, 16.
 Sow. IV, 1, 16. See also pig and pork.
 Spade. II, 1, 29.
 Speech. P600; S; V, 2, 23.
 Specter. B429; P429.
 Spell. IV, 1, 6-9; V, 2, 22; VI, 1, 18-19.
 Spider. I, 1, 22.
 Spinal meningitis. IV, 1, 17.
 Spine. VIII, 2, 48.
 Spinning wheel. IV, 1, 19.
 Spirit. B429; P429; P840; VIII, 1, 5(Holy).
 Spit. VII, 1, 15.
 Sponge. V, 2, 21.
 Spook. VI, 2, 16. See also ghost and haunt.
 Spool. IV, 2, 12-16.
 Sport. C500; C522; C750.522; S555.
 Strain. III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 2, 28.
 Spring. F663; VIII, 1, 4.
 Squash. I, 1, 19; VIII, 2, 45.
 Squirrel. VIII, 2, 12, 45.
 Stamp. V, 1, 24.
 Star. II, 1, 30; III, 2, 7, 16; V, 1, 11, 14, 15, 17.
 State. I, 1, 21.
 Statue. II, 1, 25.
 Steam. V, 1, 17.
 Stew. III, 2, 5; IV, 1, 21.
 Stick. VI, 2, 13, 14, 17.
 Still resin. IV, 2, 18.
 Sting. I, 1, 25; VIII, 2, 29.
 Stingy. VI, 2, 11.
 Stink. V, 1, 13; VI, 2, 14.
 St. John's plant. IV, 2, 18.
 Stocking. III, 2, 7. See also sock.
 Stomach. IV, 2, 17(sick); VI, 2, 9, 30(sick); VIII, 2, 29(sick). See also belly.
 Stone. V, 2, 21. See also mad-stone.
 Stork. II, 1, 25.
 Storm. VI, 2, 13.
 Stovepipe. II, 1, 24.
 Strainer. V, 2, 21.
 Stranger. VIII, 2, 28.
 Strawberry. VIII, 2, 45.
 String. VIII, 2, 28.
 Stroke(heat). VIII, 2, 28.
 Strong man. VII, 1, 14-15.
 Strut. VI, 2, 14.
 Student. II, 1, 8-9; III, 2, 27-30; VIII, 2, 24.
 Studies. A440.

Stump. III, 2, 9; VI, 2, 10, 14.
 Stupid. B662; VI, 2, 11.
 Sty. IV, 2, 9; VIII, 2, 27.
 Suet. VII, 1, 9. See also fat and tallow.
 Sugar. I, 1, 24; IV, 2, 7, 17, 18; VI, 2, 14, 31; VIII, 1, 12; VIII, 2, 29, 30, 45.
 Suicide. VI, 1, 10-11.
 Suit. VII, 1, 9.
 Sulfur. I, 1, 23, 24, 25; IV, 2, 17.
 Sumac. IV, 2, 18.
 Summer. F664.
 Sun. IV, 1, 16; V, 1, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19; VI, 2, 8.
 Sunburn. VIII, 2, 27.
 Sunday. III, 2, 7.
 Supernatural Being. B420; P420.
 Surgery. P770.
 Swallow. V, 1, 18.
 Swamp (gum). VI, 2, 16.
 Sweep. III, 2, 7; IV, 1, 16.
 Sweet gum. IV, 2, 18; VII, 1, 9.
 Swelling. I, 1, 24, 25; VI, 2, 30; VIII, 1, 12.
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 Syrup. I, 1, 17, 24; III, 2, 9; IV, 2, 7.

T

Table. N226; I, 1, 20, 22; VI, 2, 16.
 Tag. III, 1, 14-15.
 Tall. I, 1, 28; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 12, 17; VII, 2, 18, 21; VIII, 2, 27.
 Tale. B600; C820.620; VII, 2, 23-25.
 Talk. V, 2, 21; VI, 2, 11, 14.
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 Tall tale. B666.
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 Tar heel. V, 1, 3-4.
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 Tax collector. II, 1, 17.
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 Teacher. II, 1, 34.
 Teaching. A780.
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 Technique. M842.
 Teeth. I, 1, 22; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; V, 2, 20; VI, 2, 7, 10, 13;

VIII, 1, 10; VIII, 2, 9. See also tooth.
 Terrapin. II, 1, 14-15; VIII, 1, 10; VIII, 2, 12, 45.
 Testament. VI, 2, 12.
 Theory. A740.
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 Thief. I, 1, 27; III, 2, 27; VII, 1, 16; VIII, 2, 7, 9.
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 Thrash. I, 1, 20, 25-26; IV, 2, 17. See also thrush.
 Thread. I, 1, 22-23, 28; IV, 1, 17-18; IV, 2, 12-16; VI, 2, 12.
 Three. III, 2, 8; VI, 2, 10.
 Throat. I, 1, 22, 23, 26, 27; IV, 1, 18; IV, 2, 17; VII, 1, 9; VIII, 2, 13.
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 Thunder. V, 1, 18.
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 Tonsillitis. III, 2, 9.
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names and also see stump.

Tree-frog. V, 1, 18.

Trouble. VI, 2, 15.

Trousers. VIII, 2, 30. See also breeches, britches, and pants.

Truck. V, 2, 20.

Trumpet. VI, 2, 15.

Tub. I, 1, 27; VI, 2, 15.

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Tumblebug. VIII, 2, 12-13.

Turkey. VI, 2, 2; VI, 2, 15; VII, 1, 4; VIII, 1, 7; VIII, 2, 4, 13, 45.

Turn. VI, 2, 15.

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Turpentine. I, 1, 23, 24, 25; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 31; VII, 2, 21; VIII, 2, 29.

Twice. VI, 2, 10.

Twin. II, 1, 11-12.

Twist. VI, 2, 15.

U

Ugly. VI, 2, 12, 15, 17; VII, 1, 16.

Umbilical cord. VIII, 2, 28, 30.

Umbrella. I, 1, 28; III, 2, 7; V, 2, 21.

Unhappiness. C325; C730.325.

Utensil. M243.

V

Vanity. VII, 1, 23.

Vegetable. N244.4.

Venerly. VIII, 2, 9.

Verse. C200; C300; C700; C800.

Vice. III, 1, 29.

Victory. III, 2, 27.

Victuals. VI, 2, 15.

Vinegar. I, 1, 26; III, 2, 9; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 30; VII, 1, 9; VIII, 2, 28.

Virility (lack of). VIII, 2, 29.

Virtue. VII, 1, 20.

Vocabulary. S500.

Voice. V, 2, 13-14.

Vomiting. I, 1, 26; IV, 2, 17.

W

Wagon. I, 1, 28; V, 2, 21; VI, 2, 15.

Waldensians. VIII, 1, 1-6.

Walk. V, 2, 20, 21; VI, 2, 13, 15.

Walnut. IV, 1, 18; VIII, 2, 45.

Want. VI, 2, 15.

War. V, 2, 13.

Wart. I, 1, 23; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 17; VIII, 1, 16; VIII, 2, 27, 28.

Wash. IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 13.

Wasp. V, 2, 21; VI, 2, 30. See also dirt dauber.

Water. B480; N245.8; III, 2, 9; IV, 1, 9, 17; IV, 2, 17; V, 1, 17, 18; V, 2, 20, 21; VI, 2, 13, 15; VIII, 1, 16; VIII, 1, 29; VIII, 2, 13, 28, 29, 46.

Water bug. IV, 1, 17.

Watermelon. VIII, 2, 45.

Wealth. III, 2, 7. See also rich.

Wearer. I, 1, 27.

Weasel. III, 2, 26.

Weather. B460; III, 2, 9; V, 1, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18; VI, 2, 7, 11.

Weaving. M227.

Wedding. IV, 1, 16; VI, 2, 9. See also marriage.

Weed. V, 1, 1-2; VIII, 2, 29.

Weight. VI, 2, 15.

Well. III, 1, 12; V, 2, 15, 21; VII, 2, 25; VIII, 1, 29.

Wellerism. V500.

Wetting (bed-). III, 2, 9.

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Wheat. IV, 1, 22; VI, 2, 15.

Wheel. IV, 1, 19; V, 2, 20.

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White. V, 1, 18; V, 2, 20, 21; VIII, 2, 47.

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White Easter. V, 1, 12.

"Whites." VIII, 2, 29.

Whitewash. VI, 2, 12.

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Wildcat. VII, 1, 3; VIII, 1, 8.

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2, 19. See also alcohol, beer,
brandy, cider, "drink," rum, and
whiskey.
Wing. VI, 2, 12.
Wintergreen. VI, 2, 30.
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Wish. III, 2, 7.
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VIII, 1, 4; VIII, 2, 4, 7.
Woman. B662; B664; II, 1, 9.
Wood. M223; I, 1, 28; V, 1, 23.
Wood ash. I, 1, 17.
Woodman. VI, 2, 15.
Wool. III, 2, 9; IV, 2, 17; VI, 2, 10.
Word. P660; S520; V, 2, 21.
Work. C730.334; F534; P534; I, 1,
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1, 16; IV, 2, 18; VII, 1, 21; VII,
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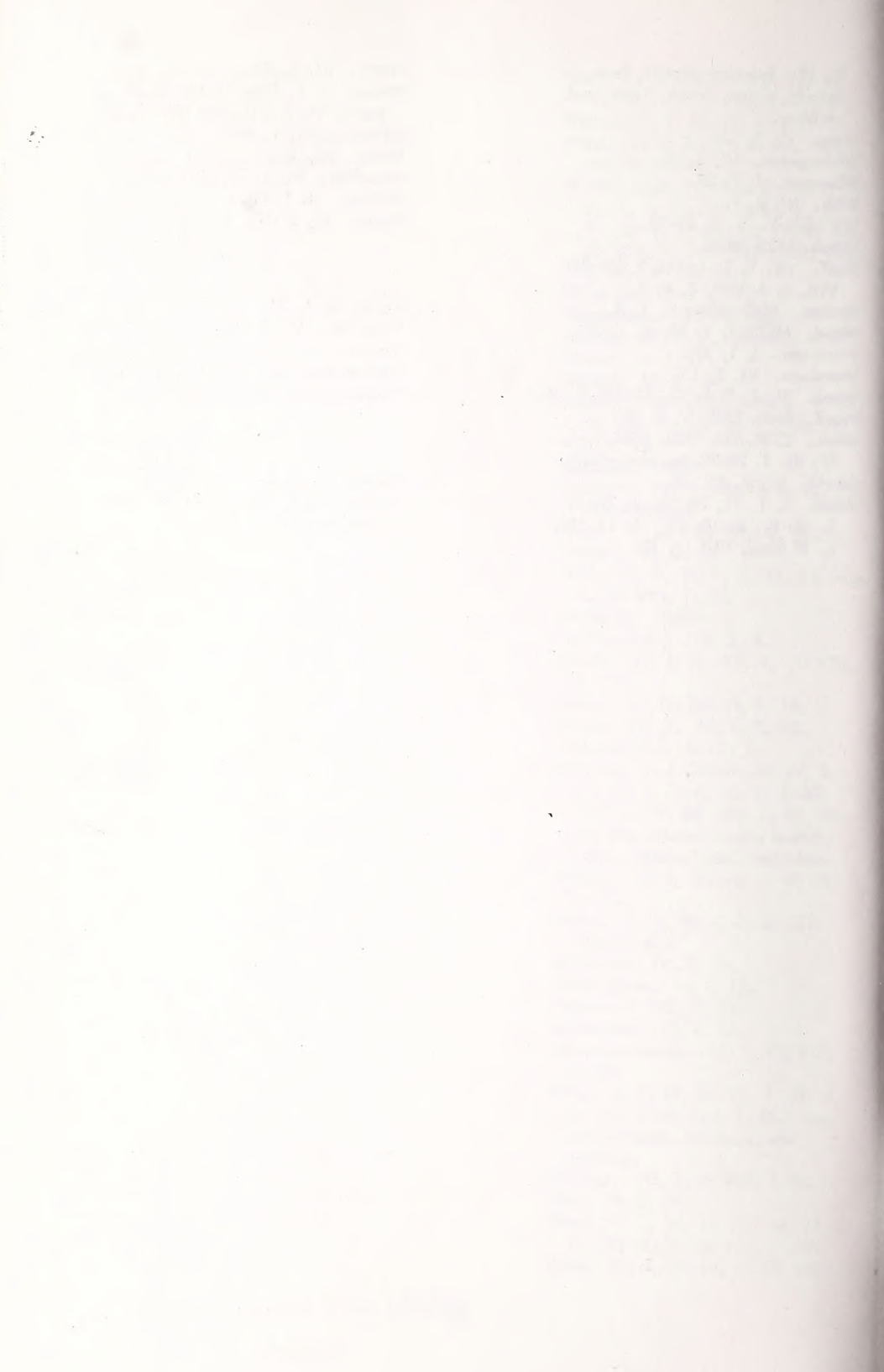
Worry. III, 1, 30.
Wound. I, 1, 25(nail); IV, 2, 17
(nail); VI, 2, 31(nail); VIII, 2, 27.
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Wrote. VI, 2, 17.

Y

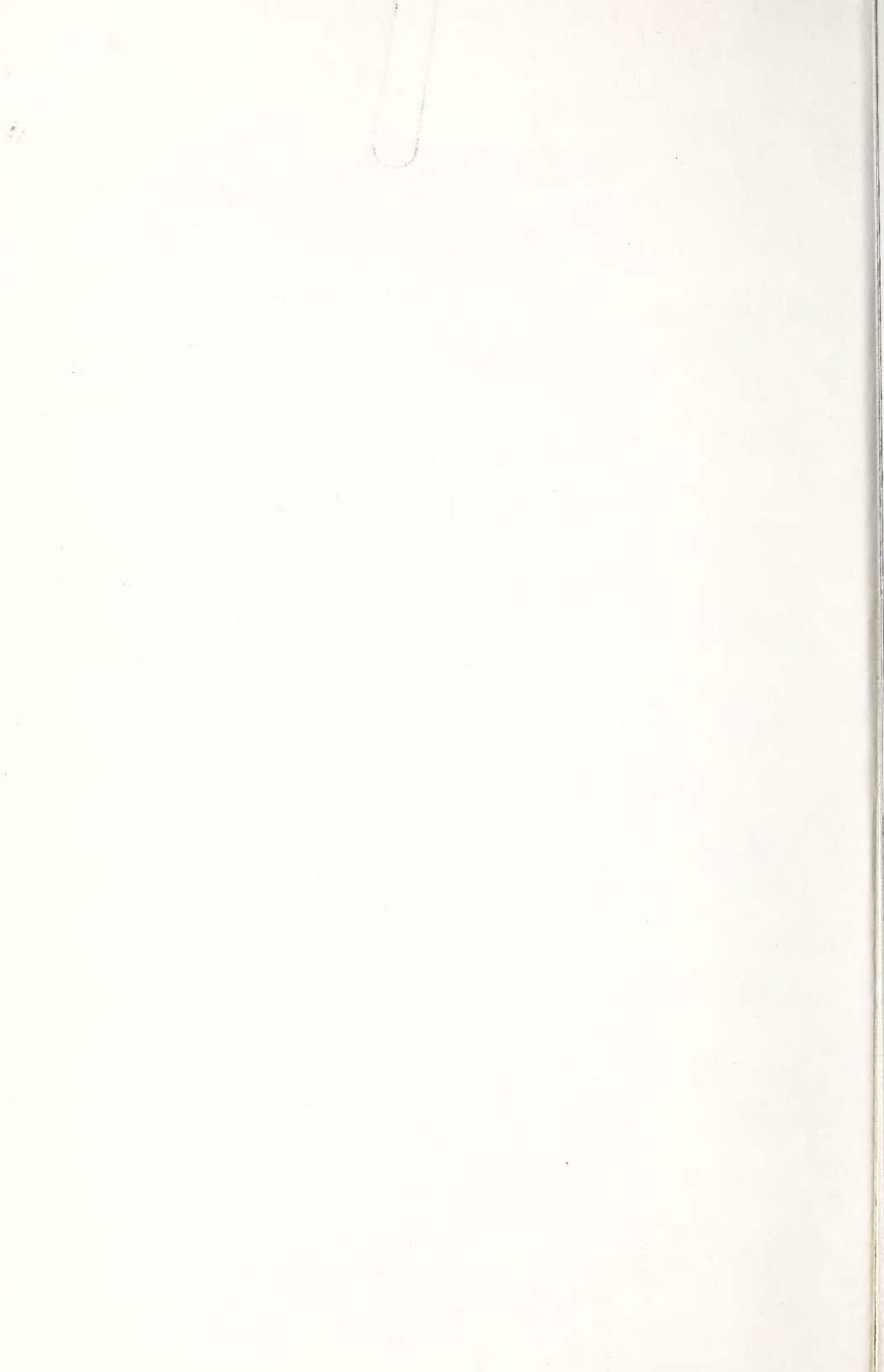
Yard. V, 2, 20.
Yardstick. VI, 2, 16.
Yellow. V, 1, 16.
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Z

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also sign.









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